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A COUNTRY GENTLEMAN.

XIV.

"One day is the same to us as another. We see nobody."

"Oh, of course!" said Mrs. Wilberforce. "Dear Mrs. Warrender, it is so noble of you to make such an effort. I hope Theo will appreciate it as it deserves."

Mrs. Warrender colored a little, as one is apt to do when condemned by too much praise. It is difficult sometimes to tell which is worst, the too little or the too much: she did not make any reply.

"But I am glad it does not make any difference to have us to-night; that is, if you meant *me* to come? — or perhaps it was only the two gentlemen? I see now: to be sure, two gentlemen is no party; they need not even come back to the drawing-room at all. I am so glad I came to inquire, for now I understand perfectly. And you are sure it will quite suit you to have them to-night?"

"Of course," said Minnie, "mamma does not look upon you as company, dear Mrs. Wilberforce; it will be only a relief if you come, for gentlemen, and especially new people, who don't know what we have lost nor anything about us, are trying. Mr. Cavendish, I remember, was quite nice when we had tea in his rooms at Commemoration, and if all had been well — But I am sure mamma forms too high an estimate of her own powers. What I am afraid of is that she will break down."

"To be sure, dear Minnie, if you are afraid of that" — said the rector's wife: and so it was settled. Chatty took no part at all in the arrangements. She had not joined in her sister's severe animadversions as to the dinner-party. For herself, she was glad of the change; it might be wrong, but she could not help being glad. It was, she acknowledged to herself, rather dull never to see any but the same faces day after day. And Mr. Cavendish was very nice; he had a cheerful face, and such a merry laugh. Chatty knew that it would not be right for herself to laugh, in the circumstances, in her deep mourning: but it was a mild and surely innocent gratification to listen to the laugh of another. The Wilberforces were very great friends and very nice, but they always remembered what had happened, and toned themselves — these were the words Mrs. Wilberforce used — toned themselves to the subdued condition of the family. Chatty thought that, however nice (and most thoughtful) that might be, it was pleasant now and then to be in company with somebody who did not tone himself, but laughed freely when he had a mind to do so. And accordingly she kept very

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quiet, and took no part, but inclined silently to her mother's side.

This day was to Dick Cavendish like a bad dream. He could not move outside the inclosure of the rectory grounds without seeing before him in the distance the high garden wall, the higher range of windows, the big trees which gave its name to the Elms. Going through the village street, he saw twice — which seemed a superfluity of ill fortune — Lizzie Hampson, with her demure air, passing without lifting her eyes, as if she had never seen him before. Had any one else known what he alone knew, how extraordinary would his position have appeared! But he had no leisure to think of the strangeness of his position, all his faculties being required to keep himself going, to look as if everything was as usual. The terror which was in his mind of perhaps, for anything he could tell, meeting some one in these country roads, without warning, whose encounter would be very different from that of Lizzie Hampson, by times got the better of his composure altogether. He did not know what he would do or say in such an emergency. But he could do nothing to avoid it. The Wilberforces, anxious to amuse him, drove him over in the wagonette, in the morning, to Pierrepoint, making a little impromptu picnic among the ruins. Under no circumstances could the party have been very exciting, except to the children, who enjoyed it hugely, with the simple appetite for anything that is supposed to be pleasure which belongs to their age, — which pleased their parents quite as much as if Dick had been enthusiastic. They passed the Elms coming and going. Mrs. Wilberforce put her parasol between her and that objectionable house, but all the same made a rapid inspection of it through the fringes. Dick turned his head away; but he, too, saw more than any one could be supposed to see who was looking in the other direction, and at the same time, with an almost convulsion of laughter, which to himself was horrible, perceived the lady's double play of curiosity and repugnance with a fierce amusement. He had to make some sort of poor jest, he did not know what, to account for the laugh which tore him asunder, which he could not keep in. What the joke was he did not know, but it had an unmerited success, and the carriage rattled along past the garden wall in a perfect riot of laughter from the fine lungs of the rector and Flo and Georgie, and all the little ones. If any one had but known! The tragedy was horrible, but the laughter was fresh and innocent on all lips but his own. Coming back he laughed no more. The gates were being opened; a sound of horses' hoofs and the jingle of their furniture was audible. The inhabitants were about to drive out. "If you look back you may catch a glimpse of — those people," the rector whispered. But Dick did not look back. The danger made him pale. Had they met face to face, what would have happened? Would he have sat there safe among the innocent children, and made no sign? But when the evening came, and it was time for the dinner at the Warren, he had regained his composure, which, however, so far as his companions knew, had never been lost. In the Warren there were strong emotions, perhaps passions, which he did not understand, but which gave him a sort of fellow feeling — conditions more sympathetic than the well-being of the rector and his wife. Nothing is more pleasant to see than the calm happiness of a wedded pair, who suit each other, who have passed the youthful period of commotion, and have not reached that which so often comes when the children in their turn tempt the angry billows. But there is something in that self-satisfied and self-concentrated happiness which jars upon those who in the turmoil of existence have not much prospect of anything so

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peaceful. And then domestic comfort is often so sure that it is its own virtue which has purchased such an exemption from the ills of life. The Warren had been a few months ago a pattern of monotonous peacefulness. The impatience that sometimes lit up a little fire in Mrs. Warrender's eyes was so out of character, so improbable, that any one who suspected it supposed himself to have been deceived; for who could suppose the mother to be tired of her quiet life? And the girls were not impatient; they lived their half-vegetable life with the serenest and most complacent calm. Now, however, new emotions were at work. The young master of the house was full of abstraction and dreams, wrapped in some pursuit, some hope, some absorbing preoccupation of his own. His mother was straining at her bonds like a greyhound in a leash. Minnie, who had been the chief example of absolute self-satisfaction and certainty that everything was right, had developed a keenness of curiosity and censure which betrayed her conviction that something had gone wrong. These three were all, as it were, on tiptoe, on the boundary line, the thinnest edge which divided the known from the unknown; conscious that at any moment something might happen which would disperse them and shatter all the remains of the old life. Chatty alone, amid these smouldering elements of change, sat calm in her accustomed place, as yet unawakened except to the mild pleasure of a new face among those to which she was accustomed, and of a cheerful voice and laugh which broke the monotony. She had not even gone so far as to say to herself that such a cheerful presence coming and going might make life more interesting. The new-comer, she was quite well aware, was going away to-morrow, nor was there any reason within her power of divination why he should not go; but he was a pleasant break. Chatty reasoned with herself that though a love of novelty is a bad thing and quite unjustifiable in a woman, still that when something new comes of itself across one's point of vision, there is no harm in taking the good of it. And accordingly she looked up with her face of pleasure, and smiled at the very sound of Dick's cheerful voice, thinking how delightful it must be to be so cheerful as that. What a happy temperament! If Theo had been as cheerful! But then to think of Theo as cheerful was beyond the power of mortal imagination. Thus they sat round the table lighted by a large lamp standing up tall in the midst, according to the fashion of the time. In those days the light was small, not because of æsthetic principles, but because people had not as yet learned how to make more light, and the moderator lamp was the latest invention.

"We took Mr. Cavendish to Pierrepoint, as you suggested," said Mrs. Wilberforce. "We had a very nice drive, but the place is really infested by persons from Highcombe; the woman at the gate told us there had been a party of thirty people from the works the day before yesterday. Sir Edward will soon find the consequences if he goes on in that way. If everybody is allowed to go, not only will they ruin the place, but other people, people like ourselves, will give up going. He might as well make it a penny show."

"It is a show without the penny," said the rector.

"If the poor people did any harm, he would, no doubt, stop their coming," said Mrs. Warrender, mildly.

"Harm! but of course they do harm. The very idea of thirty working-people, with their heavy boots, and their dinner in a basket: and smoking, no doubt!"

"That is bad," said Dick. "Wilberforce and I did nothing of that kind. We only made experiments on the damp, and used a little tobacco to keep off the

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bad air. The air in the guard-room was close, and Georgie had a puff at a cigarette, but only with a sanitary view: and our dinner was in a hamper; these are distinctions. By the way, it was not dinner at all; it was only lunch."

"And we, I hope, Mr. Cavendish, are very different from" —

"Oh, very different. We have most things we wish to have, and live in nice houses, and have gardens of our own, and woods to walk in."

"That is quite true," said Minnie; "we have always been Liberal, — not against the people, as the Conservatives are; but still it cannot be good to teach them to be discontented with what they have. We should all be contented with what we 've got. If it had not been the best for us, it would not have been chosen for us."

"Perhaps we had better not go into the abstract question, Minnie. I suppose, Mr. Cavendish, you go back to Oxford after the vacation."

"For hard work," he said, with a laugh. "I am such an old fellow I have no time to lose. I am not an honor man, like Warrender."

"And you, Theo, — you are going, too?" said the rector.

Warrender woke up as out of a dream. "I have not made up my mind. Perhaps I shall, perhaps not; it is not of much importance."

"Not of much importance! Your first class" —

"I should not take a first class," he said, coldly.

"But, my dear fellow!" The rector's air of puzzled consternation, and the look he cast round him, as if to ask the world in general for the reason of this extraordinary self-sacrifice, was so seriously comic that Dick's gravity was in danger, especially as all the other members of the party replied to the look with a seriousness, in some cases disapproval, in some astonishment, which heightened the effect.

"Where does he expect to go to?" he asked, solemnly.

"Theo thinks," said his mother, "that a first class is not everything in the world as it is in the University."

"But my dear Mrs. Warrender, that is precisely one of the things that ladies never understand."

"I have no chance of one, so I agree with Warrender," said Dick. "The Dons will bother, but what does that matter? They have no souls beyond the Class lists."

"This is all extremely unnecessary," said Warrender, with an air of suppressed irritation. "Perhaps you will allow me to know best. I have no more chance of a first class than you have, Cavendish. I have not worked for it, and I have no expectation of it. All that was over long ago. I thought every one knew."

"Every one knew that you could have whatever you chose, Warrender. Some thought it foolish, and some fine; but every one knew exactly the cause."

"Fine!" said the young master of the house, growing red. "But it is of no consequence to me what they say. I may go back, or I may not; it is not of the slightest importance to any one but myself." He added, in a tone which he tried to make lighter, "What use is a class of any kind to a small country gentleman? To know the cost of cultivation and what pays is better than a dozen firsts. I want to find out how to cut my trees, and how to manage my farmers, and how not to make a fool of myself at petty sessions. Neither Plato nor Aristotle could throw any light on these subjects."

"For the last you must come to me," said Dick; "on that point you 'll find me superior to all the sages put together. And as for drawing leases — but I suppose you have some beggar of a man of business who will take the bread out of a poor beginner's mouth."

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"Though Mr. Cavendish talks in that way," said Mrs. Wilberforce aside to Minnie, "as though he wanted employment so much, he has a very nice little fortune of his own. It is just his way of talking. And as for connection, there is no one better. His father is a cousin — it may be a good many times removed, but still it is quite traceable — of the Duke. I am not sure, even, that they are not in the peerage as collaterals; indeed, I am almost sure they are, and that we should find him there and everything about him, if we looked."

"Of course everybody knows they are very well connected," said Minnie, "but young men all talk nonsense. Listen to Theo! Why should n't he go back to Oxford and take his degree, like other people? I don't care about the class. A gentleman need not be particularly clever; but if he has been at the University and does not take his degree, it is always supposed that there is some reason. I don't think it is respectable, for my part."

"Ah, my dear, the young men of the present day — they are a law to themselves," said her friend. "They don't care for what is respectable. Indeed, so far as I can see, they make it a sort of reproach; they let nobodies pick up the prizes. And what do they expect it is all to end in? I could tell them very well, if they would listen to me. The French Revolution is what it will end in; but of course they will not listen to anything one can say."

"Oh, you know we are Liberals," cried Minnie; "we don't go in with all that."

"If you are going to town to-morrow, I don't mind if I go with you," said Warrender. "I have some business to look after. At least, it is not exactly business," for he saw his mother's eyes turned on him inquiringly; "it is a commission from a friend. I shall only stay the day, mother; you need not look so surprised."

"It will do you good," she said, quietly. "And why should you hurry back? You will be the better for the change."

He gave her a suspicious, half-angry look, as if he saw more in her words than met the eye. "I shall be back in the evening," he said.

"I will do all I can to upset his good resolutions, Mrs. Warrender. He shall go to all sorts of riotous places, to keep me in countenance. If he can be beguiled into any little improprieties, I am your man."

"Don't be afraid," said the rector. "Dick's wickednesses are all theoretical. I 'd trust Georgie in the worst haunt he knows."

Dick looked up with a laugh, with some light word of contradiction; and in a moment there gleamed before him, as by the touching of a spring, as by the opening of a door, the real state of the case so far as he was himself concerned. The present scene melted away to give place to another, — to others which were burnt upon his memory in lines of fire; to one which he could see in his imagination, with which he had a horrible connection, which he could not dismiss out of his thoughts, though he was in reality a fugitive from it, flying the vicinity, the possible sight, the spectre of a ruin which was beyond description. Merely to think of this amid an innocent company, around this decorous table, brought a sickening sensation, a giddiness both mental and physical. He turned his head away from the eyes of the mother, who he felt must in her experience divine something from the expression in his, to meet the pleased and guileless look with which Chatty was listening to that laughing disclaimer which he had just made. She was sitting by his side, saying nothing herself, listening to the talk, amused and almost excited by the new voice, the little play of light intercourse; even the charm of a new voice was something to Chatty.

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And she was so certain that what the rector had said was true, that Georgie, or even she herself, more delicate still, a simple-hearted young woman, might have been trusted in his worst haunt. He read her look with a keen pang of feelings contradictory, of sharp anguish and a kind of pleasure. For indeed it was true; and yet — and yet — Did they but know!

Warrender walked back with the party as far as the rectory gate. Indeed, so simple was the place, the entire family came out with them, straying along under the thick shade of the trees to the little gate.

It was a lovely summer night, as different as possible from the haze and chill of the preceding one, with a little new moon just disappearing, and everything softened and whitened by her soft presence in the sky. Mrs. Wilberforce and Minnie went first, invisible in the dimness of the evening, then the two solid darknesses of the rector and Warrender. Dick came behind with Mrs. Warrender, and Chatty followed a step in the rear of all. The mother talked softly, but more frankly than she had done as yet. She told him that their home henceforward would probably be in Highcombe, not here, — "That is, not yet, perhaps, but soon," she said, with a little eagerness not like the melancholy tone with which a new-made widow talks of leaving her home, — and that it would please her to see him there, if, according to the common formula, "he ever came that way." And Dick declared with a little fervor which was unnecessary that Highcombe was very much in his way, that it would be always a pleasure to come. Why should he have said it? He had no right to say it; for he knew, though he could not see, with once more that pang of mingled pleasure and misery, that there was a look of pleased satisfaction on Chatty's face as she came softly in the darkness behind.

XV.

Dick was astir very early next morning. He did his packing hurriedly, and strolled out in the freshness of the early day. But not to enjoy the morning sunshine. He walked along resolutely towards the house which had suddenly acquired for him so painful an interest. For why? With no intention of visiting it; with a certainty that he would see no one there; perhaps with an idea of justifying himself to himself for flying from its neighborhood, for putting distance, at least the breadth of the island, between him and that place, which he could not henceforward get out of his mind. To think that he had come here so lightly two days ago with his old uncle's commission, and that now no inducement in the world, except death or hopeless necessity, could make him cross that threshold. If the woman were on her death-bed, yes; if she were abandoned by all and without other help, as well might be, as would be, without doubt, one time or another. But for nothing else, nothing less. He walked along under the wall, and round the dark shrubberies behind, which enveloped the house. All was quiet and peace for the moment, at least; the curtains drawn over the windows; the household late of stirring; no lively housewife there to rouse maids and men, and stir up a wholesome sound of living. The young man's cheerful face was stern as he made this round, like a sentinel, thinking of many things that were deep in the gulf of the past: two years of his life which looked like a life-time, and which were over, with all the horrors that were in them, and done with, and never to be recalled again. He was still young, and yet how much older than any one was aware! Twenty-seven, yet with two lives behind him: one that of youth, to which he had endeavored to piece his renewed existence; and the

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other all complete and ended, a tragedy, yet like many tragedies in life, cut off not by death. Not by death: for here were both the actors again within reach of each other, — one within the sleeping house, one outside in the fresh air of the morning, — with a gulf like that between Dives and Lazarus, a gulf which no man might cross, of disgust and loathing, of pain and hatred, between.

The door in the wall opened stealthily, softly, and some one came out. It was so early that such precautions seemed scarcely necessary. Perhaps it was in fear of this encounter which was actually taking place that Lizzie looked round so jealously. If so, her precautions were useless, as she stepped out immediately in front of the passenger whom she most desired to avoid. He did not speak to her for a moment, but walked on, quickening his pace as hers fluttered into a run, as if to escape him. "Stop," he said at length. "You need not take the trouble to conceal yourself from me."

"I 'm not concealing — anything," said Lizzie, half angry, half sullen, with a flush on her face. "I 've done nothing wrong," she added, quickly.

"I don't say you've done anything wrong; for what I can tell, you may be doing the work of an angel."

She looked up at him eagerly, and the tears sprang to her eyes. "I don't know for that — I — I don't ask nothing but not to be blamed."

"Lizzie," he said, "you were always a good girl, and to be faithful as you seem may, for anything I know, be angels' work. I could not do it, for my part."

"Oh, no," she said, hurriedly. "It would not be looked for from you, — oh, no, no!"

"But think, if you were to ruin yourself," he said. "The rector saw you, the other day, but he will say nothing. Yet think if others saw you."

"Sir," cried Lizzie, drawing back, "it will do me more harm and vex granny more to see a gentleman walking by my side and talking like that, as if he took an interest in me, — which you don't, all the same," she added, with a little bitterness, "only for — others."

"I do," he cried, "if I could help you without harming you. But it is chiefly for the other. I want you to act for me, Lizzie. If trouble should come, as come, of course, it will" —

"I am none so sure. You never saw her half so pretty — and he" —

"Silence!" cried Dick, with a voice that was like the report of deep guns. "If trouble comes, let me know. She must not want or be miserable. There is my address. Do not apply to me unless there is absolute need; but if that happens, write, telegraph, — no matter which; help shall come."

"And what am I to do with a gentleman's card?" said Lizzie. "Granny or some one will be sure to see it. It will drop out of my pocket, or it will be seen in my drawers, or something. And if I were to die it would be found, and folks would think badly of me. I will not take your card."

"This is folly, Lizzie."

"If it is, folly 's natural. I don't believe there will be any need; but if there is, I 'll find you out, if it 's wanted, but I won't take the card. Will you please, sir, to walk on? I 've got my character to think of."

The girl stopped short, leaning against the corner of the wall, defying him, though she was not hostile to him. He put back his card in his pocket, and took off his hat, a token of respect which brought the color to Lizzie's cheek.

"Go away, sir; I 've got my character to think of," she said. Then she curtsied deeply, with a certain dignity in her rustic manners. "Thank you," she said, "all the same."

Dick walked into the rector's dining-room with little Georgie seated on his shoulder. "Fancy where we found him,

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mamma!" said Flo. "Buying barley sugar from old Mrs. Bagley at the shop. What does a gentleman want with barley sugar? He is too old. You never eat it, nor papa."

"He give it all to me," said Georgie, "and Fluffy had some. Fluffy and me, we are very fond of Mr. Cavendish. Don't go away, Mr. Cavendish, or come back to-morrow."

"Yes, tum back to-morrow," cried the other little ones. Flo was old enough to know that the future had vistas deeper than to-morrow. She said, "Don't be so silly, all you little things. If he was coming back to-morrow, why should he go to-day? He will come back another time."

"When dere 's need ob him," said his little godson gravely; at which there was much laughing. But for his part Dick did not laugh. He hid his serious countenance behind little Dick's curly head, and thus nobody knew that there was not upon it even a smile.

At Underwood, which is a very small village, there is no station; so that Dick had to be driven over in the wagonette, the rector making this an occasion to give the children and the governess a drive, which left the two gentlemen no opportunity to say much to each other. They had a moment for a last word solely at the door of the railway carriage, in which Warrender had already taken his place. The rector said, hesitating, "And you won't forget? Tell Mr. Cornwall if he refuses to do anything, so as to drive these people away, it will be the kindest thing he can do for the parish. Tell him" — But here the guard interposed to examine the tickets, and there was a slamming of doors and a shriek of whistles, and the train glided away.

"I think I understand what Wilberforce means," said Warrender. "He is speaking of *that* house. Oh, you need not smile; nothing could be more entirely out of my way."

"I did not smile," said Dick, who was as grave as all the judges in a row.

"Perhaps you have not heard about it. It was there Markland spent the last afternoon before his accident, almost the last day of his life. It gives her a bitter sort of association with the place."

"Markland?" said Dick. "Oh, yes, I remember. Lord Markland, who — He died, did n't he? It may not be a satisfactory household, but still he may have gone there without any harm."

"Oh, I don't suppose there was any harm; except the love of bad company; that seems a fascination which some men cannot resist. I don't care two straws myself whether there was harm or not; but it is a bitter sort of recollection for *her*."

"They were both quite young, were they not?"

"Markland was over thirty," said the young man, who was but twenty-two; "and she is — oh, she is, I suppose, about my age."

He knew, indeed, exactly what was her age; but what did that matter to a stranger? She was superior to him in that as in all other things.

"I have heard they were not very happy," Dick said. He cared no more for the Marklands than he did for the domestic concerns of the guard who had looked at his ticket two minutes ago; but anything answered for conversation, which in the present state of his mind he could not exert himself to make brilliant.

"Oh, happy!" cried Warrender. "How could they be happy? She a woman with the finest perceptions, and a mind — such as you seldom find in a woman; and he the sort of person who could take his pleasure in the conversation that goes on in a house like that."

Dick did not say anything for some time; he felt as though all the people he met were under some horrible compul-

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sion to talk on this subject in absolute unconsciousness, giving him blow after blow. "I don't mean to take up the cudgels for that sort of people," he said, at last; "but they are — not always stupid, you know." To this protest, however, his companion gave no heed.

"She was no more than a child when she was married," said Warrender, with excitement, "a little girl out of the nursery. How was she to know? She had never seen anybody, and to expect her to be able to judge at sixteen" —

"That is always bad," said Dick, musing. He was like the other, full of his own thoughts. "Yet some girls are very much developed at sixteen. I knew a fellow once who — And she went entirely to the bad."

"What are you talking of?" cried Warrender, almost roughly. "She was like a little angel herself, and knew nothing different; and when that fellow — who had been a handsome fellow they say — fell in love with her, and would not leave her alone for a moment, I, for one, forgive her for being deceived. I admire her for it," he went on. "She was as innocent as a flower. Was it possible she could suspect what sort of a man he was? It has given her such a blow in her ideal that I doubt if she will ever recover. It seems as if she could not believe again in genuine, unselfish love."

"Perhaps it is too early to talk to her about such subjects."

"Too early! Do you think I talk to her about such subjects? But one cannot talk of the greatest subjects as we do without touching on them. Lady Markland is very fond of conversation. She lets me talk to her, which is great condescension, for she is — much more thoughtful, has far more insight and mental power, than I."

"And more experience," said Dick.

"What do you mean? Well, yes; no doubt her marriage has given her a sort of dolorous experience. She is acquainted with actual life. When it so happens that in the course of conversation we touch on such subjects I find she always leans to the darker side." He paused for a moment, adding abruptly, "And then there is her boy."

"Oh," said Dick, "has she a boy?"

"That's what I'm going to town about. She is very anxious for a tutor for this boy. My opinion is that he is a great deal too much for her. And who can tell what he may turn out? She has been brought to see that he wants a man to look after him."

"She should send him to school. With a child who has been a pet at home, that is the best way."

"Did I say he had been a pet at home? She is a great deal too wise for that. Still, the boy is too much for her: and if I could hear of a tutor — Cavendish, you are just the sort of fellow to know. I have not told her what I am going to do, but I think if I find some one who would answer, I have influence enough" — Warrender said this with a sudden glow of color to his face, and a conscious glance; a glance which dared the other to form any conclusions from what he said, yet in a moment avowed and justified them. Dick was very full of his own thoughts, and yet at sight of this he could not help but smile. His heart was touched by the sight of the young passion, which had no intention of disclosing itself, yet could think of nothing and talk of nothing but the person beloved.

"I don't know how you feel about it, Warrender," he said, "but if I had a — friend whom I prized so much, I should not introduce another fellow to be near her constantly, and probably to — win her confidence, you know; for a lady in these circumstances must stand greatly in need of some one to — to consult with, and to take little things off her hands, and save her trouble, and — and all that."

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"That is just what I am trying to do," said Warrender. "As for her grief, you know, — which is n't so much grief as a dreadful shock to her nerves, and the constitution of her mind, and many things we need n't mention, — as for that, no one can meddle. But just to make her feel that there is some one to whom nothing is a trouble, who will go anywhere, or do anything" —

"Well, that 's what the tutor will get into doing, if you don't mind. I 'll tell you, Warrender, what I would do if I were you. I 'd be the tutor myself."

"I am glad I spoke to you," said the young man. "It is very pleasant to meet with a mind that is sympathetic. You perceive what I mean. I must think it all over. I do not know if I can do what you say, but if it could be managed, certainly — Anyhow, I am very much obliged to you for the advice."

"Oh, that is nothing," said Dick; "but I think I can enter into your feelings."

"And so few do," said Warrender; "either it is made the subject of injurious remarks, — remarks which, if they came to her ears, would — or a succession of feeble jokes more odious still, or suggestions that it would be better for me to look after my own business. I am not neglecting my own business that I am aware of; a few trees to cut down, a few farms to look after, are not so important. I hope now," he added, "you are no longer astonished that the small interests of the University don't tell for very much in comparison."

"I beg you a thousand pardons, Warrender. I had forgotten all about the University."

"It does not matter," he said, waving his hand; "it does not make the least difference to me. It would not change my determination in any way, whatever might depend upon it; and nothing really depends upon it. I can't tell you how much obliged I am to you for your sympathy, Cavendish." He added, after a moment, "It is doubly good of you to enter into my difficulties, everything being so easy-going in your own life."

Cavendish looked at his companion with eyes that twinkled with a sort of tragic laughter. It was natural for the young one to feel himself in a grand and unique position, as a very young man seized by a *grande passion* is so apt to do; but Theo's fine superiority and conviction that he was not as other men gave a grim amusement to the man who was so easy-going, whose life was all plain sailing in the other's sight. "All the more reason," he said, with a laugh, "being safe myself, that I should take an interest in you." He laughed again, so that for the moment Warrender, with momentary rage, believed himself the object of his friend's derision. But a glance at Cavendish dispelled this fear. Presently each retired into his corner, where they sat opposite to each other saying nothing, while the long levels of the green country flew past them, and the clang of the going swept every other sound away. They were alone in their compartment, each buried in his thoughts: the one in all the absorption of a sudden and overwhelming passion, not without a certain pride in it and in himself, although consciously thinking of nothing but of *her*, going over and over their last interviews, and forming visions to himself of the next; while the other, he who was so easy-going, the cheerful companion, unexpectedly found to be so sympathetic, but otherwise somewhat compassionately regarded as superficial and commonplace by the youth newly plunged into life, — the other went back into those recollections which were his, which had been confided to none, which he had thought laid to rest and half forgotten, but which had suddenly surged up again with so extraordinary a revival of pain. The presence of Warrender opposite to him, and the unconscious revelation he had made of

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the condition of his own mind and thoughts, had transported Dick back again for a moment into what seemed an age, a century past, — the time when he had been as his friend was, in the ecstasy of a youthful passion. He remembered that; then with quick scorn and disdain turned from the thought, and plunged into the deep abysses of possibility which he now saw opening at his feet. He had said to himself that the past was altogether past, and that he could begin in his own country, far from the associations of his brief and unhappy meddling with fate, a new existence, one natural to him, among his own people, in the occupations he understood. He had not understood either himself or life in that strange, extravagant essay at living which he had made and ended, as he had thought, and of which nobody knew anything. How could he tell, he asked himself now, how much or how little was known? Was anything ever ended until death had put the finis to mortal history?

These young men were two excellent examples of the well-born and well-bred young Englishman, admirably dressed, with that indifference to and ease in their well-fitting garments, that satisfied and careful simplicity, which only the Anglo-Saxon seems able to attain to in such apparel; Warrender, indeed, with something of that dreamy look about the eyes which betrays the abstraction of the mind in a realm of imagination, but nothing besides which could have suggested to any spectator the presence of either mystery in the past or danger in the future, beyond the dangers of flood or field. They were both above the reach of need, yet both with that wholesome necessity for doing which is in English blood, and all the world before them, public duty and private happiness, the inheritance of the class to which they belonged. Yet to one care had come in the guise of passion; and the other was setting out upon a second beginning, no one knew how heavily laden and handicapped in the struggle of life.

XVI.

By this time London was on the eve of its periodical moment of desertion: the fashionable people all gone or going; legislators weary and worn, blaspheming the hot, late July days, and everything grown shabby with dust and sunshine; the trees and the grass in the parks no longer green, but brown; the flowers in the balconies overgrown; the atmosphere all used up and exhausted; and the great town, on the eve of holiday, grown impatient of itself. Although the world of fashion is but so small a part of the myriads of London, it is astonishing how its habits affect the general living, and how many, diversely and afar off, form a certain law to themselves of its dictates, though untouched by its tide.

Warrender had never known anything about London. His habits were entirely distinct from those of the young men, high and low, who find their paradise in its haunts and crowds. When he left Cavendish, on their arrival, — not without a suggestion on Dick's part of after meeting, which the other did not accept, for no reason but because in his present condition it was pleasanter to him to be alone, — Warrender, who did not know where to go, or what to do in order to carry out the commission which he had so vaguely taken upon him, walked vaguely along, carrying about him the same mist of dreams which made other scenes dim. Where was he to find a tutor in the streets of London? He turned to the Park by habit, as that was the direction in which, half mechanically, he was in the habit of finding himself when he went to town. But he was still less likely to find a tutor for Lady Markland's boy in the lessened ranks of the loungers in Rotten Row than he

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was in the streets. He walked among them with his head in the clouds, thinking of what she had said when last he saw her; inquiring into every word she had uttered; finding out, with a sudden flash of delight, a new meaning which might perchance lurk in a phrase of hers, and which could be construed into the intoxicating belief that she had thought of him in his absence. This was far more interesting than any of the vague processional effects that glided half seen before his eyes; the streams of people, with no apparent meaning in them, who were going and coming, flowing this way and the other, on their commonplace business. The phantasmagoria of moving forms and faces went past and past, as he thought, altogether insignificant, meaning nothing. She had said, "I wondered if you remarked" — something that had happened when they were apart from each other; a sunset it was, now he remembered, of wonderful splendor, which she had spoken of next day. "I wondered if you remarked:" not "I wonder," which would have meant that at that moment she was in the act of wondering, but I wonder*ed*, in the past tense; as if, when the glorious crimsons and purples struck her imagination, and gave her that high delight which nature always gives to the lofty mind (the adjectives too were his, poor boy), she had thought of him, perhaps, as the one of all her friends who was most likely to feel as she was feeling. Poor Warrender was conscious, with bitter shame and indignation against himself, that at that moment he was buried in his father's gloomy library, in the shadow of those trees which he had no longer leisure to think of cutting, and was not so much as aware that there was a sunset; and this he had been obliged to confess, with passionate regret (since she had seen it, and given it thus an interest beyond sunsettings), but with tempestuous sudden joy and misery. In the middle of Rotten Row! with still so many pretty creatures on so many fine horses cantering past, and even, what was more wonderful, Bronson, that inevitable competitor, the substance of solid success to Warrender's romance of shadowy glory, walking along with his arm in that of another scholar, and pointing to the man of dreams who saw them not. "He is working out that passage in the Politics that your tutor makes such a potter about," said the other. "Not a bit of it," cried Bronson, "for that would pay!" But they gave him credit, at all events, for some classic theme, and not for the discoveries he was making in that other subject, which is not classic, though universal; whereas the only text that entered into his dreams was that past tense, opening up so many vistas of thought which he had not realized before. Was there ever a broken sentence of Aristotle that moved so much the scholar to whom a new reading has suddenly appeared? There is no limiting that power of human emotion which can flow in almost any channel, but enthusiastic indeed must be the son of learning in whose bosom the difference of the past and the present would raise so great a ferment. "I wondered if you remarked." It lit up heaven and earth with new lights to Warrender. He wanted nothing more to raise his musings into ecstasy. He pictured her standing looking out upon the changing sky, feeling perhaps a loneliness about her, wanting to say her word, but with no one near whose ear was fit to receive it. "I wondered" — and he all the while unconscious, like a dolt, like a clod, with his dim windows already full of twilight, his heavy old trees hanging over him, his back turned, even could it have penetrated through dead walls and heavy shade, to the glow in the west! While he thought of it his countenance, too, glowed with shame. He said to himself that never, should he live a hundred years, would he again be thus insensible to that great and splendid

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ceremonial which ends the day. For that moment she had wanted him, she had need of him; and not even in spirit had he been at hand, as her knight and servant ought to be.

And all this, as we have said, in the middle of Rotten Row! He remembered the spot afterwards, the very place where that revelation had been made to him, but never was aware that he had met Bronson, who was passing through London on his way to join a reading party, and was in the mean time, in passing, making use of all the diversions that came in his way, in the end of the season, as so reasonable and practical a person naturally would do.

Warrender went long and far in the strength of this marvelous supply of spiritual food, and wanted no other; but at last, a long time after, when it was nearly time to go back to his train, bethought himself that it would be better to lunch somewhere, for the sake of the questions which would certainly be put to him when he got home. In the mean time he had occupied himself by looking out and buying certain new books, which he had either heard her inquire about or thought she would like to see; and had remembered one or two trifles she had mentioned which she wanted from town, and even laid in a stock of amusements for little Geoff, — boys' books, suited rather to his years than to his precocity. About the other and more serious part of his self-constituted mission Warrender, however, had done nothing. He had passed one of those "Scholastic Agencies," which it had been his (vague) intention to inquire at, had paused and passed it by. There was truth, he reflected, in what Cavendish said. How could he tell who might be recommended to him as tutor to Geoff? Perhaps some man who would be his own superior, to whom she might talk of the sunset or even of other matters, who might worm his way into the place which had already begun to become Warrender's place, — that of referee and executor of the troublesome trifles, adviser at least in small affairs. He began to reflect then that in all probability a tutor in the house would be a trouble and embarrassment to Lady Markland: one who could come for a few hours every day (and was there not one who would be too happy of the excuse to wait upon his mistress daily?); one who could engage Geoff with work to be done, so that the mother might be free; one, indeed, who would thus supplant the offices already held, and become indispensable where now he was only precariously necessary, capable of being superseded. It is very possible that in any case, even had he not asked the valuable advice of Dick Cavendish, his journey to London would have come to nothing; for he was in the condition to which a practical proceeding of such a kind is inharmonious, and in which all action is somewhat against the grain. But with the support of Dick's advice his reluctance was justified to himself, and he returned to Underwood with a consciousness of having given up his first plan for a better one, and of having found by much thought an expedient calculated to answer all needs.

Meanwhile he carried with him everywhere the delight of that discovery which he had made. To say over the words was enough, — I wondered if you remarked. Had Cavendish been with him on the return journey, or had any stranger addressed him on the way, this was the phrase which he would have used in reply. He watched the sunset eagerly as he walked home from the station, laden with his parcel of books. It was not this time a remarkable sunset. It was even a little pale, as if it might possibly rain to-morrow; but still he watched it, with an eye to all the changes of color. Perhaps nature had not hitherto called him with a very strong voice; but there came a great many scraps of poetry floating into his

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head which might have given an interest to sunsets even before Lady Markland. There was a word or two about that very golden greenness which was before his eyes, "beginning to fade in the light he loves on a bed of daffodil sky." He identified that and all the rims of color that marked the shining horizon. Perhaps she would ask him if he had remarked, and he would be able to reply.

"Books?" cried Minnie, — "are all those books? Don't you know we have a great many books already, more than we have shelves for? The library is quite full, and even the little bookcase in the drawing-room. You should get rid of some of the old ones if you bring in so many new."

"And whom did you see in town, Theo?" said his mother. He had no club, being so young and so little accustomed to London; but yet a young man brought up as he had been can scarcely fail to have many friends.

"Most people seem to have gone away," he said. "I saw nobody. Yes, there were people riding in the Row, and people walking, too, I suppose, but nobody I knew."

"And did you go up all that way only to buy books? You might have written to the bookseller for them, and saved your fare."

Theo made his sister no reply, but when Chatty asked, rather shyly, if he had seen much of Mr. Cavendish, he answered warmly that Cavendish was a very good fellow; that he took the greatest interest in his friends' concerns, and was always ready to do anything he could for you. "I had no idea what a man he was," he said, with fervor. Mrs. Warrender looked up, at this, with a little anxiety; for according to the ordinary rules which govern the reasoning of women she was led from it to the induction, not immediately visible to the unconcerned spectator, that her son had got into some scrape, and had found it necessary to have recourse to his friend's advice. Theo in a scrape! It seemed impossible: but yet there are few women who are not prepared for something of this character happening even to the best of men.

"I hope," she said, "that he is a prudent adviser, Theo; but he is still quite a young man."

"Not so young; he must be six or seven and twenty," said the young man; and then he paused, remembering that this was the perfect age, — the age which she had attained, which he had described to Cavendish as "about my own," — and he blushed a little and contradicted himself. "Yes, to be sure, he is young: but that makes him only the more sympathetic; and it was not his advice I was thinking of so much as his sympathy. He is full of sympathy."

"You have us to sympathize with you," said Minnie. "I don't know what you want from strangers. We ought to stand by each other, and not care what outsiders say."

"I hope Theo will never despise the sympathy of his own people, but — a friend of one's own choosing is a great help," said Mrs. Warrender. Yet she was uneasy. She did not think young Cavendish's sympathy could be on account of Theo's late bereavement, and what trouble could the boy have that he confided to Cavendish, and did not mention to his mother? She became more and more convinced that there must be some scrape, or at least that something had gone wrong. But save in these speeches about Cavendish there was no proof of anything of the kind. He gave no further explanation, however, of the business which had taken him to town, unless the fact that he drove over to Markland next morning, with the half of the pile of books which he had brought from town, in his dog-cart, should afford an explanation; and that was so vague that it was hard to say what it did or did not prove.

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He went over to Markland with his books, but left them in the dog-cart; shy, when he was actually in her presence, of carrying her that bribe. Books were a bribe to her; she had been out of the way of gratifications of this kind, and too solitary and forsaken during the latter part of her married life to know what was going on and to supply herself. She was sitting with Geoff upon the terrace, which ran along one side of the house, when Warrender appeared, and both teacher and pupil received him with something that looked very like relief; for the day was warm, and the terrace was but ill chosen as a school-room. The infinite charm of a summer day, the thousand invitations to idleness with which the air is full, the waving trees (though there were not many of them), the scent of the flowers, the singing of the birds, all distracted Geoff's attention, and, sooth to say, his mother's, too. She would have been glad to sit quiet, to escape the boy's questioning, to put away the irksome lessons which she herself did not much more than understand, and to which she brought a mind unaccustomed and full of other thoughts. Of these other thoughts there were so many, both of the future and the past, that it was very hard to keep her attention to the little boy's Latin grammar. Geoff on his side was weary, too; he should have been in a school-room, shut out from temptations, with maps hung along the walls, instead of waving trees, and where he could not have stopped to cry out, in the midst of his exercises, "I say, mamma, there 's a squirrel. I am certain it is a squirrel." That, of course, was very bad. And then up to a recent period he had shared all, or almost all, his mother's thoughts; but since his father's death these had become so full of complications that a child could no longer share them, though neither quite understood the partial severance which had ensued. Both were relieved, however, when the old butler appeared at the end of the terrace, pointing out to Warrender where the little group was. The man did not think it necessary to expose himself to the full blaze of the sunshine in order to lead "a great friend" like Mr. Warrender close up to my lady's chair.

"We are very glad to see you; in fact, we are much too glad to see you," said Lady Markland, with a smile. "We are ashamed to say that we were not entering into our work as we ought. Nature is always so busy doing a hundred things, and calling us to come and look what she is about. We take more interest in her occupations than in our own."

"Mamma makes a story of everything," said Geoff, half aggrieved; "but I 'm in earnest. Grammar is dreadful stuff; there is no reflection in it. Why can't one begin to read books straight off, without nasty, stupid rules?"

Warrender took little note of what the boy said. Meanwhile he had shaken hands and made his salutations, and the sovereign lady, with a smile, had given him a chair. He felt himself entering, out of the blank world outside, into the sphere of her existence, which was his Vita Nuova, and was capable for the moment of no other thought.

"I think," said Lady Markland, — "for we have really been at it conscientiously for a long time and doing our best, — I think, Geoff, we may shut up our books for to-day. You know there will be your lessons to prepare to-night."

"I 'll go and look at Theo's horse. Have you got that big black one? I shall be back in a moment, mamma."

"If you look into the cart you will find some books, Geoff; some that perhaps you may like."

"Oh, good!" said the boy, with his elfish little countenance lighting up. He was very slight and small for his age, a little shadow darting across the sunshine. The half of the terrace lay in a blaze of light, but all was cool and fresh

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in the corner where Lady Markland's light chairs and table were placed in the angle of the balustrade, there half hidden by a luxuriant climbing rose. Above Lady Markland's head rose a cluster of delicate golden roses, tinged in their hearts with faint red, in all the wealth of their second bloom. Her black dress, profound black, without any relief, was the only dark point in the scene. A little faint color of recovering health, and perhaps of brightening life, had come to her face. She was very tranquil, resting as people rest after a long illness, in a sort of convalescence of the heart.

"You must forgive his familiarity, Mr. Warrender; you are so good to him, and at his age one is so apt to presume on that."

Warrender had no inclination to waste the few minutes in which he had her all to himself in any discussion of Geoff. He said hastily, "I have brought some other books to be looked at, — things which people are talking of. I don't know if you will care for them, but there is a little novelty in them, at least. I was in town yesterday" —

"You are very good to me, too," she said. "A new book is a wonderful treat. I thought you must be occupied, or absent, that we did not see you here."

Again that past tense, that indication that in his absence — Warrender felt his head grow giddy with too much delight. "I was afraid to come too often, lest you should think me — importunate."

"How so?" she said, simply. "You have been like a young brother ever since — How could I think you other than kind? The only thing is that you do too much for me. I ought to be trying to walk alone."

"Why, while I am here?" cried the young man; "asking nothing better, nothing half so good, as to be allowed to do what I can, — which, after all, is nothing."

She gave a slight glance at him under her eyelids, with a faint dawning of surprise at the fervor of his tone. "The world which people say is so hard is really very kind," she said. "I never knew till now how kind: at least when one has a great evident claim upon its sympathy, — or pity, should I say? Those who find it otherwise are perhaps those whose troubles cannot be made public, and yet who expect their fellow creatures to divine" —

Warrender was sadly cast down to be considered only as the world, a type, so to speak, of mankind in general, kind to those whose claims were undeniable. He replied with a swelling heart, "There must always be individuals who divine, though perhaps they may not dare to show their sympathy, — ah, don't say pity, Lady Markland!"

"You humor me," she said, "because you know I love to talk. But pity is very sweet; there is a balm in it to those who are wounded."

"Sympathy is better.

> "'Mighty love would cleave in twain
> The lading of a single pain,
> And part it, giving half to him.'"

"Ah," she cried, with a glimmer in her eyes, "if you go to the poets, Mr. Warrender! And that is more than sympathy. What did he call it himself? 'Such a friendship as had mastered time.'"

"Mamma, mamma, look here!" came in advance of his appearance the voice of Geoff. He came panting, flying round the other angle of the terrace, with his arms full of books. And here, as if it were a type of all that was coming, the higher intercourse, the exchange of thought, the promotion of the man over the child, came suddenly to an end.

M. O. W. Oliphant.

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THE MISUSED H OF ENGLAND.

THERE are few subjects more curiously interesting, alike to the student of science and to those who do not care specially for scientific inquiry, than the peculiarities of a language as spoken by different sections of the same people. There can be little doubt that by rightly understanding these localisms we are enabled to advance a step towards the interpretation of those wider diversities which distinguish the speech of races not forming the same nation, but having a common origin. Any one who in England, for example, studies the peculiarities of dialect in the southern, western, eastern, and northern counties, — peculiarities still so great that the inhabitants of certain localities find it difficult to comprehend standard English (so to describe English as spoken by the most cultured classes), — will be well on his way to understand how the various languages of Europe had their origin from a common stock. In particular we learn to recognize *how*, though we may not so easily understand *why*, in some communities changes of a certain kind in consonantal and vowel sounds systematically prevail. Thus in certain northern English counties the *i* is systematically pronounced *oi*, in others *ee;* so that as far as this vowel sound is concerned we can always translate the county language into common English by changing the *oi*'s or the *ee*'s, as the case may be, into *i*'s. In Wiltshire and Somersetshire, the *s*'s are all turned into *z*'s; elsewhere, the *o*'s are changed into *oa*'s, the broad *a*'s into *æ*'s, and so forth. In the Celtic parts of Great Britain, as in the Highlands and in Wales, we find wider examples of Grimm's law in the altering of *b*'s into *p*'s, *d*'s into *t*'s, *v*'s into *f*'s, and so forth. But in the majority of cases it has not been found possible to explain why some sections of a race should modify certain sounds in particular ways, any more than it has been found possible to explain why the Teutonic and Latin races should have modified the language which was once common to both in such diverse directions as to produce languages whose kinship becomes manifest only under close and careful study.

The misuse of the letter *h* in England and the correct use of the aspirate in English-speaking communities outside the old home may be regarded as affording an instructive example of the modifications a language thus undergoes, under varying circumstances. Of course, it has not yet come to pass, and we may hope it never will, that the omission of *h* where it ought to be sounded and its introduction where it has no right to be have become so universal in England as to be regarded as justified by custom, —

> "Quem penes arbitrium est et jus et norma loquendi."

On the contrary, in England, the misuse of the letter *h* is much more unpleasant than in America or Australia, where, I notice, people are more amused than disgusted by unaspirated or "exaspirated" *h*'s; very much as we find a foreigner's mistakes in speaking English rather pleasant than otherwise, while the mistakes of an ignorant native sound coarse and vulgar by comparison. I have heard Americans say that they find something quaint in what they are good enough to call "the Hinglish haccent." In England we scarcely view the matter that way. Occasionally some peculiar collocation of dropped and forced *h*'s may raise a laugh among us, as when dear old Leech makes the veterinary doctor tell the owner of a horse that "it hain't the 'unting as 'urts 'im; it 's the 'ammer, 'ammer, 'ammer, along the 'ard 'igh

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road."[1] But as a rule the *h* malady is regarded as a most unpleasant one in old England, however funny it may seem to Americans and Australians. It is instructive and interesting, however; and I propose here to consider its nature and origin, the laws of its propagation, and the reason why in certain English-speaking communities it has never shown itself, and probably never will. Mr. Grant White has dealt with the *h* malady in England, recently, in a highly interesting paper, wherein, however, he presents views which are, I think, entirely incorrect. The evidence he adduces in support of his views seems to me, indeed, to point in precisely the opposite direction from that which he indicates.

In the first place, it is perfectly true, as he asserts, that the purity of American speech in this particular respect is remarkable, because America is the younger nation, and in some respects less cultivated (Mr. Grant White says "less cultivated" without any reservation), and produces the smaller part of the literature common to the two, though I cannot go on with him to say that her part of the literature is much inferior in quality as well as in quantity. He omits, however, to notice, or at least does not dwell upon, the fact that a similar but much more remarkable contrast has long existed between England and Ireland with regard to the letter *h*. A laboring-man in Ireland, who cannot write or even read English, and who talks with a brogue as broad as his spade, will never drop or misplace an *h*, and ridicules the *h*-less Saxon as heartily as would a New York newspaper critic. Whatever theory we are to adopt respecting English misuse of the *h* must account for the circumstance that this delicate aspiration, so slight that if it becomes more than barely perceptible it is as offensive as its omission would be, is given by the most ignorant Irishman, while it is a dead letter (or else becomes a disagreeably live letter) with Englishmen of fair average education. In certain positions, indeed, presently to be touched on, the *h* is almost universally dropped in England, insomuch as almost to justify its omission by persons of culture, in obedience to the authority of recognized custom.

A large majority of Englishmen drop the *h* in nearly all words in which it ought to be sounded. So far I go with Mr. White. But I do not agree with him that most Englishmen put in an *h* where it ought not to be. I should imagine, from my own observations, — and I have had exceptional means of testing the matter in my lecture travels, — that about one third of the people in England throw into their talk, now and then, a wrongly placed aspirate, but not more. My observations do not include the criminal classes, but they would not raise the proportion very much, certainly not to one half. Even those who do throw in "exaspirated" *h*'s, however, are not

[1] So far as I can judge, few Americans, and certainly none who have not been in England, understand precisely how the *h* is "exaspirated" in the old country. When an American novelist, newspaper-writer, speaker, or actor tries to present the Hinglish haccent, he invariably (at least I have never noticed an exception) puts in *h*'s which would never appear in really English talk. Thus the above sentence would be given in an American newspaper (see the way Greenfield's evidence in the recent slugging trial was dealt with), "Hit hain't the 'unting has 'urts 'im; hit 's the 'ammer, 'ammer, 'ammer, halong the 'ard 'igh road." But no one ever talks that way in England. Here is a hint which American novelists may find useful: English ill-users of the *h* *never* insert an extra *h* except in a word on which emphasis or semi-emphasis falls. For instance, you will hear a man, so ignorant as to say "eddicated" for "educated," who yet will not say "heddicated," long though the word is, and therefore inviting the extra aspiration, unless he is emphasizing the word, so that in one and the same sentence such a word will come in both ways, thus: "Farmer Brown were a well-eddicated man, sir, but he wor n't nothing to Dr. Jones for eddication.! Heddicated! Why, sir, Dr. Jones were that well heddicated there wer n't any one down in our parts could hold a candle to him," and so forth, drawled out in the customary down-country fashion.

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quite so bad as most Americans imagine and as Mr. Grant White assumes. It would indeed be a difficult problem to deal with, if the worse-speaking Englishmen always precisely inverted the use of the aspirate; omitting it where it should be, and systematically introducing it where it has no business. It would require as much skill and as good a knowledge of spelling to practice such consistent blundering as to speak correctly. Those who have studied English talk in this respect know that the very worst misusers of the aspirate give the *h* correctly at times, — always, indeed, with some words; and also that they are as likely to offend by "exaspirating" an *h* which is perfectly in place when duly aspirated as by inserting an *h* where no *h* should be. I remember an American whom I met in Boston, in 1873, — rather an ignorant man I need hardly say, — who remarked to me when he heard that I had recently met Mr. Emerson, "I guess you said, ''Ave hi the '*h*onor hof haddressing Mr. Hemerson?'" He was not altogether jesting, as I at first thought, for he supposed that all Englishmen came over to America affected with the *h* disease, but that some quickly caught the purer "American accent," as he called it. Now every Englishman knows that an "exaspiration" of *h*'s, when '*h*onored by an introduction, is more apt than usual to display the strength of his aspirations; but even in such an accession of the malady as is thus brought on, he would not speak as my Boston friend imagined. No one could, in fact, without breaking up his talk into gasps. He would say, "'Ave I the Hhonor of addressing Mr. Hemerson?" — a sentence which has no gasps in it, because the extra *h*'s come in along with the exaggerated emphasis which the much-oppressed person wishes to introduce. It is indeed noteworthy that these maltreaters of the aspirate always use a word into which they can fling a strong aspiration, when expressing great respect. "'Ave I the pleasure," etc., would not suit them at all. Note also (what Mr. Grant White overlooks, by the way) that a big rough *h*, which sounds very unpleasant even in a word beginning with *h*, under ordinary conditions, does not sound ill at all when the chief emphasis of a sentence falls on such a word. A man may say *Hhome* so as to offend as much as though he said '*ome*, or even more; but one would find it very difficult to pronounce the *h* with disagreeable strength in such a sentence as this: "I am *heartily* at your service." Note again the difference in the aspiration of the *h*'s in the following sentence, if earnestly emphasized: "I am right glad to see you here; you must look on my house as your *home*." A strong aspiration on *here* and *house* would be offensive, but the aspirate in *home* could not well be too strong.

While the number of those who use unauthorized *h*'s is great, and of those who drop their *h*'s much greater, it must be admitted that the number of those who in some way or other maltreat the aspirate is so large that one may doubt whether one in a hundred in England can be excepted. Mr. Grant White says that he has heard highly educated men, scholars and men of scientific attainments, men who write capital letters after their names (though *that* counts for absolutely nothing), drop their *h*'s in England, "just as in America men of like position have a nasal twang, say *Mu'ica* for America, and the like." I have myself heard "men of like position" in America, including a professor who earnestly advocates the continued study of classical literature in American colleges, say "you *was*," "I don't know as," "I remember of," "unbeknown," and make other like mistakes. Yet I doubt not that offenses against the laws of aspiration in England are as common as "you was" and "we was" in America. The omission of the *h* in such words as *he*, *him*, *her*, etc., may be occasionally

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noticed in the rapid speaking of even the best bred men in England; but here America has no advantage, for in these words I have repeatedly noticed the *h* slurred or lost in quick speaking in America. The *h* in words beginning with *wh* is so often dropped in England that it is doubtful whether custom does not justify its omission altogether. Yet I am inclined to think that many Americans rather overaspirate the *h* in *wh*. The Irish unquestionably do so. *Wh* with them is altered into *hw*, a fault of speech which more than one English novelist has noted and ridiculed. I see that Mr. Grant White regards *hw* as the proper way of presenting the aspirated *w*. This seems to me erroneous. I have, indeed, very little doubt that in old times *hw* was the uniform and therefore correct way of giving the consonantal sound in *what*, *which*, *whale*, etc. In Saxon times, certainly, the sound was *hw*, and the spelling accordingly. Very likely the Irish retain the old-fashioned sound in this case, as in several others in which modern English pronunciation has departed from it. But at present English folk must not say *hwat*, *hwale*, and so forth, if they wish their breeding (for in England these points are matters of breeding rather than of education) to remain unquestioned. There is a legitimate way of aspirating the *h* in *wh*, which to a good ear perfectly differentiates *whale* from *wail* or *wale*, *which* from *witch*, and so forth. We may say *hwat*, *what*, or *wat* (which we must spell *wot*, though), and only one of these is right. Among the best bred Englishmen the delicate aspiration corresponding to the middle sound is consistently given. To one accustomed to the rough *hwat*, *what* properly pronounced sounds like *wot;* but to a good ear, not spoiled by constantly hearing the rougher sound, the distinction is nearly as great as that between *house* and *'ouse*, — albeit I must admit that many Englishmen who never drop an *h* when it is alone neglect the aspirate when it comes in company with *w*.

Still more often is *h* neglected in words beginning with *rh*. But this fault is quite as common in America as in England. I have oftener heard of *Road Island* than of *Rhode Island*.

Lastly come the cases where there is divided authority as to whether an *h* should be sounded or not. Mr. Grant White dwells on the omission of the aspirate in the word *hospital*, remarking with surprise that he has often seen the words *an hospital* in books published within the last ten years. He says this in answer to Mr. Ellis's remark that the omission of the *h* in this word is an archaism. But there are many who consider that to sound the *h* in this word is as improper as to sound it in *honor* or *hour*. I myself constantly sound the *h* now in *hospital* and *humor* (at least when in America), but it appears to me incorrect. So in the word *humble*, which, since Dickens made Uriah Heep so constantly call himself "a humble" person, has gained an aspirate to which it is not legitimately entitled. We must all sound the *h* in *humble* now, I suppose; but before David Copperfield was written a clergyman who should have substituted "a humble and contrite heart," in the "Dearly beloved brethren," for the legitimate "an humble" would have been regarded as a very ignorant and vulgar parson indeed.

And now to consider the origin and progress of the *h* disease in all its varied forms: —

There seems no room for doubting that the *h* disease had its origin in London. Walker speaks of it as specially prevalent in London in his day, and even now it is more common in the pure cockney dialect (the most hateful form of the English language in existence) than anywhere in England. Moreover, its prevalence in other places than London is greater or less according as such places are nearer to or farther from the

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metropolis. We find no trace of it in Cornwall or Wales; very little in Cumberland, Northumberland, and Yorkshire. In the midland counties it is less common than in the southern. It is at its maximum in the heart of London. In this respect it is like the *v*-and-*w* malady, which, even when at its height (it has now nearly died out), was never so badly felt in the provinces as in the metropolis; though of course, like all metropolitan defects, it spread in greater or less degree over the whole country.[1]

This being the case, we are justified in assuming that the disease had at first that form which is characteristic of the faults of language found at great centres of population, and especially in the chief city of the nation. If you wish to hear French clipped and slurred you should go to Paris, and German suffers like treatment in Vienna and Berlin. It is the same with English in London. In a great and busy city, men shorten their words and sentences as much as possible, being assured that what they say will be understood, because all speak the same language and adopt the same convenient abbreviations. Thus, just as in Paris *cette femme* becomes *c'te f'me*, and *Voila ce que c'est* becomes *V'la c' q' c'est*, so in London *City Bank* becomes *C'ty B'ak; halfpenny* is abridged first to *ha'-penny*, and then to *hapny* or *'apny*. *Omnibus* is shortened into *'bus;* every one in it addresses the *conductor* as *'ductor;* the conductor shortens the cry of *all right* into *ry*, announces the threepenny fare as *thripns*, and so forth. In fact, it may be laid down as a general proposition that, although a language becomes modified in provincial places and in colonies, it is only in busy cities, and chiefly in capital cities, that a language is modified by clipping and slurring. Take any forms of county *patois* in England, for example, and you find the modifications of English tending towards increased stress on the various tones; in other words, the reverse of the clipping and slurring which is always going on, though under varying forms, in the metropolis. Consider the northern dialect, for example, as truthfully presented in Tennyson's Northern Farmer: —

"Wheer 'asta beän saw long and meä liggin' 'ere aloän?
Noorse? thoort nowt o' a noorse; whoy, Doctor 's abeän an' agoän
Says that I moänt 'a naw moor aäle: but I beänt a fool:
Git ma my aäle, for I beänt a-goin' to breäk my rule."

Here there are shortenings of the more familiar words *'asta* for *hast thou*, and so on; but the tones are all lengthened, and the throwing in of *a*'s separately, or as additions to vowel sounds, shows well how the comparatively slow-going life of provincial places leads to prolixity in pronunciation as well as in speech. In great cities all this is reversed. Men have not time for drawling or vain repetitions. We might be tolerably certain, apart from other evidence, that such a peculiarity as the dropping of the letter *h* had its origin in cities, and not in country places. It saves time and it saves breath to omit the aspirate, and one might safely have guessed that in London the *h* would be dropped in the long run, merely because of the convenience of the omission as a ready form of word-clipping. Of course we may believe (for a *raison de plus*) that, as I suggested several years since in my essay on English and American English, the London fogs had something to do with the omission of the *h*. It is something, when a real "London particular" prevails (a fog which no one who has ever experienced its delights can forget),[2] to avoid an aspirate; and though the denser fogs

[1] In Shakespeare's time there appears to have been a *v*-and-*f* disease, insomuch that in his sonnets we find "vades" for "fades." This still lingers in parts of England, but I suspect it had its origin in London.

[2] I have been asked, when what is considered dense fog has prevailed in New York, whether it is not pretty nearly as bad as a London fog. The densest fog I have ever seen in New York, or indeed in America, would have to be thickened at

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last usually but two or three days altogether throughout the year, it is seldom so clear and pleasant in the heart of London that one would be apt to luxuriate in many aspirations. Still, it appears to me more probable that the *h* was dropped in clipping the language, after customary city fashion, than that its loss was (at least primarily) due to London fog and mist.

But if we assign the suppression of the *h* to slurring and laziness, how are we to account for the introduction of a forced *h* where no *h* ought to be? At first sight it seems as though any explanation of this fault must of necessity be inconsistent with the interpretation I have assigned to the omission of the *h*. For every one who has ever heard the forced *h* in its native home — I mean specially in London — knows that it is emitted after a fashion entirely opposed to the idea of laziness.

Yet in reality there is nothing more inconsistent between the "exaspirated" *h* and the suppressed *h* than there is between the volubility of a London cabman when anxious to convey his meaning very forcibly and his customary brevity. The same man who says, "Jump in, gu'nor," to his fare at the beginning of a ride shall vituperate him in well-chosen but objectionable objurgations for ten minutes at a stretch, when the journey is over, and the right fare offered him. We need not wonder if, in like manner, the same people who drop their *h*'s under ordinary conditions throw in more *h*'s than are necessary when they wish to emphasize their conversation. It is indeed noteworthy, and in it we find, I think, the key to the problem we are dealing with, that the *true* sound of the aspirate is *never* given by cockneys, and by those who have adopted their speech in this respect, to the extra *h* thrown in on words beginning with a vowel or a silent *h*. No cultured person ever pronounces the aspirate on unemphasized words as the cockney pronounces it in words which have not properly any initial aspirate. It becomes clear, then, that the false aspirate of the cockney is in reality thrown in only for emphasis. Of course there must be cases, also, where an Englishman who slurs his *h*'s endeavors to set matters right by throwing in extra *h*'s at random. In such a case he is not as often right as wrong, for the simple reason that it is usually after a mistake in the suppression of an *h* that he throws in an extra strong *h*, and the chances are in favor of its falling where no *h* is wanted; but in any case, one would not notice an *h* that fell rightly, whereas one would at once remark an erroneous *h*. Hence arises the quite mistaken notion that the Englishman who both suppresses and "exaspirates" his *h*'s *invariably* goes wrong. Any one who carefully follows the talk of such a man will notice that he quite often gets an *h* in the right place, and correctly pronounces a word which has no *h*.

That *h* should fall out of words beginning with *wh* is obviously explained by the theory here advanced; and the circumstance that even the most inveterate maltreater of the *h* never throws one in where it should not be in words beginning with *w* (never, for instance, says *which* for *witch*, however steadily he may say *witch* for *which*) corresponds well with my theory. For there is no gain in emphasis by aspirating a word beginning with *w*, as there is by aspirating a word beginning with a vowel or a silent *h*.

Mr. Grant White, who takes a different view, oddly overlooks the circumstance that the view which he does take,

least tenfold, and then colored a strong yellow-brown, and loaded with acid vapors and heavy smoke, to approach in effect the true London particular. In such a fog a cab-driver cannot see his horse's head or shoulders; sometimes a man cannot see his own feet. I have passed two steps outside my own door, have stopped, and (unwisely) turned round to consider my whereabouts, and have then been scarcely able to find my way back.

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so far from being, as he supposes, "an explanation of the phenomenon," would, if accepted, add enormously to the difficulty of the problem. It will be observed that if my theory is correct we can at once understand why the *h* is not maltreated in Ireland, America, and Australia, which is the really remarkable point. If the *h* disease is a defect due to slurring, and of comparatively recent origin, we can readily understand why it has not made its appearance outside the old home of the English-speaking people. There, and there alone, would the people slur (at least in the busy centres of population) the language common to all, and which all spoke with equal readiness. Elsewhere the language would be more carefully dealt with.

In Ireland, for example, to begin with that case, the English language was not so common that it could be readily slurred. Irish folk had to speak it and hear it spoken with distinctness in order to understand it readily. There the modes of pronunciation, and such matters in particular as aspiration, had to be attended to more carefully than in England, and especially in London. A very slight difference in this respect would make a great alteration in the result, for all changes in a language *originate* in very slight differences. But, it may be urged, the contrary is demonstrably the case in Ireland; for there the English language has undergone great changes: they say *raison* and *saison* for *reason* and *season*, *hwat* and *hwy* for *what* and *why*, *goold* for *gold*, *obleege* for *oblige*, and so forth; to say nothing of certain changes in consonantal and vowel sounds, which may be attributed to peculiarities in the vocal organs. This, however, affords strong evidence in favor of my theory, that a language is less modified at a distance than in the heart of its native home. For there can be no manner of doubt that all those peculiarities of pronunciation which are regarded as especially Irish are in reality old English. The letters *ea* in old English stood originally for the sound which they still represent in the word *great*. (Pepys spells *skates* indifferently *skeats* and *skates*.) The French *raison* and *saison* were altered into *reeson*[1] and *seeson* only through cockney laziness, reducing all broad vowel sounds to narrow ones. So *tea* stood for the same sound as the French *thé*, but has been narrowed into *tee*. As for *hwat* and *hwy*, I remember distinctly how my grand-aunt, a lady of eighty-four, belonging to the old school, used, in 1848 and 1849, to complain that I, as a schoolboy, was not better taught than to say *w'at* and *w'y*; she herself pronounced the words with all the aspirational emphasis employed by the Irish of to-day. She systematically said *goold* for *gold*, *obleege* for *oblige*. (So did Lord John Russell, still later.) The Irish, then, retained the old English sounds here, and doubtless, also, in the initial *h*.

As the colonization of America was a later affair than the occupation of Ireland, we do not find so many archaisms in America as in Ireland. The *h* disease in England must of course be set later still, or that would doubtless have spread in America, too. As matters actually happened, the Americans started free of all trace of this malady, and have been able, notwithstanding importations of great numbers of *h*-dropping Englishmen in later times, to keep the malady from spreading in the new country. Probably not a single Englishman or Englishwoman who has landed here with the *h* disease has been cured of it; for it seems incurable in the adult. But probably in not a single case have

[1] Thus Falstaff's play upon words has been lost where he says, "What! a reason on compulsion! Not though reasons were as plenty as blackberries." Pronounce "reason" as the word was certainly pronounced in Shakespeare's time, and we see at once the play on the words "reasons" and "raisins."

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the children caught their parents' malady.[1]

Mr. Grant White considers that he has found evidence showing that the *h* was suppressed in England by all classes seventy-five years ago. "This *h* breathing," he says, "is a fashion in speech which, I venture to say, is, among the 'best people' in modern England, hardly more than seventy-five years old." Now, apart from the circumstance that the contrary is known, — I myself can vouch strongly for this, because I have heard the conversation of hundreds of persons who were past middle life at the time Mr. Grant White mentions, and know that they were as careful and correct about their *h*'s as I was taught from my childhood upwards to be, — apart, I say, from this, Mr. Grant White's idea, even if accepted, would give no explanation of the suppression of the *h*, still less of its forcible and wrongful introduction. So far from that, it would leave us two problems of immense difficulty to deal with.

First, it would be very much harder to explain the difference between England, on the one hand, and Ireland, America, and Australia, on the other; for how could correctness of speech have been derived from a people who *all* spoke incorrectly in this respect? Secondly, we should have to explain how it is that, although the *h* malady is incurable when once fairly established, there are, nevertheless, thousands of Englishmen, using their *h*'s correctly, who were lads at the time when Mr. Grant White says all Englishmen, even the best bred, dropped their *h*'s. To this must be added the truly surprising circumstance that we should have amended a fault thus universal without even a passing note in our general literature or in the press that so widespread an evil existed.

These considerations should suffice to overthrow Mr. Grant White's theory, which every well-bred Englishman of middle age and beyond knows to be entirely erroneous. (Men of over eighty in England can tell Mr. White — I know it, because they have told me — that at good schools in England, seventy-five years ago, the same care was taken in teaching the correct use of the *h* as at the present day.) I need not, therefore, occupy much time to consider the evidence which he regards as establishing his position. Still it may be interesting to touch on his chief points.

He notes that no English writer of novels, tales, or humorous sketches, seventy-five years ago, makes fun of the *h* peculiarity. This proves, if it proves anything, that the suppression of the *h* was less common then in England than it is now; and this is well known (in England) to have been the case. The *h* malady has spread as the *v*-and-*w* malady has died out, — *why*, I cannot say, but the fact is certain. The *h* malady existed, of course, but was not common enough to attract the attention of humorists, as it does now. (Nor were humorists such close observers then as now.)

Mr. Grant White's attempt to prove that the *h* malady was common, because in the Bible "an" is often written before *h*, fails, when we consider that the distinctive use of *an* and *a* is a comparatively modern rule. Many still regard it as an unsatisfactory rule, — at least in its present general form. Any one who will repeat aloud, and with full voice, the sentence "I stayed at a hotel com-

[1] I have had occasion to notice (1) how English-born children (my own) catch the *h* malady from nurses and servants, eventually losing it; (2) how American-born children (step-children of my own) are affected by it; and (3) how children of mixed American and English parentage (my own, again) are affected. On the first point I need not speak, nor specially on the third, except to say that my youngest boy, with an American mother and a father who uses the *h* correctly, said a "'orse" and a "'ouse" in England quite naturally; but my American daughter (actually stepdaughter) of five, took the worst form of the *h* malady in a business-like way. "Mamma," she said one day, "you say oven, don't you? Well, *I* say *hoven!*"

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manding a horizon eighty miles away" will see that the Englishman who writes "an hotel," as I often do, or "an horizon," as I almost always do, does not necessarily suppress the *h*. (I have often to use the word *horizon*, in lecturing, preceded by *a* or *an*, and nearly always I find that to give the *h* softly and correctly it is far easier to say "an horizon" than "a horizon.") He considers Miss Burney must have said an 'osier, because she wrote "an hosier;" on the contrary, we may recognize in her use of *an* instead of *a* her care to avoid a gasping utterance of the aspirate. As for the Bible writers, the very existence of the letter *h* in the words Mr. Grant White quotes as preceded by *an* shows, when we consider the practical origin of spelling in English, that the *h* was sounded. It was probably sounded originally even in the words *hour*, *humble*, *honest*, etc.

I think, however, it has been sufficiently shown that the suppression of the *h* was a fault of slurring, a liberty arising from what may be called undue familiarity with the language, while the converse fault arose from a reaction against the other, and showed itself (as it still shows itself) only where an attempt was made at undue emphasis.

Richard A. Proctor.

THE PROPHET OF THE GREAT SMOKY MOUNTAINS.

IX.

Amos and his steed made their way along a narrow passage, growing wider, however, and taller, but darker and with many short turns, — an embarrassment to the resisting brute's physical conformation.

Suddenly there was a vague red haze in the dark, the sound of voices, and an abrupt turn brought man and horse into a great subterranean vault, where dusky distorted figures, wreathing smoke, and a flare of red fire suggested Tartarus.

"Hy 're, Amos!" cried a hospitable voice.

A weird tone repeated the words with precipitate promptness. Again and again the abrupt echoes spoke; far down the unseen blackness of the cave a hollow whisper announced his entrance, and he seemed mysteriously welcomed by the unseen powers of the earth. He was not an imaginative man nor observant, but the upper regions were his sphere, and he had all the acute sensitiveness incident to being out of one's element. Even after he had seated himself he noted a far, faint voice crying, "Hy 're, Amos!" in abysmal depths explored only by the sound of his name.

And here it was that old Groundhog Cayce evaded the law, and ran his still, and defied the revenue department, and maintained his right to do as he would with his own.

"Lord A'mighty, air the corn mine, or no?" he would argue. "Air the orchard mine or the raiders'? An' what ails me ez I can't make whisky an' apple-jack same ez in my dad's time, when him an' me run a sour mash still on the top o' the mounting in the light o' day, up'ards o' twenty year, an' never hearn o' no raider. Tell me that's agin the law, nowadays! Waal, now, who made that law? I never; an' I ain't a-goin' ter abide by it, nuther. Ez sure ez ye air born, it air jes' a Yankee trick fotched down hyar by the Fed'ral army. An' ef I hed knowed they war goin' ter gin tharse'fs ter sech persecutions arter the war, I dunno how I'd hev got my con-

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sent ter fit alongside of 'em like I done fower year fur the Union."

A rude furnace made of fire-rock was the prominent feature of the place, and on it glimmered the pleasing rotundities of a small copper still. The neck curved away into the obscurity. There was the sound of gurgling water, with vague babbling echoes; for the never-failing rill of an underground spring, which rose among the rocks, was diverted to the unexpected purpose of flowing through the tub where the worm was coiled, and of condensing the precious vapors, which dripped monotonously into their rude receiver at the extremity of the primitive fixtures. The iron door of the furnace was open now as Ab Cayce replenished the fire. It sent out a red glare, revealing the dark walls; the black distances; the wreaths of smoke, that were given a start by a short chimney, and left to wander away and dissipate themselves in the wide subterranean spaces; and the uncouth, slouching figures and illuminated faces of the distillers. They lounged upon the rocks or sat on inverted baskets and tubs, and one stalwart fellow lay at length upon the ground. The shadows were all grotesquely elongated, almost divested of the semblance of humanity, as they stretched in unnatural proportions upon the rocks. Amos James's horse cast on the wall an image so gigantic that it seemed as if the past and the present were mysteriously united, and he stood stabled beside the grim mastodon whom the cave had sheltered from the rigors of his day long before Groundhog Cayce was moved to seek a refuge. The furnace door clashed; the scene faded; only a glittering line of vivid white light, emitted between the ill-fitting door and the unhewn rock, enlivened the gloom. Now and then, as one of the distillers moved, it fell upon him, and gave his face an abnormal distinctness in the surrounding blackness, like some curiously cut onyx.

"Waal, Amos," said a voice from out the darkness, "I 'm middlin' glad ter see you-uns. Hev a drink."

A hand came out into the gleaming line of light, extending with a flourish of invitation a jug of jovial aspect.

"Don't keer ef I do," said Amos politely. He lifted the jug, and drank without stint. The hand received it back again, shook it as if to judge of the quantity of its contents, and then, with a gesture of relish, raised it to an unseen mouth.

"Enny news 'round the mill, Amos?" demanded his invisible pot companion.

"None ez I knows on," drawled Amos.

"Grind some fur we-uns ter-morrer?" asked Ab.

"I 'll grind yer bones, ef ye 'll send 'em down," said Amos, accommodatingly. "All 's grist ez goes ter the hopper. How kem you-uns ter git the nightmare 'bout'n the raiders? I waited fur Sol an' the corn right sharp time Wednesday mornin'; jes' hed nuthin' ter do but ter sot an' suck my paws, like a b'ar in winter, till 't war time ter put out an' go ter the gaynder-pullin'."

"Waal" — there was embarrassment in the tones of the burly shadow, and all the echoes were hesitant as Groundhog Cayce replied in Ab's stead: "Mirandy Jane 'lowed ez she hed seen a strange man bout'n the spring, an' thought it war a raider, — though he 'd hev been in a mighty ticklish place fur a raider, all by himself. Mirandy Jane hev fairly got the jim-jams, seein' raiders stiddier snakes; we-uns can't put no dependence in the gal. An' mam, she drempt the raiders hed camped on Chilhowee Mounting. An' D'rindy, she turned fool: fust she 'lowed ez we-uns would all be ruined ef we went ter the gaynder-pullin', an' then she war powerful interrupted when we 'lowed we would n't go, like ez ef she wanted us ter go most awful. I axed this hyar Pa'son Kelsey, ez rid by that mornin', ef he treed enny raiders in his

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mind. An' he 'lowed, none, 'ceptin' the devil a-raidin' 'roun' his own soul. But 'mongst 'em we-uns jest bided away that day. I would n't hev done it, 'ceptin' D'rindy tuk ter talkin' six ways fur Sunday, an' she got me plumb catawampus, so ez I did n't rightly know what I wanted ter do myself."

It was a lame story for old Groundhog Cayce to tell. Even the hesitating echoes seemed ashamed of it. Mirandy Jane's mythical raider, and mam's dream, and D'rindy's folly, — were these to baffle that stout-hearted old soldier? Amos James said no more. If old Cayce employed an awkward subterfuge to conceal the enterprise of the rescue, he had no occasion to intermeddle. Somehow, the strengthening of his suspicions brought Amos to a new realization of his despair. He sought to modify it by frequent reference to the jug, which came his way at hospitably short intervals. But he had a strong head, and had seen the jug often before; and although he thought his grief would be alleviated by getting as drunk as a "fraish b'iled *owel*," that consummation of consolation was coy and tardy. He was only mournfully frisky after a while, feeling that he should presently be obliged to cut his throat, yet laughing at his own jokes when the moonshiners laughed, then pausing in sudden seriousness to listen to the elfin merriment evoked among the lurking echoes. And he sang, too, after a time, a merry catch, in a rich and resonant voice, with long, dawdling, untutored cadences and distortions of effect, — sudden changes of register, many an abrupt crescendo and diminuendo, and "spoken" interpolations and improvisations, all of humorous intent.

The others listened with the universal greedy appetite for entertainment which might have been supposed to have dwindled and died of inanition in their serious and deprived lives. Pete Cayce first revolted from the strain on his attention, subordination, and acquiescence. It was not his habit to allow any man to so completely absorb public attention.

"Look a hyar, Amos, fur Gawd's sake, shet up that thar foolishness!" he stuttered at last. "Thar 's n-no tellin' how f-f-fur yer servigrus bellerin' kin be hearn. An' besides, ye 'll b-b-bring the rocks down on to we-uns d-d'rectly. They tell me that it air dangerous ter f-f-f-fire pistols an' jounce 'round in a cave. Bring the roof down."

"That air jes' what I 'm a-aimin' ter do, Pete," said Amos, with his comical gravity. "I went ter meetin' week 'fore las', an' the pa'son read 'bout Samson; an' it streck my ambition, an' I 'm jes' a-honin' ter pull the roof down on the Philistine."

"Look a hyar, Amos Jeemes, ye air the b-b-banged-est critter on this hyar m-mounting! Jes' kem hyar ter our s-still an' c-c-call me a Ph-Ph-Philistine!"

The jug had not been stationary, and as Pete thrust his aggressive face forward the vivid quivering line of light from the furnace showed that it was flushed with liquor and that his eyes were bloodshot. His gaunt head, with long, colorless hair, protruding teeth, and homely, prominent features, as it hung there in the isolating effect of that sharp and slender gleam, — the rest of his body canceled by the darkness, — had a singularly unnatural and sinister aspect. The light glanced back with a steely glimmer. The drunken man had a knife in his hand.

"Storp it, now," his younger brother drawlingly admonished him. "Who be ye a-goin' ter cut?"

"Call m-m-me a Philistine! I 'll bust his brains out!" asseverated Pete.

"Ye 're drunk, Pete," said old Groundhog Cayce, in an explanatory manner. There was no move to defend the threatened guest. Perhaps Amos James was supposed to be able to take care of himself.

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"Call me a Ph-Philistine — a Philistine!" exclaimed Pete, steadying himself on the keg on which he sat, and peering with wide, light eyes into the darkness, as if to mark the whereabouts of the enemy before dealing the blow. "Jes' got insurance — c-c-c-call me a Philistine!"

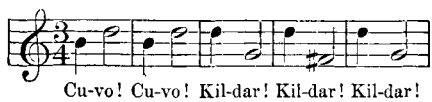
"Shet up, Pete. I'll take it back," said Amos gravely. "*I'm* the Philistine myself; fur pa'son read ez Samson killed a passel o' Philistines with the jawbone of an ass, an' ez long ez ye be talkin' I feel in an' about dead."

Amos James had bent close attention to the sermon, and had brought as much accurate information from meeting as was consistent with hearing so sensational a story as Samson's for the first time. In the mountains men do not regard church privileges as the opportunity of a quiet hour to meditate on secular affairs, while a gentle voice drones on antiquated themes. To Amos, Samson was the latest thing out.

Pete did not quite catch the full meaning of this sarcasm. He was content that Amos should seem to recant. He replaced his knife, but sat surly and muttering, and now and then glancing toward the guest.

Meantime that vivid white gleam quivered across the dusky shadows; now and then the horse pawed, raising martial echoes, as of squadrons of cavalry, among the multitudinous reverberations of the place, while his stall-companion, that the light could conjure up, was always noiseless; the continuous fresh sound of water gurgling over the rocks mingled with the monotonous drip from the worm; occasionally a gopher would scud among the heavily booted feet, and the jug's activity was marked by the shifting for an interval of the red sparks which indicated the glowing pipes of the burly shadows around the still.

The stories went on, growing weird as the evening outside waned, in some unconscious sympathy with the melancholy hour, — for in these sunless depths one knew nor day nor night, — stories of bloody vendettas, and headless ghosts, and strange previsions, and unnamed terrors. And Amos James recounted the fable of a mountain witch, interspersed with a wild vocal refrain: —



Thus she called her hungry dogs, that fed on human flesh, while the winds were awhirl, and the waning moon was red, and the Big Smoky lay in densest gloom.

The white line of light had yellowed, deepened, grown dull. The furnace needed fuel. Ab suddenly leaned down and threw open the door. The flare of the pulsing coals resuscitated the dim scene and the long, dun-colored shadows. Here in the broad red light were the stolid, meditative faces of the distillers, each with his pipe in his mouth and his hat on his head; it revealed the dilated eye and unconsciously dramatic gesture of the story-teller, sitting upon a barrel in their midst; the horse was distinct in the background, now dreaming and now lifting an impatient fore-foot, and his gigantic stall-mate, the simulacrum of the mastodon, moved as he moved, but softly, that the echoes might not know, — the immortal echoes, who were here before him, and here still.

And behind all were the great walls of the vault, with its vague apertures leading to unexplored recesses; with many jagged ledges, devoted to shelf-like usage, and showing here a jug, and here a shot-pouch, and here a rat — fat and sleek, thanks to the plenteous waste of mash and grain — looking down with a glittering eye, and here a bag of meal, and here a rifle.

Suddenly Amos James broke off. "Who 's that?" he exclaimed, and all the echoes were sharply interrogative.

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There was a galvanic start among the moonshiners. They looked hastily about, — perhaps for the witch, perhaps for the frightful dogs, perhaps expecting the materialization of Mirandy Jane's raider.

Amos had turned half round, and was staring intently beyond the still. The man lying on the ground had shifted his position; his soft brown hat was doubled under his head. The red flare showed its long, tawny, tangled hair, of a hue unusual enough to be an identification. His stalwart limbs were stretched out at length; the hands he thrust above his head were unmanacled; as he moved there was the jingle of spurs.

"Why, thar be Rick Tyler!" exclaimed Amos James.

"Hev ye jes' fund that out?" drawled the man on the ground, with a jeering inflection.

"W-w-w-why n't ye lie low, Rick?" demanded Pete aggressively. "Ef ever thar war a empty cymblin', it's yer head. Amos an' that thar thin-lipped sneak ez called hisself a dep'ty air thick 'n thieves."

There was no hesitation in Amos James's character. He leaned forward suddenly, and clutched Pete by the throat, and the old man and Solomon were fain to interfere actively to prevent that doughty member of the family from being throttled on the spot. Pending the interchange of these amenities, Rick Tyler lay motionless on the ground; Ab calmly continued his task of replenishing the fire; and Ben asked, in a slow monotone, the favor of leaving the furnace door open for a "spell, whilst I unkiver the kag in the corner, an' fill the jug, an' kiver the kag agin, keerful, 'kase I don't want no rat in mine."

When Pete, with a scarlet face and starting eyes and a throat full of complicated coughs and gurgles, was torn out of the young miller's strong hands, old Groundhog Cayce remonstrated: —

"Lord A'mighty, boys! Can't ye set an' drink yer liquor sociable, 'thout clinchin' that-a-way? What did Pete do ter ye, Amos?"

"Nuthin'; he dassent," said the panting Amos.

"Did he hurt yer feelin's?" asked the old man, with respectful sympathy.

"Yes, he did," said Amos, admitting vulnerability in that tender æsthetic organ.

"Never none — now — koo — koo!" coughed Pete. "He hev got no f-f-f-feelin's, koo — koo! I hev hearn his own m-mam say so a-many a time."

"He 'lowed," said Amos, his black eyes flashing indignantly, his face scarlet, the perspiration thick in his black hair, "ez I'd tell the dep'ty — kase he war toler'ble lively hyar, an' I got sorter friendly with him when I hed ter sarve on the posse — ez I seen Rick Tyler hyar. Mebbe ye think I want two hunderd dollars — hey!" He made a gesture as if to seize again his late antagonist.

"A-koo, koo, koo!" coughed Pete, moving cautiously out of reach.

All the echoes clamored mockingly with the convulsive sound, and thus multiplied they gave a ludicrous suggestion of the whooping-cough.

"I dunno, Mr. Cayce," said Amos, with some dignity, addressing the old man, "what call ye hev got ter consort with them under indictment for murder an' offenders agin the law. But hevin' seen Rick Tyler hyar in a friendly way along o' you-uns, he air ez safe from me ez ef he war under my own roof."

Rick Tyler drew himself up on his elbow, and turned upon the speaker a face inflamed by sudden passion.

"Go tell the dep'ty!" he screamed. "I'll take no faviors from ye, Amos Jeemes. Kem on! Arrest me yer-se'f!" He rose to his feet, and held out his bruised and scarred hands, smiting them together as if he were again handcuffed. The light fell full on his clothes, tattered by his briery flight, the

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long dishevelment of his yellow hair, his burning face, and the blazing fury in his brown eyes. "Kem on! Arrest me yerse'f, — ye air ekal ter it. I kin better bide the law than ter take faviors from you-uns. Kem on! Arrest me!"

Once more he held out his free hands as if for the manacles.

Their angry eyes met. Then, as Amos James still sat silent and motionless on the barrel, Rick Tyler turned, and with a gesture of desperation again flung himself on the ground.

There was a pause. Two of the moonshiners were arranging to decant some liquor into a keg, and were lighting a tallow dip for the purpose. In the dense darkness of the recess where they stood it took on a large and lunar aspect. A rayonnant circle hovered attendant upon it; the shadows about it were densely black, and in the sharp and colorless contrasts the two bending figures of the men handling the keg stood out in peculiar distinctness of pose and gesture. The glare of the fire in the foreground deepened to a dull orange, to a tawny red, even to a dusky brown, in comparison with the pearly, luminous effect of the candle. The tallow dip was extinguished when the task was complete. Presently the furnace door clashed, the group of distillers disappeared as with a bound, and that long, livid line of pulsating light emitted by the ill-fitting door cleft the gloom like a glittering blade.

"I dunno ez ye mean ter be sassy in 'special, Amos, faultin' yer elders, talkin' 'bout consortin' with them under indictment," said old Groundhog Cayce's voice. "But I dunno ez ye hev enny call ter sot yerse'f up in jedgmint on my actions."

"Waal," said Amos, apologetic, "I never went ter say nuthin' like faultin' nohow. Sech ez yer actions I leaves ter you-uns."

"Ye mought ez well," said the elder, unconsciously satiric. "The Bible 'lows ez every man air a law unto hisself. An' I hev fund I gits peace mos'ly in abidin' by the law ez kems from within. An' I kin see no jestice in my denyin' a rifle an' a lot o' lead an' powder ter a half-starvin' critter ter save his life. Rick war bound ter starve, hid out, ef he hed nuthin' ter shoot deer an' wild varmints with, bein' ez his rifle war tuk by the sher'ff. I knows no law ez lays on me the starvin' o' a human. An' when that boy kem a-cropin' hyar ter the still this evenin', he got ez fair-spoke a welcome, an' ez much liquor ez he 'd swaller, same ez enny comer on the mounting. I dunno ez he air a offender agin the law, an' 't aint my say-so. I ain't a jedge, an' thar ain't enough o' me fur a jury."

This lucid discourse, its emphasis doubled by the iterative echoes, had much slow, impersonal effect as it issued from the darkness. It was to Amos James, accustomed to rural logic, as if reason, pure and simple, had spoken. His heart had its own passionate protest. Not that he disapproved the loan of the rifle, but he distrusted the impulse which prompted it. To find the hunted fugitive here among the distillers added the force of conviction to his suspicions of a rescue and its instigation.

The personal interest which he had in all this annulled for a moment his sense of the becoming, and defied the constraints of etiquette.

"How 'd Rick Tyler say he got away from the sher'ff, ennyhow?" he demanded bluntly.

"He war n't axed," said old Groundhog Cayce quietly.

A silence ensued, charged with all the rigors of reproof.

"An' I dunno ez ye hev enny call ter know, Amos Jeemes," cried out Rick, still prone upon the ground. "That won't holp the sher'ff none now. Ye 'd better be studyin' 'bout settin' him on the trail ter ketch me agin."

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The line of light from the rift in the furnace door showed a yellow gleam in the blackness where his head lay. Amos James fixed a burning eye upon it.

"I 'll kem thar d'rec'ly an' tromp the life out'n ye, Rick Tyler. I 'll grind yer skull ter pieces with my boot-heel, like ez ef ye war a copperhead."

"Laws a massy, boys, sech a quar'l-in', fightin' batch ez ye be! I fairly gits gagged with my liquor a-listenin' ter ye, — furgits how ter swaller," said Ground-hog Cayce, suddenly fretful. "Leave Rick be, Amos Jeemes," he added, in an authoritative tone. And then, with a slant of his head toward Rick Tyler, lying on the ground, "Hold yer jaw down thar!"

And the two young men lapsed into silence.

The spring, rising among the barren rocks, chanted aloud its prescient sylvan song of the woodland ways, and the glancing beam, and the springing trout, and the dream of the drifting leaf, as true of tone and as delicately keyed to the dryadic chorus in the forest without as if the waters that knew but darkness and the cavernous sterilities were already in the liberated joys of the gorge yonder, reflecting the sky, wantoning with the wind, and swirling down the mountain side. The spirits dripped from the worm, the furnace roared, the men's feet grated upon the rocks as they now and then shifted their position.

"Waal," said Amos at last, rising, "I 'd better be a-goin'. 'Pears like ez I 've wore out my welcome hyar."

He stood looking at the line of light, remembering desolately Dorinda's buoyant, triumphant mood. Its embellishment of her beauty had smitten him with an afflicted sense of her withdrawal from all the prospects of his future. He had thought that he had given up hope, but he began to appreciate, when he found Rick Tyler in intimate refuge with her kindred, how sturdy an organism was that heart of his, and to realize that to reduce it to despair must needs cost many a throe.

"I hev wore out my welcome, I reckon," he repeated, dismally.

"I dunno what ails ye ter say that. Ye hev jes' got tired o' comin' hyar, I reckon," said old man Cayce. "Wore out yer welcome, — shucks!"

"Mighty nigh wore me out," said Pete, remembering to cough.

"Waal," said Amos, slightly salved by the protestations of his host, "I reckon it air time I war a-puttin' out, ennyhow. Jes' set that thar furnace door on the jar, Pete, so 's I kin see ter lay a-holt o' the beastis."

The door opened, the red glow flared out, the figures of the moonshiners all reappeared in a semicircle about the still, and as Amos James took the horse's bridle and led him away from the wall the mastodon vanished, with noiseless tread, into the dim distance of the unmeasured past.

The horse's hoofs reverberated down the cavernous depths, echoed, reëchoed, multiplied indefinitely. Even after the animal had been led through the tortuous windings of the passage his tramp resounded through the gloom.

X.

The displeasure of his fellows is a slight and ephemeral matter to a man whose mind is fixed on a great essential question, charged with moral gravity and imperishable consequence; whose physical courage is the instinct of his nature, conserved by its active exercise in a life of physical hardship.

Kelsey had forgotten the gander-pulling, the impending election, the excitement of the escape, before he had ridden five miles from the Settlement. He jogged along the valley road, the reins on the horse's neck, his eyes lifted to the heights. The fullness of day was on their unpeopled summits. Infinity

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was expressed before the eye. On and on the chain of mountains stretched, with every illusion of mist and color, with every differing grace of distance, with inconceivable measures of vastness. The grave delight in which their presence steeped the senses stirred his heart. They breathed solemnities. They lent wings to the thoughts. They lifted the soul. Could he look at them and doubt that one day he should see God? He had been near, — oh, surely, He had been near.

Kelsey was comforted as he rode on. Somehow, the mountains had for his ignorant mind some coercive internal evidence of the great truths. In their exalted suggestiveness were congruities: so far from the world were they, — so high above it; so interlinked with the history of all that makes the races of men more than the beasts that perish, that conserves the values of that noble idea, — an immortal soul. On a mountain the ark rested; on a mountain the cross was planted; the steeps beheld the glories of the transfiguration; the lofty solitudes heard the prayers of the Christ; and from the heights issued the great sermon instinct with all the moralities of every creed. How often He went up into the mountain!

The thought uplifted Kelsey. The flush of strong feeling touched his cheek. His eyes were fired with that sudden gleam of enthusiasm as remote from earthly impulses as the lightnings of Sinai.

"An' I will preach His name!" the parson exclaimed, in a tense and thrilling voice. He checked his horse, drew out of his pocket a thumbed old Bible, clumsily turned the leaves and sought for his text.

No other book had he ever read: only that sublime epic, with its deep tendernesses and its mighty portents; with its subtleties of prophecy in wide and splendid phrase, and their fulfillment in the barren record of the simplest life; with all the throbbing presentment of martyrdom and doom and death, dominated by the miracle of resurrection and the potency of divinity. Every detail was as clearly pictured to his mind as if, instead of the vast, unstoried stretches of the Great Smoky Mountains, he looked upon the sanctities of the hills of Judæa.

He read as he rode along, — slowly, slowly. A bird's shadow would flit across the holy page, and then away to the mountain; the winds of heaven caressed it. Sometimes the pollen of flowering weeds fell upon it; for in the midst of the unfrequented road they often stood in tall rank rows, with a narrow path on either side, trodden by the oxen of the occasional team, while the growth bent elastically under the passing bed of the wagon.

He was almost happy. The clamors of his insistent heart were still. His conscience, his memory, his self-reproach, had loosed their hold. His keen and subtle native intellect stretched its unconscious powers, and discriminated the workings of character, and reviewed the deploying of events, and measured results. He was far away, walking with the disciples.

Suddenly, like an aerolite, he was whirled from high ethereal spaces by the attraction of the earth. A man was peering from between the rails of a fence by the wayside.

"Kin ye read yer book, pa'son, an' ride yer beastis all ter wunst?" he cried out, with the fervor of admiration.

That tree of knowledge, — ah, the wily serpent! Galilee, — it was thousands of miles away across the deep salt seas.

The parson closed his book with a smile of exultation.

"The beast don't hender me none. I kin read ennywhar," he said, proud of the attainment.

"Waal, sir!" exclaimed the other, one of that class, too numerous in Ten-

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nessee, who can neither read nor write. "Air it the Good Book?" he demanded, with a sudden thought.

"It air the Holy Bible," said the parson, handing him the book.

The man eyed it with reverence. Then, with a gingerly gesture, he gave it back. The parson was looking down at him, all softened and humanized by this unconscious flattery.

"Waal, pa'son," said the illiterate admirer of knowledge, with a respectful and subordinate air, "I hearn ez ye war a-goin' ter hold fo'th up yander at the meet'n-house at the Notch nex' Sunday. Air that a true word?"

"I 'lows ter preach thar on the nex' Lord's day," replied the parson.

"Then," with the promptness of a sudden resolution, "I 'm a-goin' ter take the old woman an' the chil'n an' wagon up the Big Smoky ter hear the sermon. I 'low ez a man what kin ride a beastis an' read a book all ter wunst mus' be a powerful exhorter, an' mebbe ye 'll lead us all ter grace."

The parson said he would be glad to see the family at the meeting-house, and presently jogged off down the road.

One might regard the satisfaction of this simple scene as the due meed of his labors; one might account his pride in his attainments as a harmless human weakness. There have been those of his calling, proud, too, of a finite knowledge, and fain to conserve fame, whose conscience makes no moan, — who care naught for humility, and hardly hope to be genuine.

The flush of pleasure passed in a moment. His face hardened. That fire of a sublimated anger or frenzy touched his eyes. He remembered Peter, the impetuous, and Thomas, the doubter, and the warm generosities of the heart of him whom Jesus loved, and he "reckoned" that they would not have left Him standing in the road for the joy of hearing their learning praised. He rebuked himself as caring less for the Holy Book than that his craft could read it. His terrible insight into motives was not dulled by a personal application. Introverted upon his own heart, it was keen, unsparing, insidiously subtle. He saw his pride as if it had been another man's, except that it had no lenient mediator; for he was just to other men, even gentle. He took pitiless heed of the pettiness of his vanity; he detected pleasure that the man by the wayside should come, not for salvation, but to hear the powerful exhorter speak. He saw the instability of his high mood, of the gracious reawaking of faith; he realized the lapse from the heights of an ecstasy at the lightest touch of temptation.

"The Lord lifts me up," he said, "ter dash me on the groun'!"

No more in Judæa, in the holy mountains; no more among the disciples. Drearily along the valley road, glaring and yellow in the sun, the book closed, the inspiration fled, journeyed the ignorant man, who would fain lay hold on a true and perfected sanctity.

He dispatched his errand in the valley, — a secular matter, relating to the exchange of a cow and a calf. The afternoon was waning when he was again upon the slopes of the Big Smoky; for the roads were rough, and he had traveled slowly, always prone to "favor the beastis." He stopped in front of Cayce's house, where he saw Dorinda spinning on the porch, and preferred a request for a gourd of water. The old woman heard his voice, and came hastily out with hospitable insistence that he should dismount and "rest his bones, sence he hed rid fur, an' tell the news from the Settlemint." There was a cordial contrast between this warm esteem and his own unkind thoughts, and he suffered himself to be persuaded. He sat under the hop-vines, and replied in monosyllables to the old woman's animated questions, and gave little news of the excitements at the Settlement which they had

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not already heard. Dorinda, her wheel awhirl, one hand lifted holding the thread, the other poised in the air to control the motion, her figure thrown back in a fine, alert pose, looked at him with a freshened pity for his downcast spirit, and with intuitive sympathy. He sorrowed not because of the things of this world, she felt. It was some high and spiritual grief, such as might pierce a prophet's heart. Her eyes, full of the ideality of the sentiment, dwelt upon him reverently.

He marked the look. With his overwhelmed sense of his sins, he was abased under it, and he scourged himself as a hypocrite.

"Thar air goin' ter be preachin' at the meetin'-house Sunday, I hearn," she observed presently, thinking this topic more meet for his discussion than the "gaynder-pullin'" and the escape, and such mundane matters. The tempered green light fell upon her fair face, adding a delicacy to its creamy tint; her black hair caught a shifting golden flake of sunshine as she moved back and forth; her red lips were slightly parted. The grasshoppers droned in the leaves an accompaniment to the whir of her wheel. The "prince's feathers" bloomed in great clumsy crimson tufts close by the step. Mirandy Jane, seated on an inverted noggin, listened tamely to the conversation, her wild, uncertain eyes fixed upon the parson's face; she dropped them, and turned her head with a shying gesture, if by chance his glance fell upon her.

From this shadowed, leafy recess the world seen through the green hop-vines was all in a great yellow glare.

"Be you-uns a-goin' ter hold fo'th," demanded the old woman, "or Brother Jake Tobin?"

"It air me ez air a-goin' ter preach," he said.

"Then I 'm a-comin'," she declared promptly. "It do me good ter hear you-uns fairly make the sinners spin. Sech a gift o' speech ye hev got! I fairly see hell when ye talk o' thar doom. I see wrath an' I smell brimstone. Lord be thanked, *I* hev fund peace! An' I 'm jes' a-waitin' fur the good day ter come when the Lord 'll rescue me from yearth!" She threw herself back in her chair, closing her eyes in a sort of ecstasy, and beating her hands on her knees, her feet tapping in rhythm.

"Though ef ye 'll b'lieve me," she added, sitting up straight with an appalling suddenness, and opening her eyes, "D'rindy thar ain't convicted yit. Oh, child," in an enthused tone of reproof, "time is short, — time is short!"

"Waal," said Dorinda, speaking more quickly than usual, and holding up her hand to stop the wheel, "I hev hed no chance sca'cely ter think on salvation, bein' ez the weavin' war hendered some — an'" — She paused in embarrassment.

"That air a awful word ter say, — puttin' the Lord ter wait! Why n't ye speak the truth ter her, pa'son? Fix her sins on her."

"Sometimes," said the parson abruptly, looking at her as if he saw more or less than was before him, "I dunno ef I hev enny call ter say a word. I hev preached ter others, an' I 'm like ter be a castaway myself."

The old woman stared at him in dumb astonishment. But he was rising to take leave, — a simple ceremony. He unhitched the horse at the gate, mounted, and, with a silent nod to the group on the porch, rode slowly away.

Old Mrs. Cayce followed him with curious eyes peering out in the gaps of the hop-vines.

"D'rindy," she said, "that thar Pa'son Kelsey, — we-uns useter call him nuthin' but Hi, — he 's got suthin' heavy on his mind. It always 'peared ter me ez he war a mighty cur'ous man ter take up with religion an' sech. Sech a suddint boy ez he war, — ez good a fighter ez a catamount, an' always 'mongst the evil, bold men. Them he consorted with

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till he gin his child morphine by mistake, an' its mammy quine-iron; an' she los' her senses arterward, an' flunged herse'f off'n the bluff. 'Pears like ter me ez them war jedgments on him, — though Em'ly war n't much loss; ez triflin' a chi'ce fur a wife ez a man could make. An' now he hev got suthin' on his mind."

The girl said nothing. She stayed her wheel with one hand, holding the thread with the other, and looked over her shoulder at the receding figure riding slowly along the vista of the forest-shadowed road. Then she turned, and fixed her lucent, speculative eyes on her grandmother, who continued: "Calls hisse'f a castaway! Waal, he knows bes', bein' a prophet an' sech. But it air toler'ble comical talk fur a preacher. Brother Jake Tobin kin hardly hold hisself tergether, a-waitin' fur his sheer o' the joys o' the golden shore."

"Waal, 'pears like ter me," said Mirandy Jane, whose mind seemed never far from the culinary achievements to which she had been dedicated, "ez Brother Jake Tobin sets mo' store on chicken fixin's than on grace, an' he fattens ev'y year."

"I hopes," proceeded the grandmother, disregarding the interruption, and peering out again at the road where the horseman had disappeared, "ez Hi Kelsey won't sot hisself ter prophesyin' evil at the meetin'; 'pears ter me he ought ter be hendered, ef mought be, 'kase the wrath he foresees mos'ly kems ter pass, an' I 'm always lookin' ter see him prophesy the raiders, — though he hev hed the grace ter hold his hand bout'n the still. An' I hopes he won't hev nuthin' ter say 'bout it at the meetin' Sunday."

The little log meeting-house at the Notch stood high on a rugged spur of the Great Smoky. Dense forests encompassed it on every hand, obscuring that familiar picture of mountain and cloud and cove. From its rude, glassless windows one could look out on no distant vista, save perhaps in the visionary glories of heaven or the climatic discomforts of hell, according to the state of the conscience, or perchance the liver. The sky was aloof and limited. The laurel tangled the aisles of the woods. Sometimes from the hard benches a weary tow-headed brat might rejoice to mark in the monotony the frisking of a squirrel on a bough hard by, or a woodpecker solemnly tapping. The acorns would rattle on the roof, if the wind stirred, as if in punctuation of the discourse. The pines, mustering strong among the oaks, joined their mystic threnody to the sad-voiced quiring within. The firs stretched down long, pendulous, darkling boughs, and filled the air with their balsamic fragrance. Within the house the dull light fell over a few rude benches and a platform with a chair and table, which was used as pulpit. Shadows of many deep, rich tones of brown lurked among the rafters. Here and there a cobweb, woven to the consistence of a fabric, swung in the air. The drone of a blue-bottle, fluttering in and out of the window in a slant of sunshine, might invade the reverent silence, as Brother Jake Tobin turned the leaves to read the chapter. Sometimes there would sound, too, a commotion among the horses without, unharnessed from the wagons and hitched to the trees; then in more than one of the solemn faces might be descried an anxious perturbation, — not fear because of equine perversities, but because of the idiosyncrasies of callow human nature in the urchins left in charge of the teams. No one ventured to investigate, however, and, with that worldly discomfort contending with the spiritual exaltations they sought to foster, the rows of religionists swayed backward and forward in rhythm to the reader's voice, rising and falling in long, billowy sweeps of sound, like the ground swell of ocean waves.

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It was strange, looking upon their faces, and with a knowledge of the limited phases of their existence, their similarity of experience here, where a hundred years might come and go, working no change save that, like the leaves, they fluttered awhile in the outer air with the spurious animation called life, and fell in death, and made way for new bourgeonings like unto themselves, — strange to mark how they differed. Here was a man of a stern, darkly religious conviction, who might either have writhed at the stake or stooped to kindle the flames; and here was an accountant soul that knew only those keen mercantile motives, — the hope of reward and the fear of hell; and here was an enthusiast's eye, touched by the love of God; and here was an unfinished, hardly humanized face, that it seemed as presumptuous to claim as the exponent of a soul as the faces of the stupid oxen out-of-doors. All were earnest; many wore an expression of excited interest, as the details of the chapter waxed to a climax, like the tense stillness of a metropolitan audience before an unimagined *coup de théâtre*. The men all sat on one side, chewing their quids; the women on the other, almost masked by their limp sun-bonnets. The ubiquitous baby — several of him — was there, and more than once babbled aloud and cried out peevishly. Only one, becoming uproarious, was made a public example; being quietly borne out and deposited in the ox-wagon, at the mercy of the urchins who presided over the teams, while his mother creaked in again on the tips of deprecating, anxious toes, to hear the Word.

Brother Jake Tobin might be accounted in some sort a dramatic reader. He was a tall, burly man, inclining to fatness, with grizzled hair roached back from his face. He cast his light gray eyes upward at the end of every phrase, with a long, resonant "Ah!" He smote the table with his hands at emphatic passages; he rolled out denunciatory clauses with a freshened relish which intimated that he considered one of the choicest pleasures of the saved might be to gloat over the unhappy predicament of the damned. He chose for his reading paragraphs that, applied to aught but spiritual enemies and personified sins, might make a civilized man quake for his dearest foe. He paused often and interpolated his own observations, standing a little to the side of the table, and speaking in a conversational tone. "Ain't that so, my brethren an' sisters! But *we* air saved in the covenant — ah!" Then, clapping his hands with an ecstatic upward look, — "I'm so happy, I'm so happy!" — he would go on to read with the unction of immediate intention, "Let death seize them! Let them go down quick into hell!"

He wore a brown jeans suit, the vest much creased in the regions of his enhanced portliness, its maker's philosophy not having taken into due account his susceptibility to "chicken fixin's." After concluding the reading he wiped the perspiration from his brow with his red bandanna handkerchief, and placed it around the collar of his unbleached cotton shirt, as he proceeded to the further exertion of "lining out" the hymn.

The voices broke forth in those long, lingering cadences that have a melancholy, spiritual, yearning effect, in which the more tutored church music utterly fails. The hymn rose with a solemn jubilance, filling the little house, and surging out into the woods; sounding far across unseen chasms and gorges, and rousing in the unsentient crags an echo with a testimony so sweet, charged with so devout a sentiment, that it seemed as if with this voice the very stones would have cried out, had there been dearth of human homage when Christ rode into Jerusalem.

Then the sudden pause, the failing echo, the sylvan stillness, and the chanting voice lined out another couplet. It

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was well, perhaps, that this part of the service was so long; the soul might rest on its solemnity, might rise on its aspiration.

It came to an end at last. Another long pause ensued. Kelsey, sitting on the opposite side of the table, his elbow on the back of his chair, his hand shading his eyes, made no movement. Brother Jake Tobin looked hard at him, with an expression which in a worldly man we should pronounce exasperation. He hesitated for a moment in perplexity. There was a faint commotion, implying suppressed excitement in the congregation. Parson Kelsey's idiosyncrasies were known by more than one to be a thorn in the side of the frankly confiding Brother Jake Tobin.

"Whenst I hev got him in the pul*pit* alongside o' me," he would say to his cronies, "I feel ez onlucky an' weighted ez ef I war a-lookin' over my lef' shoulder at the new moon on a November Friday. I feel ez oncommon ez ef he war a deer, or suthin', ez hev got no salvation in him. An' ef he don't feel the sperit ter pray, he *won't* pray, an' I hev got ter surroun' the throne o' grace by myse'f. He *kin* pray ef he hev a mind ter, an' he *do* seem ter hev hed a outpourin' o' the sperit o' prophecy; but he hev made me 'pear mighty comical 'fore the Lord a-many a time, when I hev axed him ter open his mouth an' he hev kep' it shut."

Brother Jake did not venture to address him now. An alternative was open to him. "Brother Reuben Bates, will ye lead us in prayer?" he said to one of the congregation.

They all knelt down, huddled like sheep in the narrow spaces between the benches, and from among them went up the voice of supplication, that anywhere and anyhow has the commanding dignity of spiritual communion, the fervor of exaltation, and all the moving humility of the finite leaning upon the infinite. Ignorance was annihilated, so far as Brother Reuben Bates's prayer was concerned. It grasped the fact of immortality, — all worth knowing! — and humble humanity in its least worthy phase was presented as the intimate inherent principle of the splendid fruitions of eternity.

He had few words, Brother Reuben, and the aspirated "Ah!" was long drawn often, while he swiftly thought of something else to say. Brother Jake Tobin, after the manner in vogue among them, broke out from time to time with a fervor of assent. "Yes, my Master!" he would exclaim in a wild, ecstatic tone. "Bless the Lord!" "That's a true word!" "I'm so happy!"

Always these interpolations came opportunely when Brother Reuben seemed entangled in his primitive rhetoric, and gave him a moment for improvisation. It was doubtless Hi Kelsey's miserable misfortune that his acute intuition should detect in the reverend tones a vainglorious self-satisfaction, known to no one else, not even to the speaker; that he should accurately gauge how Brother Jake Tobin secretly piqued himself upon his own gift in prayer, never having known these stuttering halts, never having needed these pious boosts; that he should be aware, ignorant as he was, of that duality of cerebration by which Brother Jake's mind was divided between the effect on God, bending down a gracious ear, and the impression of these ecstatic outbursts on the congregation; that the petty contemptibleness of it should depress him; that its dissimulations angered him. With the rigor of an upright man, he upbraided himself. He was on his knees: was he praying? Were these the sincerities of faith. Was this lukewarm inattention the guerdon of the sacrifice of the cross? His ideal and himself, himself and what he sought to be, — oh, the gulf! the deep divisions!

He gave his intentions no grace. He conceded naught to human nature. His

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conscience revolted at a sham. And he was a living, breathing sham — upon his knees.

Ah, let us have a little mercy on ourselves! Most of us do. For there was Brother Jake Tobin, with a conscience free of offense, happily unobservant of his own complicated mental processes and of the motives of his own human heart, becoming more and more actively assistant as Brother Reuben Bates grew panicky, hesitant, and involved, and kept convulsively on through sheer inability to stop, suggesting epilepsy rather than piety.

It was over at last; exhausted nature prevailed, and Brother Bates resumed his seat, wiping the perspiration from his brow and raucously clearing his rasped throat.

There was a great scraping of the rough shoes and boots on the floor as the congregation rose, and one or two of the benches were moved backward with a harsh, grating sound. A small boy had gone to sleep during the petition, and remained in his prayerful attitude. Brother Jake Tobin settled himself in his chair as comfortably as might be, tilted it back on its hind-legs against the wall, and wore the air of having fairly exploited his share of the services and cast off responsibility. The congregation composed itself to listen to the sermon.

There was an expectant pause. Kelsey remembered ever after the tumult of emotion with which he stepped forward to the table and opened the book. He turned to the New Testament for his text, — turned the leaves with a familiar hand. Some ennobling phase of that wonderful story which would touch the tender, true affinity of human nature for the higher things, — from this he would preach to-day. And yet, at the same moment, with a contrariety of feeling from which he shrank aghast, there was skulking into his mind all that grewsome company of doubts. In double file they came: fate and free agency, free will and foreordination, infinite mercy and infinite justice, God's loving-kindness and man's intolerable misery, redemption and damnation. He had evolved them all from his own unconscious logical faculty, and they pursued him as if he had, in some spiritual necromancy, conjured up a devil, — nay, legions of devils. Perhaps if he had known how they have assaulted the hearts of men in times gone past; how they have been combated and baffled, and yet have risen and pursued again; how, in the scrutiny of science and research, men have paused before their awful presence, analyzed them, philosophized about them, and found them interesting; how others, in the levity of the world, having heard of them, grudge the time to think upon them, — if he had known all this, he might have felt some courage in numbers.

As it was, there was no fight left in him. He closed the book with a sudden impulse. "My frien's," he said, "I stan' not hyar ter preach ter-day, but fur confession."

There was a galvanic start among the congregation, then intense silence.

"I hev los' my faith!" he cried out, with a poignant despair. "God ez gin it — ef thar is a God — hev tuk it away. You-uns kin go on. You-uns kin b'lieve. Yer paster b'lieves, an' he 'll lead ye ter grace, — leastwise ter a better life. But fur me thar 's the nethermost depths of hell, ef" — how his faith and his unfaith tried him! — "ef thar be enny hell. Leastwise — Stop, brother," — he held up his hand in deprecation, for Parson Tobin had risen at last, with a white, scared face; nothing like this had ever been heard in all the length and breadth of the Great Smoky Mountains, — "bear with me a little; ye 'll see me hyar no more. Fur me thar is shame, ah! an' trial, ah! an' doubt, ah! an' despair, ah! The good things o' life hev not fallen ter me. The good things o' heaven air

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denied. My name is ter be a by-word an' a reproach 'mongst ye. Ye 'll grieve ez ye hev ever hearn the Word from me, ah! Ye 'll be held in derision! An' I hev hed trials, — none like them ez air comin', comin', down the wind. I hev been a man marked fur sorrow, an' now fur shame."

He stood erect; he looked bold, youthful. The weight of his secret, lifted now, had been heavier than he knew. In his eyes shone that strange light which was frenzy, or prophecy, or inspiration; in his voice rang a vibration they had never before heard.

"I will go forth from 'mongst ye, — I that am not of ye. Another shall gird me an' carry me where I would not. Hell an' the devil hev prevailed agin me. Pray fur me, bretherin, ez I cannot pray fur myself. Pray that God may yet speak ter me, — speak from out o' the whurlwind."

There was a sound upon the air. Was it the rising of the wind? A thrill ran through the congregation. The wild emotion, evoked and suspended in this abrupt pause, showed in pallid excitement on every face. Several of the men rose aimlessly, then turned and sat down again. Brought from the calm monotony of their inner life into this supreme crisis of his, they were struck aghast by the hardly comprehended situations of his spiritual drama enacted before them. And what was that sound on the air? In the plenitude of their ignorant faith, were they listening for the invoked voice of God?

Kelsey, too, was listening, in anguished suspense.

It was not the voice of God, that man was wont to hear when the earth was young; not the rising of the wind. The peace of the golden sunshine was supreme. Even a tiny cloudlet, anchored in the limited sky, would not sail to-day.

On and on it came. It was the galloping of horse, — the beat of hoofs, individualized presently to the ear, — with that thunderous, swift, impetuous advance that so domineers over the imagination, quickens the pulse, shakes the courage.

It might seem that all the ingenuity of malignity could not have compassed so complete a revenge. The fulfillment of his prophecy entered at the door. All its spiritual significance was annihilated; it was merged into a prosaic material degradation when the sheriff of the county strode, with jingling spurs, up the aisle, and laid his hand upon the preacher's shoulder. He wore his impassive official aspect. But his deputy, following hard at his heels, had a grin of facetious triumph upon his thin lips. He had been caught by the nape of the neck, and in a helpless, rodent-like attitude had been slung out of the door by the stalwart man of God, when he and Amos James had ventured to the meeting-house in liquor; and neither he nor the congregation had forgotten the sensation. It was improbable that such high-handed proceedings could be instituted to-day, but the sheriff had taken the precaution to summon the aid of five or six burly fellows, all armed to the teeth. They too came tramping heavily up the aisle. Several wore the reflection of the deputy's grin; they were the "bold, bad men," the prophet's early associates before "he got religion, an' sot hisself ter consortin' with the saints." The others were sheepish and doubtful, serving on the posse with a protest under the constraining penalties of the law.

The congregation was still with a stunned astonishment. The preacher stood as one petrified, his eyes fixed upon the sheriff's face. The officer, with a slow, magisterial gesture, took a paper from his breast-pocket, and laid it upon the Bible.

"Ye kin read, pa'son," he said. "Ye kin read the warrant fur yer arrest."

The deputy laughed, a trifle insolently. He turned, swinging his hat, —

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he had done the sacred edifice the reverence of removing it, — and surveyed the wide-eyed, wide-mouthed people, leaning forward, standing up, huddled together, as if he had some speculation as to the effect upon them of these unprecedented proceedings.

Kelsey could read nothing. His strong head was in a whirl; he caught at the table, or he might have fallen. The amazement of it, — the shame of it!

"Who does this?" he exclaimed, in sudden realization of the situation. Already self-convicted of the blasphemy of infidelity, he stood in his pulpit in the infinitely ignoble guise of a culprit before the law.

Those fine immaterial issues of faith and unfaith, — where were they? The torturing fear of futurity, and of a personal devil and a material hell, — how impotent! His honest name, — never a man had borne it that had suffered this shame; the precious dignity of freedom was riven from him; the calm securities of his self-respect were shaken forever. He could never forget the degradation of the sheriff's touch, from which he shrank with so abrupt a gesture that the officer grasped his pistol and every nerve was on the alert. Kelsey was animated at this moment by a pulse as essentially mundane as if he had seen no visions and dreamed no dreams. He had not known how he held himself, — how he cherished those values, so familiar that he had forgotten to be thankful till their possession was a retrospection.

He sought to regain his self-control. He caught up the paper; it quivered in his trembling hands; he strove to read it. "Rescue!" he cried out in a tense voice. "Rick Tyler! I never rescued Rick Tyler!"

The words broke the long constraint. They were an elucidation, a flash of light. The congregation looked at him with changed eyes, and then looked at each other. Why did he deny? Were not the words of his prophecy still on the air? Had he not confessed himself a wrong-doer, forsaken of God and bereft of grace.? His prophecy was matched by the details of his experience. Had he done no wrong he could have foreseen no vengeance.

"Rick Tyler ain't wuth it," said one old man to another, as he spat on the floor.

The woman who had been the wife of the murdered man fell into hysterical screaming at Rick Tyler's name, and was presently borne out by her friends and lifted into one of the wagons.

"It air jes' ez well that the sheriff takes Pa'son Kelsey, arter that thar confession o' his'n," said one of the dark-browed men, helping to yoke the oxen. "We could n't hev kep' him in the church arter sech words ez his'n, an' church discipline ain't a-goin' ter cast out no sech devil ez he air possessed by."

Brother Jake Tobin, too, appreciated that the arrest of the preacher in his pulpit was a solution of a difficult question. It was manifestly easier for the majesty of the State of Tennessee to deal with him than the little church on the Big Smoky Mountain.

"Yer sins hev surely fund ye out, Brother Kelsey," he began, with the air of having washed his hands of all responsibility. "God would never hev fursook ye, ef ye hed n't fursook the good cause fust. Ye air ter be cast down, — ye who hev stood high."

There was a momentary silence.

"Will ye come?" said the sheriff, smiling fixedly, "or had ye ruther be fetched?"

The deputy had a pair of handcuffs dangling officiously. They rattled in incongruous contrast with the accustomed sounds of the place.

Kelsey hesitated. Then, after a fierce internal struggle, he submitted meekly, and was led out from among them.

Charles Egbert Craddock.

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THE VICTORY OF PATIENCE.

ARMED of the Gods! Divinest conqueror!
What soundless hosts are thine! Nor pomp, nor state,
Nor token, to betray where thou dost wait.
All Nature stands, for thee, ambassador;
Her forces all thy serfs, for peace or war.
Greatest and least alike, thou rul'st their fate, —
The avalanche chained until its century's date,
The mulberry leaf made robe for emperor!
Shall man alone thy law deny? — refuse
Thy healing for his blunders and his sins?
Oh, make us thine! Teach us who waits best sues;
Who longest waits of all most surely wins.
When Time is spent, Eternity begins.
To doubt, to chafe, to haste, doth God accuse.

Helen Jackson.

CHILDHOOD IN EARLY CHRISTIANITY.

THE parabolic expression, "Destroy this temple, and in three days I will raise it up," has been applied with force to the destruction of Judaism, and the reconstruction upon its ruins of a living Christianity. It may be applied with equal justice, though in more recondite sense, to the death of the old literature and art, and the resurrection of the beautiful creations of the human mind in new form. The three days were more than a thousand years, and during that long sleep what had become of those indestructible forces of imagination and reason which combine in literature and art? Roughly speaking, they were disjoined, and only when reunited did they again assert themselves in living form. The power which kept each in abeyance was structural Christianity, and only when that began to be burst asunder by the vital force inherent in spiritual Christianity was there opportunity for the free union of the imagination and reason. As the Jewish temple could no longer inclose divinity, but was thrust apart by the expansive power of the Christianity which was fostered within it, so the Christian church, viewed as an institution which aimed at an inclosure of humanity, was in its turn disrupted by the silent growth of the human spirit which had fed within its walls upon the divine life. After the birth of Christianity the parallel continuity of the old world was broken. The Greek, the Roman, and the Hebrew no longer carried forward their separate movements. Christianity, professing to annul these forces, had taken their place in history. Again, at the Renaissance, it was found that the three great streams of human thought had been flowing underground; they reissued to the light in a generous flood, each combining with the others.

It was during this long period of apparent inaction in literature and art that the imagination, dissevered from reason, was in a state of abnormal activity. The

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compression of its field caused the faculty to find expression through forms which were very closely connected with the dominant sphere of human life. Before religious art and ecclesiastical architecture had become the abundant expression of Christian imagination there was generated a great mass of legend and fable, which only by degrees became formally embodied in literature or perpetuated in art and symbol. The imaginative faculty had given it, for material in which to work the new life, the soul of man as distinctly related to God. An ethical principle lay at the foundation of Christianity, and the imagination, stimulated by faith, built with materials drawn from ethical life. The germinal truth of Christianity, that God had manifested himself to men in the person of Jesus Christ, however it might be obscured or misunderstood, was the efficient cause of the operations of the Christian imagination. This faculty set before itself the perfect man, and in that conceived not the physical and intellectual man of the Greek conception, nor the Cæsar of the Roman ideal, nor even the moral man of the Jewish light, but a man whose perfection was the counterpart of the perfection of God and its great exemplar, the man Jesus Christ. In his life the central idea of service, of victory through suffering and humiliation, of self-surrender, and of union with God was perceived with greater or less clearness, and this idea was adumbrated in that vast gallery of saints constructed by Christianity in its ceaseless endeavor to reproduce the perfect type. Through all the extravagance and chaotic confusion of the legendary lore of the mediæval church, one may discover the perpetually recurring notes of the perfect life. The beatitudes — those spiritual witnesses of the redeemed human character — are ever floating before the early imagination, and offering the standards by which it measures its creations. It was by no fortuitous suggestion, but by a profound sense of fitness, that the church made the gospel of All Saints' Day to consist of those sentences which pronounce the blessedness of the poor in spirit, the meek, and the persecuted for righteousness' sake; while the epistle for the same day is the roll-call of the saints who are to sit on the thrones of the twelve tribes, and of the multitudes who have overcome the world.

It is not strange, therefore, that the imagination, busying itself about the spiritual life of man, should have dwelt with special emphasis upon those signs of the new life brought to light in the gospels, which seemed to contain the promise of perfection. It seized upon baptism as witnessing to a regeneration; it traced the lives of saints back to a childhood which began with baptism; it invested the weak things of the world with a mighty power; and, keeping before it the pattern of the Head of the church, it traced in the early life of the Saviour powers which confounded the common wisdom of men. It dwelt with fondness upon the adoration of the Magi, as witnessing to the supremacy of the infant Redeemer; and, occupied as it was with the idea of a suffering Saviour, it carried the cross back to the cradle, and found in the Massacre of the Innocents the type of a substitution and vicarious sacrifice.

The simple annals of the Gospels shine with great beauty when confronted by the ingenuity and curious adornment of the legends included in the so-called Apocryphal Gospels. Yet these legends illustrate the eagerness of the early Christian world to invest the person of Jesus with every possible charm and power; and since the weakness of infancy and childhood offers the strongest contrast to works of thaumaturgy, this period is very fully elaborated. A reason may also be found in the silence of the evangelists, which needed to be broken by the curious. Thus, when, in the flight into Egypt, the Holy Family

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was made to seek rest in a cave, there suddenly came out many dragons; and the children who were with the family, when they saw the dragons, cried out in great terror.

"Then Jesus," says the narrative, "went down from the bosom of his mother, and stood on his feet before the dragons; and they adored Jesus, and thereafter retired. . . . And the young child Jesus, walking before them, commanded them to hurt no man. But Mary and Joseph were very much afraid lest the child should be hurt by the dragons. And Jesus said to them: 'Do not be afraid, and do not consider me to be a little child; for I am and always have been perfect, and all the beasts of the field must needs be tame before me.' Lions and panthers adored him likewise, and accompanied them in the desert. Wherever Joseph and the blessed Mary went, these went before them, showing them the way and bowing their heads, and showing their submission by wagging their tails; they adored him with great reverence. Now at first, when Mary saw the lions and the panthers, and various kinds of wild beasts coming about them, she was very much afraid. But the infant Jesus looked into her face with a joyful countenance, and said: 'Be not afraid, mother; for they come not to do thee harm, but they make haste to serve both thee and me.' With these words he drove all fear from her heart. And the lions kept walking with them, and with the oxen and the asses and the beasts of burden which carried their baggage, and did not hurt a single one of them; but they were tame among the sheep and the rams which they had brought with them from Judæa, and which they had with them. They walked among wolves and feared nothing, and no one of them was hurt by another." [1]

[1] This and the other passages from the Apocryphal Gospels here cited are in the translation by Alexander Walker.

So, too, when Mary looked helplessly up at the fruit of a palm-tree hanging far out of her reach, the child Jesus, "with a joyful countenance, reposing in the bosom of his mother, said to the palm, 'O tree, bend thy branches, and refresh my mother with thy fruit.' And immediately at these words the palm bent its top down to the very feet of the blessed Mary; and they gathered from its fruit, with which they were all refreshed. And after they had gathered all its fruit, it remained bent down, waiting the order to rise from him who had commanded it to stoop. Then Jesus said to it, 'Raise thyself, O palm-tree, and be strong, and be the companion of my trees which are in the paradise of my Father; and open from thy roots a vein of water which has been hid in the earth, and let the waters flow, so that we may be satisfied from thee.' And it rose up immediately, and at its root there began to come forth a spring of water, exceedingly clear and cool and sparkling. And when they saw the spring of water they rejoiced with great joy, and were satisfied, themselves and all their cattle and their beasts. Wherefore they gave thanks to God."

The legends which relate to the boyhood of Jesus carry back with a violent or confused sense the acts of his manhood. Thus he is represented more than once as willing the death of a playmate, and then contemptuously bringing him to life again. A favorite story grossly misconceives the incident of Christ with the doctors in the temple, and makes him turn his schoolmaster into ridicule. There are other stories, the incidents of which are not reflections of anything in the Gospels, but are used to illustrate in a childish way the wonder-working power of the boy. Here is one which curiously mingles the miraculous power with the Saviour's doctrine of the Sabbath: —

"And it came to pass, after these things, that in the sight of all Jesus took

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clay from the pools which he had made, and of it made twelve sparrows. And it was the Sabbath when Jesus did this, and there were very many children with him. When, therefore, one of the Jews had seen him doing this, he said to Joseph, 'Joseph, dost thou not see the child Jesus working on the Sabbath at what it is not lawful for him to do? For he has made twelve sparrows of clay.' And when Joseph heard this, he reproved him, saying, 'Wherefore doest thou on the Sabbath such things as are not lawful for us to do?' And when Jesus heard Joseph he struck his hands together, and said to his sparrows, 'Fly!' and at the voice of his command they began to fly. And in the sight and hearing of all that stood by he said to the birds, 'Go and fly through the earth, and through all the world, and live.' And when those that were there saw such miracles they were filled with great astonishment."

It is interesting to note how many of these stories connect the child with animals. The passage in Isaiah which prophesied the great peace in the figure of a child leading wild beasts had something to do with this; so had the birth of Jesus in a manger, and the incident of the entry into Jerusalem: but I suspect that the imagination scarcely needed to hunt very far or very curiously for suggestions, since the world over childhood has been associated with brute life, and the writers of the Apocryphal Gospels had only to make these animals savage when they would illustrate the potency of the childhood of Jesus.

"There is a road going out of Jericho," says the Pseudo-gospel of Matthew, "and leading to the river Jordan, to the place where the children of Israel crossed; and there the ark of the covenant is said to have rested. And Jesus was eight years old, and he went out of Jericho and went towards the Jordan. And there was beside the road, near the banks of the Jordan, a cave, where a lioness was nursing her cubs; and no one was safe who walked that way. Jesus, then, coming from Jericho, and knowing that in that cave the lioness had brought forth her young, went into it in the sight of all. And when the lions saw Jesus they ran to meet him, and adored him. And Jesus was sitting in the cavern, and the lion's cubs ran hither and thither round his feet, fawning upon him and sporting. And the older lions, with their heads bowed down, stood at a distance and adored him, and fawned upon him with their tails. Then the people, who were standing afar off, not seeing Jesus, said, 'Unless he or his parents had committed grievous sins, he would not of his own accord have offered himself up to the lions.' And when the people were thus reflecting within themselves, and were lying under great sorrow, behold, on a sudden, in the sight of the people, Jesus came out of the cave, and the lions went before him, and the lion's cubs played with each other before his feet. And the parents of Jesus stood afar off, with their heads bowed down, and watched; likewise, also, the people stood at a distance, on account of the lions; for they did not dare to come close to them. Then Jesus began to say to the people, 'How much better are the beasts than you, seeing that they recognize their Lord and glorify him; while you men, who have been made after the image and likeness of God, do not know him! Beasts know me, and are tame; men see me, and do not acknowledge me.'"

To the mind of these early Christians the life of Jesus was compounded of holiness and supernatural power; so far as they distinguished these, the holiness was the cause of the power, and hence, when the imagination fashioned saints out of men and women, it followed the same course which it had taken with the Master. The childhood of the saints was an anticipation of maturer virtues and powers, rather than a manifestation

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of ingenuous innocence. There was a tendency to explain exceptional qualities in lives by extending them backward into youth, thereby gaining for them an apparent corroboration. The instances of this in the legends are frequent. Mothers, like the Virgin Mary, have premonitions that their children are to be in some special manner children of God, and the characteristics of later life are foreshadowed at birth. The Virgin herself was thus dealt with. The strong human feeling which subsequently, when the tenderness of Christ had been petrified into judgment, interposed the Virgin as mediator, found gratification in surrounding Mary's infancy and childhood with a supernatural grace and power, the incidents in some cases being faint reflections of incidents in the life of her son; as when we are told that Joachim and Anna carried Mary, then three years old, to place her among the virgins in the temple of God. "And when she was put down before the doors of the temple, she went up the fifteen steps so swiftly that she did not look back at all; nor did she, as children are wont to do, seek for her parents. Whereupon her parents, each of them anxiously seeking for the child, were both alike astonished until they found her in the temple, and the priests of the temple themselves wondered."

In like manner a halo of light played about S. Catherine's head when she was born. The year of the birth of S. Elizabeth of Hungary was full of blessings to her country; the first words she uttered were those of prayer, and when three years old she gave signs of the charity which marked her life by giving her toys and garments to those less fortunate than herself. A pretty story is told of her betrothal to Prince Louis of Thuringia. Herman of Thuringia sent an embassy to the king of Hungary, desiring the little Elizabeth, then only four years old, for his son; and the maiden accompanied the embassy, carrying with her a silver cradle and silver bath, which her father had given her. She was betrothed to Louis, and the little pair played happily together in the same cradle. S. Genevieve of Paris was a maiden of seven, who tended a flock of sheep at the village of Nanterre. Hither came S. Germain, and when the inhabitants were assembled to receive his benediction his eyes rested on the little shepherdess, and seeing her saintliness he set her apart as a bride of Christ. S. Gregory Nazianzen had a dream when he was a boy, in which two heavenly virgins of celestial beauty visited him: they were Chastity and Temperance, and so captivating was their presence, so winning were their words, that he awoke to take perpetual vows of continence. S. John Chrysostom was a dull boy at school, and so disturbed was he by the ridicule of his fellows that he went into a church to pray to the Virgin for help. A voice came from the image: "Kiss me on the mouth, and thou shalt be endowed with all learning." He did this, and when he returned to his schoolfellows they saw a golden circle about his mouth, and his eloquence and brilliancy astounded them. Martyrdom was the portion of these saintly children as well as of their elders. The story is told of Hilarion, one of the four children of Saturninus the priest, that when the proconsul of Carthage thought to have no difficulty in dealing with one of tender age, the child resisted all cajolings and threats. "I am a Christian," said the little fellow. "I have been at the collect [that is, assisted as an acolyte], and it was of my own voluntary choice, without any compulsion." Thereupon the proconsul, who was probably a father, threatened him, as the story runs, "with those little punishments with which children are accustomed to be chastised," but the child only laughed at the idea of giving up his faith for fear of a whipping. "I will cut off your nose and ears!" shouted the exasperated in-

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quisitor. "You may do it, but I shall be a Christian still," replied the undaunted boy; and when he was ordered off to prison with the rest, he was heard to pipe forth, "God be thanked," and so was led away.

These random incidents are, for the most part, mainly anticipatory of mature experience. They can be matched with the details of Protestant hagiology as recorded in a class of books more common forty years ago than now. It is their remoteness that lends a certain grace and charm to them. The life of a little Christian in the fourth century is invested with an attraction which is wanting in the circumstance of some juvenile saint living in the midst of indifferent scoffers of the early part of the nineteenth century.

Occasionally, however, the legends inclose the saintly attributes in some bit of romance, or betray a simple, ingenuous sympathy with childish nature. The legend of S. Kenelm has a faint suspicion of kinship with the story of the babes in the wood. King Kenwulf of Wessex died, and left two daughters, Cwendrida and Burgenilda, and a son of seven years, named Kenelm. The elder of the daughters wished the child out of the way, that she might reign; so she gave money to Askbert, his guardian, the wicked uncle of the story, and bade him privily slay the boy. So Askbert took Kenelm into a wood, as if for a hunt, and by and by the child, tired with the heat, fell asleep under the shade of a tree. Askbert, seeing his time had come, set to work to dig a grave, that all might be in readiness; but Kenelm woke, and said, "It is in vain that you think to kill me here. I shall be slain in another spot. In token whereof, see this rod blossom;" and so saying, he stuck a stick into the ground, and it instantly took root and began to flower. In after days it was a great ash-tree, known as S. Kenelm's ash. Then Askbert took the little king to another spot, and the child, now wide awake, began to sing the Te Deum. When he came to the verse "The noble army of martyrs praise Thee," Askbert cut off his head, and then buried him in the wood. Just as he did this, a white dove flew into the church of S. Peter in Rome, and laid on the high altar a letter, which it bore in its beak. The letter was in English, and it was some time before any one could be found who could read it. Then it was discovered that Kenelm had been killed and his body hidden away. The Pope thereupon wrote letters into England telling of this sorry affair, and men went forth to find the body of the little king. They were led by a pillar of light, which stood over the place where the body lay. So they bore it off and buried it; but they built a chapel over the spot where they had found the body, which is known as S. Kenelm's chapel to this day. There the chapel stands near Hales Owen; how else did it get its name? and as Mr. Freeman sagely remarks, "It is hard to see what should have made anybody invent such a tale, if nothing of the kind had ever happened."

Another of the stories which has a half fairy-tale character is that of the martyrdom of the little S. Christina, who was shut up in a high tower by her father, and bidden spend her time before gold and silver gods; his private purpose being to keep her out of the way of troublesome lovers. Christina tired of her divine playthings, and in spite of her father's indulgence, since he obligingly took away all the images but three, would have nothing to do with false gods. She was visited by angels and instructed in Christianity. She combined courage in her new faith with a fine spirit of adventure; for she is represented as smashing the idols, letting herself down by a rope from her tower-prison, distributing the fragments of the idols among the poor, and clambering up again before morning. Her martyrdom

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showed various ingenious inventions of torture, but the odd part of the story is the manner in which the gold and silver idols always suggest a girl's playthings. We are told that when she was taken into the temple of Apollo she bade the idol step down and walk about the temple until she sent it back to its place. Then, proceeds the story gravely, she was put in a cradle filled with boiling pitch and oil, and four soldiers were set to rocking her.

In these and similar stories which abound in the Acta Sanctorum, the simple attributes of childish nature rarely shine through the more formal covering of churchly investiture. Nature could not always be expelled, but the imagination, busy with the construction of the ideal Christian life, was more concerned, as time went on, to make that conform to an ecclesiastical standard. It is pathetic to see the occasional struggle of poor humanity to break through the meshes in which it was entangled. The life of S. Francis of Assisi is full of incidents which illustrate this. His familiar intercourse with birds and beasts was but one of the signs of an effort to escape from the cage in which he was an unconscious prisoner. One night, we are told, he rose suddenly from the earthen floor which made his bed, and rushed out into the open air. A brother monk, who was praying in his cell, looked through his window and saw S. Francis, under the light of the moon, fashion seven little figures of snow. "Here is thy wife," he said to himself; "these four are thy sons and daughters; the other two are thy servant and handmaid: and for all these thou art bound to provide. Make haste, then, and provide clothing for them, lest they perish with cold. But if the care of so many trouble thee, be thou careful to serve the Lord alone." The injunction to give up father and mother and family for the Lord's sake, when obeyed by one so tremulously alive to human sympathy as was S. Francis, had in it a power suddenly to disclose the depths of the human soul; nor can it be doubted that those who, like S. Francis, were eagerly thrusting aside everything which seemed to stand between them and the realization of the divine life paid heed to the significant words of the Lord which made a child the symbol of that life. In practical dealing with the evils of the world the early church never lost sight of children. Orphans, especially the orphans of martyrs, were a sacred charge, and when monasteries arose and became, at least in the West, centres of civilization, they were refuges for foundlings as well as schools for the young. It is one of the distinct signs of the higher life which Christianity was slowly bringing into the world that the church adopted and protected children as children, for their own sakes. Foundlings had before been nurtured for the sake of profit, and we can easily do poor human nature the justice to believe in instances where pity and love had their honest sway; but it certainly was left to the church to incorporate in its very constitution that care of helpless childhood which springs from a profound sense of the dignity of life, and a growing conviction of the rights which pertain to personality.

For the history of Christianity is in the development of personality, and childhood has, from the beginning, come under the influence of a power which has been at work lifting the world into a recognition of its relation to God. It was impossible that the few significant words spoken by Christ should be forgotten; nevertheless, they do not seem to have impressed themselves upon the consciousness of men. At least it may be said that in the growth of Latin Christianity they do not come forward specifically as furnishing the ground and reason for a regard for childhood. The work to be done by the Latin church was largely one of organizing human society under an anthropomorphic conception of God.

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It gave a certain fixed objectivity to God, placed him at a distance from the world, and made the approach to him to be by a succession of intermediary agents. Nevertheless, the hierarchy which resulted rested upon ethical foundations. The whole grand scheme did, in effect, rivet and fix the sense of personal responsibility and personal integrity. It made each man and woman aware of his and her relation to law in the person of its ministers, and this law was a law which reached to the thoughts of the heart.

The system, as such, had little to do with childhood. It waited for its close, but it pushed back its influence over the line of adolescence, making as early as might be the day when the child should come into conscious relation with the church. Through the family, however, it powerfully affected the condition of childhood, for by its laws and its ritual it was giving religious sanction to the family, even while it was gradually divorcing itself from humanity under plea of a sanctity which was more than human. Its conception of a religious devotedness which was too good for this world, whereby contempt of the body was put in place of redemption of the body, and celibacy made more honorable than marriage, undermined its hold upon the world, which it sought to govern and to furnish with ideals.

Inasmuch as this great system dealt with persons in relations which could be exactly defined and formulated, it would be idle to seek in the literature which reflects it for any considerable representation of that period of human life in which the forms are as yet undetermined. Nevertheless, childhood exercises even here its subtle power of recalling men to elemental truths. Dante was the prophet of a spiritual Rome, which he saw in his vision outlined against the background of the existing hierarchy. It would be in vain to search through the Divine Comedy for many references to childhood. As he says himself in the Inferno, —

"For this is not a sportive enterprise
To speak the universe's lowest hold,
Nor suits a tongue that Pa and Mammy cries." [1]

And the only picture of childhood in that vision is the melancholy one of the horrid sufferings of Count Ugolino and his children in the Tower of Hunger. In the Paradiso there are two passages of interest. Near the close of the twenty-seventh canto, Beatrice, breaking forth into a rapt utterance of the divine all in all, suddenly checks herself as she remembers how the curse of covetousness shuts men out from entrance into the full circle of divine movement, and then, with a swift and melancholy survey of the changes in human life, cries bitterly: —

"Faith, Art, and Innocence are found alone
With little children; then they scatter fast
Before the down across the cheek have grown.
There is that lispeth, and doth learn to fast,
Who afterward, with tongue untied from May
To April, down his throat all meats will cast.
There is that, lisping, loveth to obey
His mother, and he 'll wish her in the tomb,
When sentences unbroken he can say."

Again, in the thirty-second canto, S. Bernard is pointing out the circles of the Rose, and after denoting the degrees of saints before Christ and after, proceeds: —

"And from the seats, in midway rank, that knit
These double files, and downwards, thou wilt find
That none do for their own deserving sit,
But for another's under terms assigned;
For every one of these hath been set free
Ere truly self-determined was the mind.
This by the childish features wilt thou see,
If well thou scan them, and if well thou list
Wilt hear it by the childlike symphony."

Dante is perplexed by the difference even in these innocent babes, but S. Bernard reminds him that there is difference in endowment, but that all are subject to the divine all-embracing law: —

"And therefore these, who took such hasty flight,
Into the true life not without a cause
Are entered so, these more, and those less, bright," —

an interpretation of the vision which is

[1] Canto xxxii. 7-9. Cayley's translation.

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really less scholastic than suggested by the deeper insight of the poetic mind.

The most significant passage, however, is found in the famous words at the beginning of the Vita Nuova, which fix his first sight of Beatrice when he was nine years old. "And since," he closes, "to dwell upon the passions and actions of such early youth appeareth like telling an idle tale, I will leave them, and, passing over many things which might be drawn from the original where these lie hidden, I will come to those words which are written in my memory under large paragraphs."[1] In these last words is apparent Dante's own judgment upon the worth of his recollections of childhood: one page only in that book of his memory he deems worthy of regard, — the page upon which fell the image of Beatrice. It will be said with truth that the childhood of Dante and Beatrice is in reality the beginning of maturity, for it is counted only as the initiation of a noble passion. The time, indeed, had not yet come in the history of human life when the recollection of that which is most distinctive of childhood forms the basis of speculation and philosophic dream.

The absence of childhood from the visions of Dante is a negative witness to the absence from the world, in the age prior to the Renaissance, of hope and of simple faith and innocence. Dante's faint recognition of these qualities throws them back into a quickly forgotten and outgrown childhood. The lisping child becomes the greedy worldling, the cruel and unloving man, and the tyranny of an empire of souls is hinted at in the justification by the poet of the presence of innocent babes in Paradise; they are there by the interposition of a sacrificial act. The poet argues to still the doubts of men at finding these children in Paradise. It would almost seem as if the words had been forgotten which characterized heaven through the very image of childhood.

Indeed, it is not to be wondered at that childhood was little regarded by an age which found its chief interest in a thought of death. "Even the gay and licentious Boccaccio," we are reminded by Mr. Pater, "gives a keener edge to his stories by putting them in the mouths of a party of people who had taken refuge from the plague in a country house." The great Florentine work was executed under this dominant thought; nevertheless, an art which is largely concerned about tombs and sepulchral monuments implies an overweening pride in life and a weightier sense of the years of earth. The theology which had furnished the panoply within which the human soul was fighting its battle emphasized the idea of time, and made eternity itself a prolongation of human conditions. The imagination, at work upon a future, constructed it out of the hard materials of the present, and was always looking for some substantial bridge which should connect the two worlds; seeing decay and change here, it transferred empires and powers to the other side of the gulf, and sought to reerect them upon an everlasting basis.

Such thought had little in common with the hope, the fearlessness, the faith, of childhood, and thus childhood as an image had largely faded out of art and literature. One only great exception there was, — the representation in art of the child Jesus; and in the successive phases of this representation may be read a remarkable history of the human soul.

Horace E. Scudder.

[1] C. E. Norton's translation.

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MADAME MOHL, HER SALON AND HER FRIENDS.

FIFTH PAPER.

In 1870 M. and Madame Mohl went to England for their annual visit, which was prolonged, as in the case of so many others, by the outbreak of the Franco-German war. Madame Mohl's anxiety all through this terrible time was intense. Her friends left nothing undone to make her sojourn among them agreeable in itself, but she remained bitterly sad at heart. M. Mohl was still more so. It would have been unnatural, and indeed impossible, that he, a German by blood, birth, and early associations, should not rejoice with his fatherland, should not vibrate to the triumph of German armies, however sincerely he might, on the other hand, mourn for the misfortunes of France, and feel for the defeat of her brave soldiers. Blood is thicker than water, and no adoption, no grafted affections, no sense of gratitude for obligations generously conferred, could stifle the voice of nature, and make Julius Mohl, the son of German parents, with unadulterated German blood in his veins, curse the triumph of German arms and bewail like a Frenchman the glory of German warriors and statesmen.

That he ever uttered a word which could be construed into satisfaction at the disasters of France no one who knew him ought to have credited; yet there were some persons who reported that both he and his wife, who owed so much to France and French society, had turned against their adopted country in her hour of sorrow, and had nothing but hard words for her. These stories found credence in certain quarters. It is probable that those who repeated them were glad to shift upon M. and Madame Mohl the unpatriotic things they were ashamed to say themselves. That Madame Mohl gave small quarter to the criminal blunders and the ignorance of some of the French leaders we can well imagine; that she poured out vitriol in gallons on the head of *Celui-ci*, and denounced him in the strongest language to be found in the dictionary, we can also readily believe; but that she rejoiced in the downfall of France, and turned against her in her humiliation, no one who had any knowledge of her character ought for a moment to have believed.

When Madame Cheuvreux met M. Mohl, on his return to Paris after the siege, she accosted him with, "Well, my dear friend, you must be sorry that you ever made yourself a Frenchman!" He replied unhesitatingly, "No, I am not sorry. If it were to be done over again, I would do it."

In speaking to Madame d'Abbadie, on returning from a visit to Germany some time after the war, Madame Mohl said, "Nations squint in looking at one another; we must discount what Germany and France say of each other." She herself called for a liberal discount in construing her exaggerated language into its real meaning. For instance, when M. Forgues was translating Dickens for the Revue des Deux Mondes, and making large cuttings out of the original by order of the editor, Madame Mohl was furious, and, meeting Madame Cheuvreux, she burst out, "Your friend Forgues is a *canaille!* He is destroying Dickens. I don't ever want to set eyes on him again!" A person who distributed epithets with such odd perception of their value was not to be taken *au sérieux* in moments of abnormal excitement. Both in praise and blame she used words with very various degrees of

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precision. "Come and dine to meet General Fox," she wrote one day to Ampère. "He can't bear Cousin, *but you are his passion!*"

We cannot wonder if, in her excitement during the lamentable progress of the war, she sometimes talked in a way that led the uninitiated to suppose that she was denouncing the whole nation, when she only meant to denounce the men who were bringing all this misery upon her.

The moment peace was signed M. Mohl went back to Paris. His wife was to have followed him in a few days; but the commune broke out, and made this impossible. The interval of separation was a time of cruel anxiety to her. The accounts from Paris were more horrible than those which had been coming throughout the siege. The city, already battered by German artillery, was now a prey to the more savage horrors of civil war; and many of those dear to Madame Mohl were, she believed, exposed with her husband to violent death at the hands of a populace exasperated to madness by the strain of hunger and nervous excitement. For the first time in her life, it occurred to Madame Mohl that her husband might die, and leave her behind him; and from the moment this possibility presented itself to her she was half crazed with apprehension. Nevertheless, she went about her life as usual, never parading this distress of mind, but doing what she could to escape from it; so that those who met her in society, at dinners and garden-parties, the centre of attention, and always racy and amusing, thought she must be heartlessly indifferent to her husband's danger.

Mrs. Ritchie was one of the few English friends who saw M. Mohl when he was alone in the Rue du Bac, while it was being threatened on all sides by the rebel mob. "During the commune," she says, "I went to see M. Mohl with my cousin, Miss Ritchie, to beg him to come away with us: but he described his quiet life, his daily visits, unmolested, to the Bibliothèque; he pointed to the gardens from his window, to his books, and shook his head at the idea of coming away. He then began to praise his two maids. (They were the same who were so faithful to Madame Mohl after his death.) 'Think of those two impossible women,' he said, 'here all through the siege, half starved, and saying to me when I returned, "You will find the preserves quite safe, sir, in the cupboard. We only used two pots." I felt inclined to break every pot on the shelf, I was so angry with them!'"

When the insurrection was crushed, and the gates were opened, Madame Mohl started off to Paris with Dean Stanley and Lady Augusta. Her joy at being at home again was exuberant as a child's. She skipped along the streets, and was in raptures at the sight of everything. But her dear, beautiful Paris was never the same place to her after 1870. Perhaps it has never been the same place to any of us. Society was broken up. Streets and palaces that were burnt down have been rebuilt, most of them; but the social edifice, once destroyed, is not so easily reconstructed. Even so wide and heterogeneously composed a circle as that of the Rue du Bac was snapped asunder at too many points for the chain to relink itself again; not, at least, for a long time to come. Many old friends had left Paris, and gone to live in the provinces; some remained in their country places; foreigners who had taken root in France folded their tents, and went away for good and all. Everything was changed. The pleasant place was no more the same, because so many of the pleasant people were gone.

M. Mohl never recovered from the shock and strain of that dreadful year. He was a man to suffer deeply from an impersonal grief. He took the downfall of France greatly to heart; and it

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was a sharp pain to him, too, to find that his German birth was now remembered where it had formerly been forgotten. He loved his adopted country better and more wisely than many born Frenchmen, and it was bitter to him to find that many doubted this, and that his German origin made a barrier now between him and some of them. Family afflictions followed soon upon this national sorrow. His brother's death was a heavy blow. His health began to fail. Every one saw this but his wife. He was ten years younger than she, and the possibility of his dying first had never occurred to her, except during that anxious time when he was alone in Paris. She saw him suffering and growing more and more feeble, and she was very unhappy, but not the least alarmed. She had entire confidence in Dr. Richet's skill to restore him in due course to health. "I owe an everlasting gratitude to Dr. Richet, whose science and incomparable skill have made the poor cripple walk," she writes to Madame Cheuvreux, and announces triumphantly that M. Mohl had been out to pay a visit, "in spite of his legs."

Later on, when every one but herself felt that there was not a shadow of hope, she writes, in answer to the repeated invitation to Stors:[1] "I am looking forward to a *fête* in being amongst you all, and hope to get back a little of my *entrain* near you, whom Heaven has endowed with the power of putting every one about you in good spirits."

But her blindness did not alter the fact that M. Mohl was going from her. One morning Mrs. Wynne Finch met the doctor coming out of the house, and learned from him that the end was close at hand; it might be in a few days, perhaps sooner. She found Madame Mohl just as usual, quite unaware of the truth. There was something dreadful and pathetic in this unconsciousness. It seemed cruel to undeceive her, and still more cruel not to do so. Mrs. Wynne Finch, with the courage of a true friend, resolved to tell her the truth. She broke it to her as tenderly as she could. "Indeed, indeed, there is danger, my dear friend. The time is very short, and it would be cruel and selfish, I feel, not to tell you." At first the poor soul did not, then would not, understand. She shrank away angrily from the merciful cruelty of the revelation.

"It is not true! I don't believe it! There is no danger; they never said there was any danger!" she cried, and, turning away, like a vexed child, she ran out of the room, back to M. Mohl, "reeling with the shock," as she afterwards confessed. But her eyes were opened. The moment they fell upon him she saw that he was dying. She never left his side again for a moment. She watched by him all that night, holding his hand, while he struggled for breath. Sometimes he stroked her face. "That stroking has been an ineffable comfort to me," she wrote, a year later, to Mrs. Wynne Finch: "it was an endearment when he could not speak, — the only sign he could give me of his affection, and that he knew it was I who was beside him." He died in the night of the 3d of January, 1876.

During that last day, when she watched him passing away, conscious now that he was going from her, Madame Mohl found courage to ask her husband about his last wishes concerning certain things he had at heart: amongst others, what he should like her to do with his dear books, his most precious possession. "Shall I give them in your name to the library at Stuttgart?" she said. But he replied, "No; sell them here. That is the way to make books useful; they go to those who want them." She had often heard him say the same thing. He had spent forty years in collecting his Oriental library, and used to declare, "It is impossible to

[1] Madame Cheuvreux's country place, near Paris.

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write on those subjects without having in possession certain books." Three days after his death, two booksellers from Leipsic wrote to Madame Mohl, offering to purchase the library; but she would not hear of letting it leave Paris. She had the books sold at the house as soon as it was possible. The sale and its inevitably painful details excited and distressed her to frenzy.

"I suffered so intensely," she wrote to Madame Scherer, some days later, "at seeing the brutal manner in which those creatures kicked my dear husband's books about when taking them away, I was so miserable at having had that beast of a bookseller to manage it, that, after the dreadful day in which they finished the sack of my house, I begged none of my friends would speak to me of the transaction. I was in a state of irritability nothing can describe, and obliged to repeat to myself that I had done it because he had told me, and I could not disobey him. Since then, two or three friends have come to tell me about it; but I begged them to give me no details. My feeling was as if my dear husband was being dissected. I can't write to you without tears.

"But I know I am like a creature without a skin. I ought to have known the public by this time. What is so disgusting, too, is that, after spending his life in setting up this odious Asiatic Society, spreading knowledge and spending his mind, they won't give to it a lodging big enough to place the books! There was one in the Palais Mazarin; it has been divided, and M. Regnier, who does his best, tells me half the books are packed in cases, for want of room. My dining-room is crammed with the pamphlets of the Société, which my dear husband lodged here. I have asked Regnier where I should send them. He says, 'Pray, keep them; we have not room.' The English friends of my dear husband are astounded. They had heard so much of the liberality of the French government for science and learning and giving room," etc.

Her one interest in life henceforth was her husband's memory and work. Her grief for him was inconsolable. It had in it something of the child's inability to comprehend death. She could not realize that he had gone away, never to come back to her. She had for a long time the forlorn look that made some one who saw her passing in the street say, "Poor old soul, she looks like a lost dog, going about searching for his master."

Some time after M. Mohl's death, she came upon a pocket-book of his, carefully tied up and put away in a drawer in his room. She was in the act of opening it, when a sudden terror stayed her hand. "Suppose," she thought, "it should contain a remembrance of some other woman, — something that would show me he had not loved, always loved, me as I believed?" For more than a fortnight she went daily and looked at this little book, and put it back without opening it. At last, she said to Madame d'Abbadie, "I feel as if my fate were in that pocket-book. If it should contain what I dread, it would kill me. I could not bear it!" Madame d'Abbadie insisted on her at once convincing herself of the folly and injustice of these fears. They went together into the deserted room, and the loving, youthful-hearted old woman, in fear and trembling, opened the pocket-book. It held some early and very tender letters of her own to M. Mohl. She was completely overcome by this touching proof of his faithful affection.

In the following summer, she went to see her niece, Mrs. Vickers; "my kindest friend," she calls her. Later, she went to her old friend, Mrs. Simpson (*née* Nassau Senior), at Bournemouth. "It was easy to see," says Mrs. Simpson,[1] "that she had received a shock

[1] Vide Macmillan, September, 1883, Recollections of Madame Mohl.

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from which she would never recover. She was incapable of dismal despondency, and her elastic spirit rebounded at intervals. She loved the sea and the woods, and all the sights and sounds of the country. The house contained an excellent library of many interesting old books, and into these she plunged eagerly. We had a houseful of children and young people (with whom she was a great favorite), and a basket pony-carriage, which carried her about and saved her much trouble."

Soon after her return to Paris from these visits, Madame Mohl had an accident which agitated her a good deal. She tells the story herself to Madame Scherer: —

"Dear friend, I have been out these last two days, though I have an arnica poultice on my shin just below the knee. If M. Haureau had not been tall and strong, I should have been killed, and my dear husband's papers would have been dispersed or lost; for who has time to look after the remains of those who are gone! I cannot express how glad I am my life was spared, on that account.

"It was coming down a dirty, dingy old staircase in the Imprimerie, which, like a goose, I had consented to go over and see: not that I cared one button about it, but my pet niece, Margy, had so caught at the proposal of M. Haureau to show it to us that I had not the heart to refuse. He was preceding us downstairs, three or four steps lower. Shall I ever forget the terror when I felt myself fall! I fainted away with sheer fright, for nothing was knocked but my legs, and luckily I was light enough not to knock down M. Haureau, and hurl him and myself down to the bottom; but how my legs were so much hurt I can't imagine. I have been just a fortnight a prisoner.

"Indeed, I wish you were nearer. It would be the greatest comfort to me. My dear Madame d'Abbadie will not be here till April. It was only my terrible loss last year that made her and her husband spend a winter here; for, like queer people, which they are, they spend the spring and part of the summer in Paris, and the autumn and winter in the Pyrenees, where they pretend it is warmer. I have other worthy neighbors, — not delightful, like Madame d'Abbadie, but kind, — and they too are obliged to leave Paris in the winter. Is it not ridiculous?"

It was no pretense to say she rejoiced that her life had been spared for the sake of M. Mohl's papers. To the publication of certain of these papers and of her husband's works she henceforth devoted all her energies. She was ready, for this, to toil up and down dark stairs in the Imprimerie and the Institut and all over the busy city. "My dear husband's Shah-Naneh, the small edition, is going on printing rapidly," she writes to Madame Scherer. "It is only a translation into French, not a word of Persian, which he luckily had said to many friends that he would publish. I have fulfilled his wish. Do you think M. Scherer would give an account of it in the Temps? I don't think it is necessary to be an Orientalist to do so, but of course I can't judge. Just ask him what he thinks. I am sure he will judge rightly."[1]

[1] The most important of M. Mohl's works is his translation of the Shah-Naneh (Book of Kings) of Firdousi, with the Persian text opposite the French version. The publication of this work occupied him from 1838 to the close of his life. After his death Madame Mohl brought out a smaller edition of the Shah-Naneh, more accessible to students than the magnificent six-folio one which stands as the chief monument of her husband's Oriental lore. His earliest publications were translations from the Chinese of the Y-King and the Chi-King, and fragments of Zoroaster from the Persian.

Madame Mohl also collected and reprinted in two volumes her husband's reports on Oriental Studies all over the world, delivered annually to the Asiatic Society for over thirty years, and which the learned say constitute the most remarkable evidence of his own wide and deep knowledge of the subject.

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Her great consolation was reading over M. Mohl's letters. "I am going to Stors to-morrow," she writes to Madame Scherer, "and I shall remain there three weeks, if they don't get tired of me. I have refused going there ever since my husband is gone. I had been so happy there with him, and they were so fond of him! Madame Cheuvreux made me promise to go this year. . . . It is a pleasant house, with a variety of visitors. I may stay in my room as long as I please, and I take with me my dear husband's letters, that are a perfect chronicle. All those who have read them say, 'You ought to publish them.' I take them with me to re-read them. Perhaps, on studying them under that point of view, I may think about it; but I should not decide without advice."

Whether owing to her own judgment or the advice of other friends, these letters were never printed.

In the following year Madame Mohl went to visit her husband's family in Germany. His two nieces, whose presence, as young ladies, had periodically brightened the Rue du Bac, were both married in Germany: one to the celebrated Professor Helmholtz;[1] the other to Baron von Schmidt Zabiérow, governor of Carinthia. Madame Mohl loved both these nieces of her husband's as if they had been her own. "I am very ill," she wrote to Madame Cheuvreux, "but, all the same, I mean to go to the marriage of my dear niece at Heidelberg. It is a love match, quite according to my principles, but not at all according to my interest, for she is going to live in Hungary."

But when friends and kindred had done their best, life had to be taken up where she had left it. On returning home, the loneliness seemed greater than ever. She had closed her door to every one for a year after her husband's death, and when, at the end of that time, she opened it it was a surprise to her to find how many of her former assiduous visitors had forgotten the way there. She would ask, like a petulant child, "Why don't people come and see me? I used to have visitors all day long; now, nobody comes!" The complaint sounded very sad in the empty salon that she had done so much to make attractive, and where she had been so happy to see the crowd coming "all day long."

She had worked hard to make her salon perfect in its way, and she had succeeded; and now, at the end of the day, nothing remained but the pained surprise of being forsaken by the clever, agreeable people who for a long half century had continually climbed her stairs, and never found them too steep. It was a sad return for the labor of a lifetime, for all the trouble she had taken to amuse her fellow creatures. Few persons did more in their time than Madame Mohl to make life pleasant and cheerful to those around them; and when we consider how dull most people find life, how impatiently they chafe against the dullness, making it worse by clumsy and foolish efforts to improve it, one must confess that anybody who provides a centre of cheerful, refined, and healthy recreation for a large circle of human beings deserves well of mankind. It was ungrateful in the children of this world to forsake in her loneliness the kindly, *spirituelle* old lady who had taken such pains to amuse them.

One day, during her widowhood, Madame Mohl said to Madame Cheuvreux, "I have all my life striven to please; but I cannot forgive myself for having lost many opportunities, for not devoting more care to it." After a moment's reflection, she added, "Car au fond il n'y a que cela." She had come to the end of it now, and found out what the *fond* was worth.

She was extraordinarily faithful in her own friendships, and few things gave her more pleasure than getting

[1] The great physiologist, resident in Berlin.

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back a friend of old times, from whom circumstances of one kind or another had parted her. M. de Maupas, when a very young man, had been an *habitué* of Mrs. Clarke's salon, but had drifted away from Mary years before her marriage. He had then taken office under Celui-ci, and consequently become "unfit for decent company." But the Empire had fallen; the late Minister of Police was now an old man, broken in health, paralyzed, and a great sufferer. The Comtesse de Thury, an old friend of his and of Madame Mohl's, mentioned her name to him one day. He brightened up, and said, "She was the most spirituelle woman I ever knew," and added some kindly remarks about her. Madame de Thury repeated this to Madame Mohl, who was greatly pleased, and, fetching a portrait in crayons that she had taken of M. de Maupas in the days of his youth, she begged Madame de Thury to take it to him. But Madame de Thury said, "No, you must take it to him yourself; that will make it much more welcome. And you know it is one of the works of mercy to visit the sick."

Madame Mohl consented to perform this work of mercy. Her visit was announced, and all the family were assembled to greet her. M. de Maupas, unable to rise from his chair, gave her a welcome that touched her deeply. The two old friends sat a long while together, working bright incantations on each other with that magic little sesame, "Vous souvenez-vous?" that opens the enchanted palace of the past, and enters its echoing chambers, and conjures up its visions so delightfully. He invited her to dine, and several distinguished persons were asked to meet her. This pleasant gathering was one of her last gleams of social glory. No pretty young *débutante* at her first ball, Madame de Thury says, ever had a greater ovation than this nonogenarian lady at that dinner-party. There was no question of politics, or of anything but the pleasure of meeting after long estrangement.

Madame Mohl had never in her younger days loved solitude, but it was now unendurable to her. From the time of her husband's death she dreaded being left alone for a day. In 1880, she went, as usual, to England, and from Wormshill (Berkshire) she writes to Madame Scherer in August: —

"I am the better already for being here. I left Paris because I fell into the most indescribable state. I did not see a soul from Monday to Saturday! I never saw Paris so utterly abandoned. I came to my niece, who is my kindest friend, and I am much better; but I find I *must* not be entirely alone, which I did not know before. Everybody had left town at the beginning of July, and the last twenty days were new to me, and made me acquainted with myself.

"I go from this in three weeks to my friend Mrs. Simpson, at Bournemouth. If I like it, I stay; if not, I go. But there are some nice people there, — a certain Lady Shelley, whom I would go some miles to see any day. . . . I have learned to be very humble, for I find I cannot be alone. I must have some one. I don't mean that I want people to love me, but I must have some society."

From another hospitable country home she writes a few weeks later: —

"I am staying at one of my oldest and best friends, Mrs. Bonham Carter, the mother of my dear Hilary Carter. . . . If I make mistakes, pray forgive me, for there is a woman chattering at my ears such nonsense! I never heard such an impudent ass, since I have not had the pleasure of seeing and hearing creatures of my own sex *oftener than I liked!*

"I am ashamed, my dear, good friend, of my silence. The fact is, I am grown so stupid that I often sit a long time doing nothing, hardly thinking, from extreme low spirits. Instead of growing better from the habit of loneliness, I am

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perhaps worse, and the loss of my dear husband seems more and more a ruin of everything. . . . I stayed with my niece, Mrs. Vickers, in Berkshire till the 14th of August, when she went to Wilbad. Then I came on here to a most charming place, eight or ten miles from London. Mrs. Bonham Carter is the mother of my dear friend, who died years ago. She lived with me several years in Paris, studying painting. She was the dearest and best friend I ever had, and my dear husband loved her as much as I did. We were sadly cut up at her death; it must be more than sixteen years ago. How time passes! Her mother and sister, whom I am staying with now, are as kind to me as she would have been herself. These friends are so kind that I feel more sorry to leave them than I can tell, which I *must* do soon: first, from mere discretion; secondly, because I want to see some nephews in Leicestershire in September. I think of returning to Paris in October, but I am uncertain at what date. The fact is, I *dread* being in Paris empty. I stayed there last year till the 25th of July, and I was nearly two months without seeing any one. I thought myself capable of bearing such solitude, but *I was not*, and I dare not run the risk again."

She returned to Paris at the end of September, and on the 1st of October she writes to Madame Scherer: —

"Dear friend, I this instant found your letter. I came back on Wednesday night, the 29th, from London, which I had quitted at seven in the morning.

"I seem as if I had lost my dear husband last week, and I never, never, shall get over it. I went to Père La Chaise to-day with my niece, Ida."

The old cemetery, with its silent chapels and flowering tombs, has witnessed few more touching scenes than that of the aged widow, sitting, one cold morning, on a high spot, and looking on from a distance while her husband's coffin was carried from its temporary resting-place to the grave she had made ready for it; and then stealing quietly away, weeping under her black veil, and returning unseen to the desolate home.

But her health was giving way. She suffered at times very much, and, like most people living alone, she was apt to neglect herself. Finally, however, she was induced to have advice.

"I am already the better for the treatment of Dr. Guèneau de Mussy," she writes to Madame Cheuvreux. "We talked about you, — he and I. He says he used to know you well, once upon a time, and regrets very much that he never sees you now. So, if you like, he will be charmed to renew the acquaintance. No need to say I sha'n't busy myself telling him I told you so, in case you do not respond. But he is a delightful man, full of *esprit*, and so amusing. He is convinced that —— was insupportable, and he has lots of other sympathetic convictions."

Madame Mohl was not the only patient of this most sympathetic of physicians who considered it "a pleasure to be ill, because it brought one a visit from Dr. de Mussy." She had a great regard for him, and left him a charming token of her gratitude for his care and kindness. The Queen of Holland had had a copy made for M. Mohl of Rembrandt's Leçon d'Anatomie, and after Madame Mohl's death this picture was sent by his niece, Madame von Schmidt Zabiérow, to Dr. de Mussy. His name had been written by Madame Mohl on the back of it, and he then remembered that, many years before, she had said to him one day, "This will be for you."

If Madame Mohl enjoyed Dr. de Mussy's visits, even at the cost of some suffering, the pleasure seems to have been mutual. Although he saw her chiefly when she was ill, and consequently not in the best mood for conversation, she was always original and amusing. One of the last times that she sent for him, he found her greatly

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exhausted, and with hardly strength left to say, "J'ai fait des bétises!" Her voice was scarcely audible. He contrived to rouse her a little, and then she explained to him what the *bétise* was: "I had a frantic desire to hear some Italian music; so I went down into the street, and waited for the omnibus that would take me to the theatre. I got in, and arrived there, but there was not a single place to be had except up amongst the gods. This did not, however, prevent me enjoying the music deliciously. On leaving the theatre, I had great difficulty in getting the omnibus to take me home. I did get it at last, but I am done up!"

What energy of mind and body in a woman of ninety! Dr. de Mussy says that up to the last she had the most incredible agility, and would run up her high stairs *quatre à quatre;* but as the sum of her strength was not equal to this agility, when she had indulged in some "*petite extravagance*," as she used to say, she was knocked up.

After one of these little bouts of extravagance that rendered Dr. de Mussy's care again necessary, Madame Mohl went to Stors to recruit, and spent a month there with great enjoyment. She had met her old friend, M. Thiers, at Stors during the previous summer. It was their last meeting on this side of the grave. Perhaps both had some vague presentiment of this; at any rate, they talked very confidentially together about old times, and M. Thiers made some sentimental declaration about having loved her in his youth, when, as a "*petit étudiant*," the *concierge* complained of his long visits. He told Madame Mohl that he had never dared tell her of his love, because he had nothing else to offer her. Whether the story were true or not, Madame Mohl believed it, and was greatly touched by it. M. Thiers's oldest and most intimate friend declares that the statesman was hoaxing the old lady, an accusation that does not sound incredible, and which may without much remorse be thrown in with others that lie on the memory of the Liberator of the Territory. Anyhow, the avowal revived Madame Mohl's old friendship for him, and she felt his death as a personal sorrow. The following letter was written to Madame Cheuvreux on the day of his funeral, which occurred almost immediately after her long visit to Stors: —

"Dear friend, you are very grudging of your ink and paper, I must say, never to tell me a word about your own little concerns; as if, after being a month at home in your house, and being treated, not only with all possible distinction, but with all possible tenderness, I had no interest in them. Are you so utterly devoid of principle as to clean forget me? Don't the affairs of Stors concern me? It is downright mean to have let me feel that I was one of the family (which I adopted with all my heart), and then to leave me in total ignorance of everything; above all, after my telling you all about my marriage, to amuse you!

"But I have been so full of poor Thiers (and you, too, no doubt) that I have not thought as much of your bad behavior as I should have done, if this and the newspapers had not filled my mind. Luckily, I have in the house here a nice old gentleman, who never contradicts me, — M. Trélat, formerly Director of the Salpêtrière for more than forty years, I think. He is so old that he can hardly see me, and can only get up to my apartment with a great effort; but the eyes of his mind are still full of life and intelligence. He is very deaf, and, like the Commandant, he won't use a trumpet, which I am sorry for, because even my clear, high voice does not always reach him, and this prevents my talking to him as much as I should like. If it were not for this, we should suit each other like a pair of gloves. He has been rather extreme in politics, they

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say, but he is a man of such entire loyalty! . . .

"This is the day of the funeral, and it pours torrents, without a moment's respite. I am vexed to the last degree by this rain, which will greatly interfere with the programme. The government and the newspapers are disgusting. Good-by, dear *méchante*. If you don't write, I'll not love you any the less; but I shall be very angry with you."

"Dear, very dear friend," she writes to Madame Cheuvreux, in a moment of great depression, "it is difficult for a letter to do any one more good than yours has done me; above all, as a proof of your old and large and tender and loyal friendship. Oh, how good it is to have such a friendship when one is in sorrow like mine!"

She rebounded now and then, and never nursed her grief morbidly; but her sorrow remained inconsolable to the last.

Her faculties had continued unimpaired up to this period, but the decay of memory, which set in soon after M. Mohl's death, went on rapidly to almost total loss. She forgot events from one day to another completely. She would go down of a morning to Madame d'Abbadie, who lived on the floor below her, and exclaim in sudden agitation, "My dear, I want you to give me the address of your man of business. I want him to invest my money for me. I don't know what to do with it, and I am afraid it will all be lost." She would take down the name and address, and go away relieved in mind, and return next day, again asking for it in the same agitation. She had never adopted the English custom of keeping her money at a banker's, and drawing checks, but used to stow it away in boxes and drawers, sometimes to the great annoyance of friends at whose houses she visited. Towards the end of her life this habit became a mania, and she used to hide away large sums of money behind pictures, under the sofa-cushions, and in other unlikely places: sometimes twenty, thirty, forty thousand francs were spread about the drawing-room in this fashion. Then she would forget where she had hid the money, and would fancy it had been stolen, and spend the day in a state of despair, looking for it; afraid to say anything to her servants, but confiding her trouble to any friend who came in, and who would help in the search. When the money was all found she was like a child that had got back its lost penny.

Yet even in this sad mental decay, which invaded the *morale*, increasing to mania a natural tendency to stinginess, Madame Mohl's heart retained its native warmth. She never grew to love her money better than her friends. Her affection for Mrs. Wynne Finch had grown much deeper and tenderer since that courageous friend had warned her that M. Mohl was dying. She was always entreating Mrs. Wynne Finch to come and dine with her. "My dear," she would say, "I never have any dinner to speak of for myself, but don't you be afraid on that account. There is a capital pastry-cook's opposite, and I will send across for any dishes you like, and they will be here piping hot in five minutes. So come whenever you can, and be sure you can never come amiss." And fabulously economical as she had grown towards herself, she would gladly have paid many times a week for these piping hot dishes for her friend.

Sometimes she forgot that M. Mohl was dead, and would speak as if he were coming home to dinner. It was very curious to observe how the chief characteristic of her mind, that keen intellectual curiosity, which Dr. Johnson considered the surest sign of a vigorous intellect, survived this wreck of memory. One day she received a visit from a lady who had been away in Australia for many years. Madame Mohl had not the faintest recollection of who she was,

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or anything about her. "My dear," she said, "I dare say I liked you very much, but I have quite forgotten you. Never mind. Tell me who you are." The visitor quite failed to identify herself; but when she spoke of Australia the old lady was full of curiosity to hear all about it, and opened a fire of leading questions: "And they speak English? How extraordinary! And what sort of clothes do they wear? Do they go naked, like savages?" — and so on; inquiring about the resources of the colony, and the people and their prospects, as she might have done formerly on hearing of the discovery of a new island. Once she grasped the subject presented to her, she could talk about it as clearly and sensibly as ever.

In the summer of 1881, two years before her death, Mr. and Mrs. Wheelwright, of Boston, came to see her. Mrs. Wheelwright's notes made at the time show us Madame Mohl as she was in her ninety-first year: "A curious little figure came forward to greet us, — a very slight woman, about the middle height. Her gray hair was in a most disheveled condition; a mass of tangled curls projected over her forehead, and was constantly getting into her eyes, and she was constantly poking it out. Her black silk gown, much the worse for the wear, was made open in the neck. A lace ruffle adorned the edge of her bodice, which had a trick of getting unhooked every minute, and at which she was perpetually fumbling with her very active fingers. Her eyes were fine and still bright, and her manner very agreeable, in spite of some eccentricities, such as curling and uncurling herself in a corner of the sofa."

She talked to her visitors pleasantly of long ago, and was as accurate as possible concerning things that had happened fifty, sixty, seventy years past; but events of a nearer date were all confused. When Mrs. Wheelwright spoke of her memoir of Madame Récamier, she could remember nothing about it. "Did I write a book about her, my dear? I don't remember." Of Madame Récamier herself she had the most vivid recollection, and of Châteaubriand, too; she said he was "the most agreeable of men." To Mrs. Wheelwright's remark, "But he was so vain and selfish?" she replied, "But selfish people are not necessarily disagreeable, my dear, and their vanity makes them anxious to ingratiate themselves." Madame Récamier, she said, "did not seem old, she carried herself so well; and she had a great deal of sense, — much more than people gave her credit for. She was well read, and kept up in the literature of the day. I have *never* known anybody so delightful in a *tête-à-tête*. I loved to get her alone, but it was not easy, she was always so surrounded."

Mr. and Mrs. Wheelwright went again to see Madame Mohl in the evening, and found her alone, looking very desolate over her solitary cup of tea. "The large windows of her salon were open, looking over green gardens full of tall trees; in the distance the gilt dome of the Invalides. The setting sun threw a golden glow into the room. Madame Mohl was very low-spirited, and told us over and over again the sad stories of her sister's and her husband's death. She took us to the window, and pointed out the various gardens. 'That large one,' she said, 'belongs to a convent. Its occupants are an order of missionaries to North Africa, and are supported by all the peasants of France.' She told us she had had a quarrel with her cook. 'I have had her for ten years, and I fancied she was attached to me; but, my dear, it was all a delusion. She was not a bit attached to me; and she has been putting up the other maid to ask for higher wages, so I shall have to part with them both. When I went to England, in former years, I wanted no maid. Now, I don't know what to do, or where to go. I have never been in Paris be-

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fore so late' (July). Her books were her only resource now, she said. When we came in she had been reading the Nineteenth Century, dipping into it as she sipped her tea. The publishers always sent it to her, she told us. Justin M'Carthy's History of our own Times was on the table beside it. 'A most delightful book, my dear. I read it all the evening, and I never go to bed before midnight.' We asked her about old times, and how the society of her youth compared with that of the present day. She said there was no society now. 'Louis-Philippe was the best king France ever had. The French did not know when they were well off. In those days society was delightful. Six to a dozen people used to go to the house of one among them every night, or several times a week. They took pains to be agreeable; to have some story to tell, some interesting news, etc. Each one did his part; it was delightful. But all that is over now. The late dinners and love of display have killed society.' We mentioned to her that we had just met an old acquaintance of hers, Mr. F. B., of Boston, and that he spoke of knowing her years ago. 'Mr. F. B.?' she said. 'I don't remember him; but I knew so many pleasant Americans. Why does he not come and see me? I can't think why people forget me as they do.' She seemed to take Mr. B.'s forgetfulness so much to heart that we hastened to assure her that he was only passing through Paris."

This falling off of visitors was her constant complaint. She kept bewailing it to everybody. "I used to have such crowds of pleasant people coming to see me! Nobody comes now. Why, I wonder?"

But if the "crowds of pleasant people" who had been assiduous at the Rue du Bac when it was a centre of amusement ceased to frequent the now lonely salon, this way of the world was not imitated by the few real friends who were sincerely attached to Madame Mohl. Their faithful devotion made a fine contrast to the desertion by the pleasure-seeking crowd. Amongst these faithful ones were Madame and Mademoiselle Tourguenieff,[1] whose long-proved affection drew closer to her in her hour of need; M. and Madame d'Abbadie, who were her near neighbors; and Mignet. But no one was more devotedly kind than M. Barthélemy St. Hilaire, the friend of a lifetime. After M. Mohl's death, M. St. Hilaire gave up his beloved studies, his whole time for six months, to perform the onerous duties of executor to his friend. Madame Mohl grew so used to having him continually at her beck and call, always at hand to advise, to cheer her, and to manage her business, that when his duties as Minister for Foreign Affairs forcibly put an end to this pleasant state of things the poor old soul was indignant, and resented it as a cruel wrong and a faithless desertion. When M. St. Hilaire's name was mentioned, she would say petulantly, "I never see him. He never cared for me; it was only for M. Mohl that he cared. I know that now."

But the moment the deserter was set free from the bondage of state affairs he went at once to the Rue du Bac. Madame Mohl gave a scream of delight when she beheld him, and fell upon his neck, in her impulsive, childlike way. "So you have come back! Why did you give me up? What did I do to vex you?" M. St. Hilaire was equally touched by her reproaches and by her joyful welcome. He tried to make her understand that he had not been in fault, and that he had now come to resume the old and pleasant intercourse which had been inevitably interrupted by public duties. She was pacified, but nailed him at once by a promise to dine with her every Friday, so long as he did not take to being state minister again. M.

[1] Widow and daughter of the political economist, — not the novelist.

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St. Hilaire kept this weekly engagement to the last. He declares that in doing so he had no merit of self-sacrifice; that Madame Mohl's conversation was as interesting, as clever, as it had been in her younger days. The loss of her memory and her delusion about her money affairs were very distressing; but with this exception, she was the same bright, amusing hostess as ever. Within the last year of her life she became possessed by the idea that she had lost everything; that she would not be able to meet the next quarter's rent, and would be obliged to leave her present abode. M. St. Hilaire, who knew how utterly devoid of foundation this fear was, would advise her to go to her man of business, assuring her that he would find the necessary money. When her mind was set at rest on this score, she would chat away as pleasantly as possible on every subject that was started.

Physically she remained as active as a young girl, and would run up and down stairs, with her burden of ninety years, as if she had been nineteen. A few months before her death, Mrs. Milner Gibson called to inquire for her. Being herself ailing at the time, she could not climb the steep stairs, but sent up her card. Madame Mohl, hearing that her old friend was waiting in the carriage for an answer, ran down as she was, and jumped in beside her, and began to talk about M. Mohl and to weep over him, as if she had lost him only a month before.

The friends who surrounded her to the last relate how bitterly she continued to mourn for her husband. They used to find her of an evening sitting by the fire, with the tongs in her hand, fidgeting with the logs, building and unbuilding them, and looking the picture of loneliness and desolation. She would at once begin to talk of "Mr. Mohl," and pour out her recollections of all that he had been to her; telling over and over the same tale of his entire devotion to her, his cleverness in managing their property, his fidelity to old friends, his goodness, his wonderful learning, etc. As she rambled on, the big tears would trickle down her wrinkled face, and the little gray curls would quiver with the emotion that shook her.

Up to within a short time of her death, she was often heard to say that she had never known an hour's *ennui* in her life; poignant grief she had experienced more than once, but ennui never. Such an assertion sounds almost incredible from any human being, no matter how exceptionally bright his circumstances and opportunities may have been; but, discounting it, as one must do all Madame Mohl's sweeping statements, it was perhaps as true of her as it could be of any one. She had a very happy temperament: she was content to take the world as she found it, and she found it a very pleasant place, full of *gens d'esprit;* she was content with herself, her position, her fortune, all the share in life that was allotted to her. There was a spirit of unworldliness, — though it may sound paradoxical, — negative unworldliness, that preserved her from the irritation and restlessness that positive worldliness breeds. She did not care a dry straw for a multitude of things, the want of or the longing for which keeps worldly minded persons in a state of chronic disquiet and discontent.

Her standard was low enough to be reached without strain or discomfort. It makes all the difference, having a convenient standard. Pleasing one's self and other people, without reference to a high ideal that involves sacrifice, makes the way very easy and smooth. Madame Mohl said that she had always striven to please, feeling that "*au fond il n'y a que cela.*" She had succeeded, and had reaped a rich crop from the seed carefully sown through, say, three quarters of a century. She had been widely, extraordinarily popular, and had "pleased" more people than most of

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her generation; but when the power of pleasing no longer existed, there was nothing to replace it, nothing to fall back on, and the life that had been so brilliant and full of interesting, pleasant excitement was setting in solitude, weariness, and gloom. Ennui, that she had kept at bay throughout, overtook her at the close, when she had lost the power of coping with it.

She knew that the end was not far off, and she saw the night closing in upon her apparently without fear. She said more than once to a friend whose courage had stood her in good stead at another crisis only less momentous, "I feel greatly humbled before God when I look back on my life, and see how much better I might have been and how much more I might have done." Her friend's assurance that this sense of being an unprofitable servant and her sorrow for having done so little were the best atonement she could make used to console her, and she would renew the self-accusation to hear the words of encouragement repeated.

M. St. Hilaire continued faithful to his weekly engagement. On Friday, the 11th of May, he dined with Madame Mohl *en tête-à-tête* for the last time. "Never," he said to me, "did I see her more agreeable; her talk was as original, as *piquante*, as entertaining, as I ever remembered it." She had begun, as usual, by telling him of her utter destitution, and her terror of being short of money for the quarter's rent; but when he had set her mind at rest on this point, she was quite content, like a child, and entered into conversation on a variety of subjects, talking of old times and memories in common, and on all of these things she was as clear as a bell. After dinner she seemed tired, and lay down on the sofa. When the tray was brought in, she asked M. St. Hilaire to make the tea. "I thought this a bad sign," her old friend says, reverting with pathetic humor to this incident of their last evening together. It was the first time, in all their long years of intimacy, that he had ever known her to allow any one to interfere in the tea-making. He said that it was too great a responsibility; that he would pour in the water, but that he could not undertake to put in the tea. She laughed, and repeated a remark that he had often heard before; that is, that his not drinking tea was the only flaw she had ever discovered in his character. He went away before midnight, leaving her in very good spirits.

The next day she had a kind of fit. The servant ran down for Madame d'Abbadie, who came at once. Mademoiselle Tourguenieff was sent for later. These two faithful friends watched by her to the last.

It was wonderful to see how, with the shades of death closing round her, her esprit retained its quickness. The doctor had ordered her to be rubbed with some calming lotion, and Madame d'Abbadie was doing this with the utmost gentleness; but the old lady cried out, and told the doctor she had been shaken to pieces. On her friend's affectionately protesting that she had made her hand so light that it could not have hurt an infant, Madame Mohl retorted, with a faint flash of the old spirit, "Oh, yes, so you think; but then, other people's skin is so tough!" (la peau d'autrui est si dure!) Her favorite, the big Persian cat, jumped up on the bed. She stroked him, and said, "He is so *distingué*. His wife is not the least *distingué*, but he does not see it; he is like many other husbands in that."

Madame d'Abbadie prayed beside her, and the dying woman joined with fervor and entire consciousness in all she said. Before sundown she passed away. It was the 15th of May, 1883. They laid her to rest between Fauriel and Julius Mohl.

Kathleen O'Meara.

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JOHN SEBASTIAN BACH.

1685–1885.

HARDLY one month after the birth of Handel, his twin star rose, of equal lustre and importance. John Sebastian Bach was born on the 21st of March, 1685, in Eisenach, Thuringia, under the shadow of the Wartburg, that renowned old mediæval castle, where the Minnesingers held their contests, and where Luther lived concealed. The writer cherishes a pleasant memory of hours spent in Handel's birthplace, Halle, nearly a quarter of a century ago, in delightful converse with that genial lover and interpreter of both Bach and Handel, Robert Franz. Taking reluctant leave of him in the evening, escorted by him through the quaint old market-place by moonlight, we halted a few minutes under the Handel statue by the old church; when Franz, after leading us to the most striking points of view, exclaimed, "Great, great! but Bach was greater, *nicht wahr?*" Could our corner of the musical world to-day commemorate one birthday and neglect the other?

The Bach family form a whole Milky Way, covering a space of many degrees on the celestial globe of music. From old Veit Bach, the baker and miller of Presburg, in Hungary, who was driven forth by the religious troubles in the sixteenth century to find shelter in Thuringia, and who solaced himself with his lute amid the clatter of his mill, transmitting the same taste to his two sons, and they to their descendants, there were six generations of them who devoted themselves to music, and in each generation two or three stars, at least, of magnitude. At one time every post of cantor, organist, or town musician, in all Thuringia, was occupied by some scion of that stock. They were simple, frugal, industrious, contented people, who had no ambition beyond a useful, happy, and God-serving life. This they valued too much to risk its peace and sweetness in pursuit of greater fortune. To show what a race they were, and what musicians, it is enough to state that of the 890 large octavo pages of the first half of Spitta's monumental work on Bach about one fifth is devoted to an account of his ancestors and an appreciation of their compositions. These were in the most learned contrapuntal style of the period, and probably furnished the richest and the best material from which both Handel and the young Sebastian drew nourishment. This simply pious family, whose whole lives were spent in the musical service of the Protestant faith, were no ascetic Puritans or monks, but hearty, happy, social, loving friends and neighbors, full of strong common sense, not afraid to enjoy themselves, living lives too full of usefulness to be in any danger of excess. Wit and humor played like sunshine on their homely walls. Once a year all branches of their kinship met at the house of one of them, and held a patriarchal festival for several days, when their entertainments were all musical. The first thing always was to sing together Lutheran chorals, and some larger piece composed by one of them. And then they would have laughter enough in keeping up the musical game of "quodlibets," — extempore songs, all sung together, each to its own words, but so ingeniously contrived as to make up a sort of harmony. Childlike simplicity, manlike energy, clear-headedness, and *savoir-faire* sum up the family character, whose highest type was John Sebastian. In him, if ever, "the child was father of the man."

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Our business here is with Bach's genius, his wonderful art, and the wonderful amount of his inimitable work. We have no room for biography. The personal incidents of interest are few, and now easily accessible. No better Life, for a short one, can be found than the wise and pithy monograph by Forkel, of which the old translation ought to be republished. Then we have the discreet and conscientious Life by Bitter, a distinguished Prussian minister of finance (Berlin, 1865); the two ponderous volumes by Spitta (1873–80), which have been translated in England; and shorter popular works, like the abridgment of Bitter by Miss Kay-Shuttleworth, and the article in Grove's Dictionary.

In all of these one may read (we just recall a few particulars, for better, understanding of the mature man and artist) how John Sebastian, an orphan at the age of ten, was put under the care of an older brother, an organist, for his first lessons on the clavichord; how he soon outran the lessons, milk for babes, and craved more solid meat, knowing of such in a manuscript book of his brother's, full of things by the best masters of the day (Frohberger, Pachelbel, Buxtehude, etc.), which book was forbidden him; how he abstracted it from the cupboard, and copied it by moonlight in his little room, — six months' labor lost, because the cruel brother found him out and confiscated the hard-earned treasure; and yet not lost, for such a lad naturally learned much in copying (the story is a parallel to that of the little Handel's secret garret practice); how, left destitute by the brother's death, he became a choir-boy at a gymnasium, — a resource which failed him with the change of voice, which contracted an uncanny way of *singing double*, that is, in octaves; how he kept on learning all there was to learn in his great art, — harmony and fugue and counterpoint, of course, and especially the most sublime of instruments, the organ, that Gothic temple of harmony, of whose inexhaustible secrets he was to be the principal interpreter to men, and whose peculiar genius answered to his own and breathed through all his works; how he, too, made his pilgrimage to Hamburg, several years before Handel, — not enticed by the opera siren, but rather to hear Reinken play the organ; and how, fed as by ravens in the wilderness, the poor boy repeated those visits from time to time (sad tales, indeed, are related of his poverty and hardships); how he went to Zell, to hear the prince's band of Frenchmen, for the French style was deemed the height of excellence at that time, when Voltaire set the taste in literature at the court of the great Frederick. It is said that Bach's earlier compositions were not free from the frippery and affectations of French ornament. The influence of Couperin is visible in the works for clavichord. So Zelter, Goethe's correspondent, says, and adds, "The endeavor to make one's self as agreeable as others gives rise to that which does not last. All that is foreign to him, however, we can take away like a thick scum, and the bright liquid lies immediately below it."

We may not linger over his experiences as organist, on a fabulously meagre salary, at Arnstadt (1703), where he helped compile the Freilighausen Hymn-Book, arranging or composing some three hundred of the tunes himself; and where he offended the congregation by his "extraordinary variations" of the chorals, and still more by his prolonged absence at Lübeck, whither he went, like Handel, to hear the famous Buxtehude, — not, like Handel, to be fêted and received with honor, but in his poverty remaining there three months, an unpresentable and secret listener, returning with increase of knowledge.

Skipping all details of his short stay as organist at Mühlhausen, and in a larger sphere at Weimar, where he wrote some of his cantatas; and of his life at

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Cöthen (1717–20), during which time, on one of his journeys with Prince Leopold, he composed the first part of the immortal Wohltemperirte Clavier, "at a place where he was driven, by low spirits, *ennui*, and absence of any kind of musical instruments, to resort to this kind of pastime," we find him at the age of thirty-two without an equal, and a few years later (1723) settled down to his life work in Leipzig, as cantor and director of music in the famous Thomas-Schule, as well as in three churches. There he lived and labored, seldom leaving the old town, except when he ran over to Dresden to hear the opera conducted by his friend Hasse, who had married Handel's famous singer, the Faustina, and once when Frederick the Great managed to get a famous visit from him. There he wrought, on mighty tasks intent, until, like Handel, he grew blind, and died in poverty, on July 30, 1750, in his sixty-sixth year, nearly nine years before Handel, having outlived most of the twenty children he had had by his two wives. Leipzig was the scene of the great bulk of his noblest work. It is to Leipzig, to its Thomas School and Thomas Church, that music-loving travelers in Germany will long continue to make pilgrimages. He is commonly called the Leipzig Bach, or "old Bach," to distinguish him from his second son, Carl Philip Emanuel, the Hamburg or Berlin Bach, the bridge between that old polyphonic school and the free school of Haydn, Mozart, Beethoven, who, nevertheless, were rooted in the same deep, fertile soil.

A simple, modest, upright, most laborious, genial, spiritual life was that of John Sebastian Bach! Absorbed in his unworldly art, he heartily and quietly fulfilled all the relations of life. He was an excellent father, friend, and citizen. All sought him and relied on him. His hospitality, even to humbler fellow artists, was without stint or ostentation; his house was always full. He was known and trusted as a solid character, as one who neither courted observation nor shrank from it; who *was* what he seemed; who had the real virtue in him, and did to a certainty what he attempted. If he was a mystery to others, it was not because the waters were not clear, but because they were so deep. His modesty was proverbial. When asked how he acquired such mastery over his art, he would reply, "I was compelled to be industrious." He was just to other composers, and forbore to criticise works which to him were trifling. To his pupils, however, he always expressed his real opinion; for to them he felt himself bound to tell the unvarnished truth. Playing in a quartet, he liked to take the tenor part, the least conspicuous, because it placed him in the middle of the harmony, and left him free to listen to the other parts. He cared not for publicity or fame, but stayed contentedly at home, thinking it not worth while to go out of his way for wealth or honors, when he might have had both. A humble competence he easily commanded, — not in his later years, alas! Here he contrasts with Handel, whom he otherwise resembles in his healthy strength of mind and character. He had the highest respect for Handel's genius; but these two great artists — neighbors when Handel was at home in Halle — never met, although they and their friends tried hard to bring about a meeting. Nor can they have had much mutual influence in their music (not much was published then), although here and there Handel, in choruses like "And with his stripes," in the Messiah, and "They loathëd to drink," in Israel, strongly suggests Bach.

Bach's exuberant creative impulse was swayed and tempered by the calmest wisdom. If ever there was in art a sage, a wise man, it was he. He loved that art too well to envy others. His admiration of other great composers and performers was unfeignedly appre-

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ciative. He would watch the progress of a piece as the naturalist does the growth of a new plant. Listening to a fugue, with one of his oldest sons beside him, he always, so soon as he heard the theme, told what the composer probably would or ought to bring in next; and when the composition was a good one, it would so come to pass, and he would rejoice, and jog his son with his elbow to make him too remark it. This was no chuckling over his own acuteness, but joy over the beautiful working out in art of the divine laws of nature.

Many anecdotes illustrate his wonderful perceptive as well as his intuitive faculties. He had the keenest, quickest, surest comprehension of relations. He grasped a multitude of particulars at a glance, and seemed to look things into unity and order. He solved any musical problem at first sight; could overlook the fullest score, and translate it on the harpsichord; could set the several parts side by side, and play them together; could look at a new music hall, and say, In such a corner you will hear an echo. He could have been a great mathematician; his intellectual was equal to his moral greatness.

What such a man was born to do, what he most heartily and thoroughly and splendidly did do, can hardly yet be estimated, and only by patient study of the vast mass of his incomparable works. They were barely recognized and rapidly forgotten in his own day, and for at least a century, until Mendelssohn revived his Matthew Passion. From the enthusiasm caused by that revival sprang (in 1850) that nobly patriotic and art-loving Bach-Gesellschaft for the publication, mostly for the first time, in yearly volumes, of all his works in sumptuous style; a labor of love and piety, by which money is not made nor sought, the volumes being furnished at actual cost to the subscribers, who are counted as members of the publishing society. Thirty thick volumes are a solid fact already. They contain one hundred and fifty of the cantatas, besides the passions, masses, organ, violin, piano compositions, and much more. How few, alas, are competent to read them, still less to perform them! — and largely for the very reason that the scores of Handel need a Franz to fill them out to the measure of their original intention.

Of course, in this brief article, only the merest hints of a true estimate of the works, or of the art and genius they illustrate, of this the greatest musician, and surely one of the greatest men, who ever lived, can be imagined possible. Let us modestly begin just where we find ourselves relatively to the strange phenomenon, — with the popular, ignorant, narrow, false idea and prejudice concerning it. To us here in America — and in how many places elsewhere! — Bach has been only a name and a bugbear, except in the imagination and the love of here and there a knot of reverent, earnest, sympathetic, easily accepting listeners and readers, until within the last two decades. All that our people knew of him before consisted of some of his organ fugues and some of the forty-eight preludes and fugues of the Well-Tempered Clavichord; and these enjoyed a very limited acquaintance. The common cry was, "Scientific music!" A maker of endless fugues, — all learned, mathematical, perplexing, dry, with no "tune" we can follow, or disentangle from the curious and cunning web! Now think a moment. "Scientific music!" Scientific art! The idea is absurd: it cannot even be called an idea; it is inconceivable. Science is wholly abstract; music, art, is wholly concrete, — more than that, alive. Science would have to bear the sole responsibility of any music which it undertook to make; and would it, after all, be music? A music of science could not be a music of genius, art, or heart; for science of itself is not creative. It may

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discern, declare the laws which must not be broken, and so contribute to the criticism of all art; but it cannot create the thing it criticises. Can science invent new and beautiful and infinitely varied and original ideas? It searches into the roots and principles of nature, of the human organism, and of the human mind and heart. But are great poems copied out of law books? Is the literature of ages dug out of grammars? What scientist, as such, though he should give the longest life to it, could create a rose, or paint a Madonna, or ever hope to bring about a miracle like the Passion-Music, like the Messiah, the Fifth Symphony, Fidelio? All this talk about "scientific music" is but senseless, idle cant. Mathematics never made a fugue; though pedantry and uninspired, imitative, so to say Chinese, drudgery doubtless had a hand in the manufacture of thousands of them in their day.

Lack of acquaintance with his works is the only excuse for the mistaken impression that Bach wrote fugues exclusively or principally. No, he is not all fugue. The larger portion of his greater works is without fugue, "strict fugue," though full of it as *implied* in all great composition; for you feel its presence as a latent principle of form, the secret of artistic unity, even in sonatas, symphonies, etc., of Mozart and Beethoven, though the latter surely does not rank among great fuguists. Bach, to be sure, is great in fugue, and is as truly inspired, imaginative, poetic, even emotional, in that as in the freer forms of art. To have composed only those great organ fugues and that marvelous school for pianists, the Well-Tempered Clavichord, were glory enough for one man. Fugue and canon lay at the root of all the musical training of his day. They all made fugues, almost as easily as they talked or breathed. How happens it that whole wildernesses of such have vanished out of sight and thought, while those of Bach and Handel live to delight both ear and soul? Simply because fugues, in their way, may be works of genius; may show inspiration, meaning, beauty, feeling, quite as well as freer compositions; and may even gain expression by their very limitation. Fugue lurks *incognito* in all contrapuntal, polyphonic writing, where the voices which compose the harmony move each with an individual melody of its own. Where Counterpoint sits down to work, Fugue looks over her shoulder.

What, then, is a fugue? What but the unfolding of a musical germ, the development of a musical thought according to its innate law? It is a theme echoed back and reflected from all quarters, until it becomes all-pervading, ever changing, ever one. One pregnant bit or snatch of melody wakes all the echoes, all the Amens, through the realm of sound. So in a dark night the moon puts out one little point of light, one finger as it were, and instantly the clouds are luminous, and every streamlet glimmers, and every polished leaf and every gilded spire telegraphs the arrival of the light above. Nature is full of fugue. Through all her phenomena there is this tendency of many to one end, this endless chase of lines converging, this confession of relationship. The growth of the plant is fugue. The ocean surf, wave upon wave, rolling in upon the shore, and swallowed back; the ranks of grain running in waves before the wind, each losing itself in the whole, are fugues. Perhaps the clearest type is flame, which is a spiral ascent of innumerable little fiery tongues, all tending to one point. The theme is uttered by one voice; another and another takes it up, its predecessors improvising fit accompaniment, till all are swept along in mingled, mutual, swift pursuit, possessed all with one spirit; or, if episodes occur, the same theme reappears in new keys, inversions, imitations, and contractions, with ever-varied, heightened fascination. As a form of art, it is most

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like Gothic architecture; for there, too, innumerable details of form, arches, clustered columns, spires, human figures, animals, fruits and flowers, and all intricacies of ornament, both lovely and grotesque, seem striving upward, and the whole mass looks light and seems to float aloft. You cannot convince yourself that it is still; seemingly, it never *is*, but evermore *becoming*. Such is the fugue-like mystery and miracle of form. This is the true organ style of music: no mere *tunes* that stale by repetition; no loose stringing together of purposeless and idle passages. Bach, or Handel, or their compeers (some of whom, but for those two, would still be accounted great), when they sat down at the keyboard, chose a pregnant theme (not every one can get as far as that), and then developed it, unraveled the seemingly simple knot into a long series of admirable inferences; traversing a vast variety, yet always sure to bring you round into the theme again. The soulful artist, trained in such manly exercise, is in little danger of composing superficially. How like the germ of an oak in spring warmth will each spontaneous little motive open out and blossom in his hands! And even when he is not composing fugues, how all he writes betrays a secret intimate relationship to the fugue principle in the vital unity and the expressive logic of the whole! Think of a Beethoven symphony, sonata, or concerto even, from that point of view. Bach's grandest and profoundest work, the Matthew Passion, has not a fugue in all its choruses, with one very brief exception.

But what Bach always did have when he wrote in parts, what he and all his compeers cultivated as the sovereign art, was *polyphony;* that is to say, expressive or melodic counterpoint, — the art of vitalizing, individualizing, every one of the parts or voices, and letting them weave themselves together in four-part, six-part, eight-part, harmony, so that, while each pursues its own melodic way, they blend in one beautiful and rich result.

And now, having disposed of these old bugbears, or at least put in our plea against their further standing in court, we are somewhat more prepared and free to begin with Bach where he began, and that is with the Choral.

Hanslick, the Vienna critic, has spoken of Bach, and Eccard and Heinrich Schuetz (or Sagittarius), a century before him, as three "sounding pillars of Protestantism." They were to the Lutheran Church in Germany what Palestrina, Gabrieli, Lotti, and the rest were to the Church of Rome. Bach's was a profoundly pious nature. The music he conceived and wrote welled up from his inmost life and soul in ceaseless prayer and holy love and aspiration. It is the revelation of a very deep, sincere, heartfelt religion. His whole art and genius were employed in the self-forgetting service of his Maker and the Lutheran faith, taking the form especially of a personal discipleship and love for Christ. If he wrote anything besides sacred music, it was either innocent and childlike recreation, or a confession of his faith in art on its own account; for with him art was but the corresponding other side of his religion.

In the new, or Protestant, communion music soon became a vital part of all religious service, quite as much as it had been in the Catholic. But now for the first time the common people began to worship for themselves, and take an active share in the service, instead of having it all done for them sacerdotally. They lifted up their voices all together, in their sacred melodies, in unison, with no accompaniment, no harmony. The hymns, born of the pious fervor of the Reformation, full of simple, tender, sad-sweet poetry, were wedded to tunes, or choral melodies, of kindred poetry and fervor; some of them cherished from the old traditions, but far the greater number,

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of mostly unknown authorship, springing up out of the spirit of the times, — a tuneful efflorescence of the religious enthusiasm of Luther and his followers. These chorals were the people's sacred melody, or plain-song; the insurrection of Nature against conventional, pedantic, dry, and priest-droned music *in* the church, as the *Volkslied*, the songs of the Troubadours, and finally the opera were Nature setting herself up outside the sanctuary. That was at once the sweetest, gravest, simplest, of all singing. It sang not of what is personal and fleeting, like the ballads, madrigals, and operas, but of the underlying, universal, deep religious feeling. It allowed the whole congregation to sing, now in solemn, long-drawn notes, now in smooth and limpid melody, borrowed sometimes from the finer secular airs, which had sprung up like wild-flowers among the hills and by the wayside. It was all in unison; and yet, when multitudes were gathered, the vast uprolling cloud of sound, swelled by so great a mass of voices, saluting the ear from different distances, and swallowing up its own echoes and reflections, did have somewhat the effect of harmony, and a suggestion even of the fugue, just as a cloud, taking the sun at different angles, displays all the colors of the rainbow. A Bach, listening to such mighty volume of sound, could scarcely help hearing tenor and alto and bass, and even imagining florid interwoven melodies clothed in their own spontaneous accompaniment, with fugues in endless chase through the whole labyrinth of thrilling and seductive tone vibrations. Bach's genius was essentially popular, notwithstanding he is called mystical. Between the music of authority, the conventional, dry music of the old church, and the free, secular recitative and love *cantabile* of the opera, he stood on this Protestant middle-ground, the choral of the people. Out of this he evolved all his wondrous art.

Hundreds of these choral tunes Bach harmonized in four parts, bringing out their latent possibilities with a skill never equaled. He did not write these little masterpieces for use in public worship. He let the congregation sing on in its old way. He did not even allow these works to be printed. They were *occasional* productions: partly as exercises for his scholars in composition; partly for the choir of the Thomas School, to be used on their various private anniversaries, New Year festivals, etc.; but mostly as refreshing interludes in his elaborate compositions, his motets, cantatas, passions. For the nearly four hundred known gems of this sort he found the tunes partly in himself; partly among the tunes which owe their origin to Luther and his musical friends and sympathizers; in the Huguenot and Calvinistic psalters; in the hymns of the Bohemian brethren; and even far back in the primitive Gregorian *cantus fermus*, — selecting, as no one was more competent to do, upon the principle of the "survival of the fittest." These chorals differ intrinsically from the common run of our New England psalm-tunes. They are a much more pregnant kind of melody; there is more in them; they are not commonplace ditties, manufactured by the thousand for the market. Each has a soul in it; and it is for a sympathetic soul and genius like Bach to woo forth its beautiful confession. Moving in close tonic intervals, they admit, indeed necessitate, a much richer variety of harmony, within their few bars, than modern tunes in wider, or harmonic, intervals, which get along with a mere ding-dong alternation of tonic, dominant, and subdominant. Whoever would learn much in little of the inmost heart and secret of true four-part setting, let him have by him always, near his pianoforte or organ, the chorals harmonized by Bach. He will find them good, too, for the spirit; he will find in them that "true nepenthe for a careworn soul," which

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Dr. Holmes tells us the good governor, "in the dreadful war-time, on one of the days of anguish and terror," sought in a lecture by Emerson, "in listening to that flow of thought, calm and clear as the diamond drops that distill from a mountain rock." What various meaning Bach's different settings lent to the same choral! How he would set it in a wholly new light, win from its face a new expression, always in correspondence with the words, so different in the several stanzas of a hymn!

To see now how he used the choral for material, or subject matter, in his greater works; how it developed in his hands, as by a natural evolution, we must turn to (1) his *Choral-Vorspiele*, or organ preludes, in each of which a choral melody is given out line by line, framed in poetic counterpoint, with musing and imaginative interludes between the lines, — priceless treasures, these, in the repertory of a true organist; (2) the exhaustless fund of beauty and of inspiration he has left us in those three hundred and eighty or more wonderful cantatas for church service, each of the magnitude of half an oratorio, and all conceived and executed in the noblest and sincerest style to which the art of music had attained. The list includes not only the cantatas he composed in Leipzig for all the Sundays and church festivals during five years, mostly in the first part of his life there, but also not a few, like "Ich hatte viel Bekümmerniss," which he had written earlier, in Weimar and elsewhere.

While Handel was bringing out Italian operas in London, Bach was engaged in this more humble, unexciting, pious, obscure service; putting all the resources of his art and genius, week by week, into these master works, each sung but once, then laid upon the shelf, to slumber for a century and a half, until they should be rescued from dust and oblivion, to reappear within these last few years in those grand volumes of the Bach-Gesellschaft. They were done in the inspired routine of every day, as a matter of course, just to enrich the service, with no eye beyond that either to reward or fame, — not so much as it takes to move one nowadays to make an anthem or a psalm-tune. In simple quantity or mass, as well as in weight of purest gold, these cantatas amount to more than the combined operas and oratorios of Handel.

There is no room here to enter into a description of the contents of a single one of these cantatas. They consist, as a general rule, with more or less modification, of an orchestral introduction, sometimes amounting to an overture; a great chorus, four or eight part, frequently developed from the choral upon which the whole is founded, to fill the hearers with the spirit of the text for the day; recitatives and arias for various voices; sometimes more choruses; and finally the choral harmonized in four parts, with elaborate accompaniment. A perfect unity of tone and feeling reigns throughout. The counterpoint in all those choruses, sometimes *fugato* if not fugued, but always polyphonic, is matchless in the expressive interweaving of the voices, both the instrumental and the human; but the latter always dominate, creating, as it were, or waking up their own, companion sprites, winning all nature to their mood, clothing their sensitive, chaste melody with all the tender drapery that strings and reeds and flutes, or all the rougher mail that brass can lend. This is not only art; it is imagination in the highest sense. The beauty and variety of musical ideas, the felicity of invention and expression, are simply inexhaustible. It is not true, as some have charged, that Bach places the voice precisely on a level with the accompaniment, — makes it only one more among many instruments. Theirs is a light borrowed from the voice; they move with it in its orbit, each with a motion of its own. Is the voice only one

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more instrument? What is the flower but one more metamorphosis of the leaf?

The arias for solo voices are of the most melodious, tender, heart-felt, and poetic that can be imagined; often singularly graphic, lighting up an image in the words, bringing out a hidden meaning as by a divining rod of genius, and causing unsuspected springs to gush up at our feet. And the recitative, often cantabile, is the most expressive, characteristic, human, far from conventional or commonplace, yet free from uncouth intervals such as occur in Wagner, that any master, not excepting Handel or Mozart, ever put into his dramatic monologue or dialogue. Witness his Passion Music, both the St. John and the Matthew. The cantatas offer countless examples of the same. One obstacle to a wider recognition of such music lies in the barbarous texts, the pietistic doggerel, which Bach had to accept from the prosaic pious poetasters of his day, the Picanders and the like, of whom we have more than enough in the Passion. Of course we do not mean the sweet old hymns brought home to us by many of the chorals, as by carrier-doves. He had not the poets Handel had; no Miltons, Drydens, who could "build the lofty rhyme" for him. He makes the utmost of his texts, illuminating the intention they so helplessly fall short of by his own transcendent setting, just as he translates the cruel and perplexing dogmas into the sweeter, deeper, and more human creed of music, — music, the true type of at-*one*-ment.

Something should be said here of his instrumentation, slender by the standard of full modern orchestras, but telling and significant in every part, showing a most effective economy of forces, and sensitively delicate and sympathetic in the accompaniment of tender and ethereal passages of song. Turn to the Passion Music, and see how exquisitely he can make a pair of flutes, or an oboe, with a few strings, supply the silvery cloud to an angelic aria, or a soft quartet of violins shed heavenly halo round the head of Jesus when he speaks. For trumpet splendors in most thrilling and awakening choruses, turn to the Magnificat, to the opening joyful exhortation of the Christmas Oratorio, to these cantatas, to the soaring, circling, flaming Sanctus in his B-minor Mass. But his orchestral means were stinted. He was constantly pleading with the town council to grant appropriations for the minimum number of instrumentalists for fit performance of the music which he had to furnish for three churches. He tells them that eighteen to twenty instruments are necessary to a full musical service, to wit: two or three first and two or three second violins, two first and two second violas, two 'cellos, one bass, two or three oboes, one or two bassoons, three trumpets, one drum, and for some pieces two flutes. He needed at least thirty-six singers and from fifty-four to sixty players. But the whole number of alumni at the Thomas School was fifty-five; besides whom he was granted the assistance of four town-pipers, three violinists, and an apprentice. It is impossible to think of Bach as other than a happy, hearty, and contented man; yet under these restrictions he did chafe. It seems that even his productive life in Leipzig had its thorns, and that, what with poor appreciation and poor pay (his funeral, a mean one, was not even attended by the musical societies!), there was a tragic side to it. Had he so wrought and died but yesterday in New York, would it perhaps have been the same? But Bach lived *inside* the wonders of his own creation, dull and common to the many on the outside, like the stained windows of the great cathedrals; reminding one of Goethe's parable, if we translate "poems" into music: —

Poems are colored window-glasses!
Look into the church from the market square:
Nothing but gloom and darkness there!

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Shrewd Sir Philistine sees things so:
Well may he narrow and captious grow,
Who all his life on the outside passes.

But come, now, and within we 'll go!
Now round the holy chapel gaze;
'T is all one many-colored blaze:
Story and emblem, a pictured maze,
Flash by you, — 't is a noble show.
Here feel as sons of God baptized,
With hearts exalted and surprised!

The Christmas Oratorio, with its trumpet-toned opening chorus, "Christians, be joyful," its most exquisite of pastoral symphonies, its lovely Cradle Song, etc., is properly a series of six cantatas for the first three days of the Christmas festival, for New Year and the Sunday after, and for the feast of the Epiphany. Adding to the cantata form the gospel narrative recited by the tenor, the dramatic dialogue of real characters, not allegorical abstractions, and those swift, excited, vivid little choruses called *turbæ*, we have the grandest and sublimest works of Bach, his settings of the Passion (three of them are lost) according to St. John, and, greatest of all, greatest of all oratorios or any sacred compositions in whatever form, the Matthew Passion. Marx makes bold to call it "the fifth gospel," so deep is its impression on the soul, it so brings home to every heart the image and the spirit of the Son of Man. Passion music, now an exclusively Protestant possession, owes its origin to the Catholic church as far back as the twelfth century, at least. Luther adapted it to the reformed service, sung by the congregation in unison. Schuetz, in 1665, and Sebastiani enriched it with polyphonic harmony. Then in Hamburg, to the poor text of Brockes, Keiser, Matheson, Telemann, young Handel, tried their hands at it. Finally it opened out into the full and "wonderful passion-flower" of Bach, as Hanslick calls it. It is too great a work for more than this mere reference in these few pages. Fortunately, it has at last reached our shore, and has begun to make its deep impression upon listening crowds, especially when the two parts of the entire work have been given in two performances on one day (Good Friday). Again, mere mention only can be made of the great things he composed to Latin texts: his masses, and especially the greatest ever written, not excepting that of Beethoven, the Mass in B-minor, and the grandest of all Magnificats.

Bach was not always serious. Outside the sacred precincts his genius overflowed sometimes in works of frolic fancy, if not comic humor, like the secular cantata, Strife between Phœbus and Pan, in which the cloven-footed deity is drolly manifest in song; and, in a smaller way, the Shepherds' Cantata and the Coffee Cantata, a pleasant, mild take-off of the rage for coffee-drinking at that time in France and Germany. He also wrote numerous birthday and wedding cantatas, full of picturesque allusion in the music, like the one that opens with a vivid imitation, both in the instruments and voices, of the motion of the water, "Schleicht, spielende Welle." He had not played at quodlibets for nothing in his boyhood.

His purely instrumental compositions, of which he has left a great variety, are of the same sterling and enduring quality with his vocal works. His organ preludes and fugues, Choral-Vorspiele, trios (for two manuals and pedal), toccatas, fantasias, pastorals, passacaglia, etc., stand at the head of all the organ music ever written. In his sonatas, fugues, and, above all, the incomparable Chaconne, for violin alone, he seems to anticipate nearly all the best modern effects known to violinists: they all sound fresh and new to-day; in our own Music Hall a great popular audience has been betrayed into enthusiastic plaudits by a Bach fugue for solo violin. Fascinating and poetic sonatas he has written, too, for flutes and other wind instruments. His pianoforte works, both great and small, are almost innumer-

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able. His concertos for two, three, four pianos, with string quartet accompaniment, are quite a sure attraction both in chamber and orchestral concerts. The "French" and the "English Suites" and the Partitas figure more and more frequently in the programmes of pianists who respect their art. They do not spoil the relish of Beethoven, but they introduce him well. Nor can Beethoven, Chopin, Schumann, set them, in spite of their antique cut, at naught. The host of little pieces, all in two, or three, or four part polyphony, were written simply as exercises for his pupils, yet they are charming bits of music, at once naive and simple, subtle and refined. But the wonder-work of all, the most precious *vade-mecum* of pianists, the Well-Tempered Clavichord, though written for instruction and for lifelong practice, is a casket of rare gems, "of purest ray serene." Every great composer or interpreter of true pianoforte music has found strengthening meat and drink in its double circuit of twenty-four fugues and preludes in all the major and minor keys. In quickening influence this one book may almost weigh against the Beethoven sonatas. Should we have had Cramer's Etudes but for that example, or those of Moscheles, or Stephen Heller? One testimony is of such value here that we are tempted to translate a few sentences from one of Ferdinand Hiller's Letters to an Anonymous Lady (Cologne, 1877): —

"The most *immortal* work of musical art, or rather the one work of a great composer that will live the longest, seems to me, every time I think of it, to be Bach's Well-Tempered Clavichord. . . . Rich melodic invention is combined with soundest, strongest harmony, growing out of the most organic polyphony. The short pieces which the work contains show the greatest variety of invention and mood, and a perfection of form which has not its equal. Of a genuine instrumental nature, the limpid fluency of the figures is completely adapted to the peculiarity of the instrument. One may be ever so long familiar with the character, the motives and progressions, of all the pieces, and still the infinite art which pervades the whole tone-tissue, and which had become a second nature with the composer, will never lose its charm, — nay, one will always keep discovering new wonders in it. And with what geniality the carrying out of the multifariously interwoven melodies is accommodated to the possibilities of our ten fingers! In no note are the cramping fetters felt which the hands impose on the free movement of the several parts. There is no second work which offers to the student such a union of the richest, most substantial music with the means for technical development; it might be called the pianist's Bible! That it will ever be surpassed in its way is not probable; the history of art will hardly have a second John Sebastian Bach to point to.

. . . "It is the lot of many most extraordinary works of art and intellect to be known by only few, and only by their working on those few to operate in wider circles. To how many men of culture are the creations of a Dante, a Michael Angelo, a Spinoza, more than famous names! Yet what an incalculable influence their works are exercising day by day! So, not only Mendelssohn and Schumann, but Beethoven also, owe an extraordinary debt to the Well-Tempered Clavichord. My own master, Hummel, of whom at first sight one would least expect it, placed this, and no other work, before him every time when, in his later years, he wished to practice as pianist and to strengthen himself musically. And how many prominent men might be named who have built themselves up on it!

"It is not easy to give account of the impression of these pieces, even if one plays them over and over again, as I have done, all through my life. Their

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effect seems rather to resemble that of the higher plastic works than that usually ascribed to significant tone-poems: *repose of soul amid all their wealth of harmony; exaltation of spirit, without nervous excitement; grateful satisfaction in sounds, without common sensual charm.* One feels himself drawn to contemplation, — almost inclined to surrender himself to a certain mystical brooding; yes, I might say one feels himself morally more pure." (The same effect, observe, which we have already remarked in speaking of the tranquilizing influence of the chorals!)

If we were called on to select, out of the whole Walhalla of inspired composers, the completest representative of the true musical life and character, we should have to name Sebastian Bach. No human being ever lived more absolutely in the element of music. It was his religion; the entire surrender of his heart and soul, and all his energies and genius, with a child's simplicity and with a saint's devotion, in a perpetual service, to the worship of the Most High. Glowing with deep and tender feeling, illumined from within and full of holy *Innigkeit*, rich in imagination and invention, exhaustless in thick-coming shapes of fancy and in beautiful ideas, all developing into the most interesting complex webs of polyphonic harmony as if instinctively, and often flowering out into the finest *fioriture* and delicate vine-like tendrils of embellishment as exquisite as that of any Chopin, his music, when we look back over it as now published, seems to have risen a perpetual incense from his soul. If there were not such heart and fervor in it, would it be worth the while to crown it, from the intellectual standpoint? But it is quite as remarkable for its impersonality as for its sincere emotional expression. In a certain sense it is a transcendental music. The finite loses itself here in the infinite, the individual in the all. It is common to apply to those thoughts which come of purely *thinking*, which deal with principles rather than with facts, the term *abstract*. So, if we look only at the intellectual side of it, at its artistic, subtle, complex evolution, we might call Bach's abstract music. Through him Harmony herself reveals her secrets. Not to give vent merely to his private feelings, not to serve an outward purpose, not to win money or renown, not to illustrate any words or programme, was much of this deathless music written. There is nothing in it that could have taken the form of painting or of poetry as well. It is music pure and simple, from itself, and by itself, and for itself. In making it he was

> "Untwisting all the chains that tie
> The hidden soul of harmony."

In Bach we see how great a mind and character find sphere enough in the mere world of music; how consistent such devotion is with every solid moral quality. His whole soul was absorbed in the most fascinating of the arts of the beautiful, yet, all the while, what self-possession, what calm wisdom and serenity! To those who think that the musician must be a creature of impulse and excitement, a dreamy, moody, egotistical enthusiast, wholly at the mercy of the tempter, who salutes him in this siren's voice, robbing him of reason and of self-control as the condition of her favors; to those who think it ludicrous to seek a model of a manly and true life in a musician, we commend the music and the life of Bach, — a name never mentioned without reverence among his countrymen, a sort of German Homer. He never mistook his calling, and had no misgivings. He fulfilled it with as much sobriety and earnestness of purpose, with a courage as unfaltering, a cheerfulness as beautiful, and with as much unconscious dignity, as any prophet, bard, or hero. He was incapable of superficiality. No taint of what is morbid or weakly sentimental can be found

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on any page of all his works. Of him preëminently, and of all true sons of harmony, it may be said that their life, their thoughts, their duty, their devotion, their communion, is in music, and they are strangers in an unideal world. To borrow a simile from Jean Paul, "his spirit was let down into this nether element, inclosed in this diving-bell of the flesh, like a fisher of pearls; and when he had gathered enough the bell was drawn up, and he is now in a sphere where all is harmony and never-ending praise."

We have been celebrating the two hundredth anniversary of the birthday of Bach, as well as of Handel. Handel may be regarded as already popular among English-speaking friends of music. But the jubilant occasion loses its significance at once, unless it shall become the starting-point of a new impulse, greatly needed, to a more constant, intimate acquaintance with the more practicable works of Bach. What without affectation might be called a Bach revival, a Bach culture, could but have an elevating, wholesome, steadying influence, in this day of multifarious and distracting novelties which lead the incipient taste for music helplessly astray. We cannot expect musicians to compose again in just the style and school of Bach and Handel. Nevertheless, to know them well, to hear them often, and to love them is to keep the most divine ideal of the art forever burning in Art's sacred temple. That will be our best protection from the superficiality, the dissipation, the vainglory, of new things which astonish and intoxicate far more than they edify and strengthen. Where we may end in music no one can foretell; but it does matter much where we begin. Rising generations of music-lovers have to beware of brilliant fashions of the day. In literature there have been times when callow students have begun their reading just when Byron, Bulwer, or some Zola even, chanced to be in the ascendant, before knowing Milton, Scott, or Hawthorne. How will it be in music with the youth whose first enthusiasm is for Wagner, ere he has ever worshiped at the shrine of Bach and Handel, Mozart, Beethoven, or Schubert? Love Bach first, and Wagner will not harm you, while he may teach you something. As a pertinent conclusion, therefore, summing up the moral of this lesson, we will cite the following passage from a letter written by Mendelssohn to the committee of the Lower Rhine Festival of 1838, accepting the conductorship: —

"The more successful the previous Cologne Festival was with regard to the arrangement of the pieces, especially in Handel's work with the organ, the more important it seems to me to have at least *one* piece in the programme by which this year's festival may be distinguished from others, and by means of which *progress* may, as far as possible, be manifested. For this purpose I consider it absolutely necessary to have the name of Sebastian Bach in the programme, if only for one short piece; for it is certainly high time that at these festivals, on which the name of Handel has shed such lustre, another immortal master, who is in no one point inferior to any master, and in many points superior to all, should no longer be forgotten. The same scruples which exist in opposition to this must also have existed in former years with regard to the works of Handel; and you are all grateful now to those who, disregarding these obstacles, revealed to you such treasures of sublimity and elevation."

"Progress!" Yes, that is the kind of progress in our musical enjoyment, culture, and appreciation which it most behooves us also to resume with a new energy to-day. Nothing else can place the future of our music on so sound and solid a foundation.

J. S. Dwight.

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PAN.

I 'LL seek him yet: in some warm nook
He lies asleep beside the brook,
Drugged by the spicy gales that pass;
His pipe beside him on the grass
Lies but half trimmed, — just as it fell
When Sleep cast o'er him her soft spell.
I 'll seek him yet: he does not hear
The bee that drones beside his ear,
Half buried in the nectared gloom
Of some sweet-burdened, purple bloom.
Above him droop the cooling leaves;
His shaggy bosom falls and heaves,
In his deep slumber's quietness;
He will not hear me, though I press,
Through woven bough and vine and flower,
Quite into his sleep-charmëd bower.
Ah me, how soundly he hath slept!
How well the mossy wood hath kept
Its secret old! The poppied gales,
Blown softly by, have told no tales
Of sleeping Pan, while far astray
His white flock goes this many a day.
I 'll seek him yet: somewhere he lies
Well screened from peering human eyes;
And though his hoof-marks, as I know,
From mortal sight passed long ago,
Still I will tread the sylvan aisles
And sunny meadows, miles and miles;
I 'll follow hard the dragon-fly,
As down the stream he circles by;
I 'll track the wild bee from its home
To that fair place whence it hath come,
Where, hoarding still their honeyed store,
Bloom such rare flowers as starred of yore
The shining slopes of Arcady.
So I will seek him yet; ah me!
Though human foot hath never trod
The leafy lair where lies the god,
Who knows but by some happy chance
I yet may rouse him from his trance!

James B. Kenyon.

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A MARSH ISLAND.

XV.

SUNDAY evening was apt to be given to social advantages at the Marsh Island. The farmhouse had been for many years a favorite gathering-place of the few neighbors, and in the old days the Owens' tall clock had served as a frequent and formal excuse for the appearance of various sociable acquaintances. A clock of such high rank must necessarily rule all timekeepers of lesser degree by the autocratic sway of its leisurely pendulum; and once in a while somebody would still ask, with noticeable humility, for the right time, or set the hands of a cumbrous silver watch, by way of tribute, in the clock-room.

The elder Owens, Israel and Martha, with Temperance Kipp, returned tired and dispirited from their day's devotions, but a comfortable early supper had refreshed them; and Doris had seemed so entirely like herself that when Dick Dale came strolling up from the garden with his cigar, and heard the sound of voices, he joined the cheerful company without a moment's reflection. A luxuriant growth of petunias, still unhurt by frost, had made the old garden deliciously fragrant, and in the dim light he could see the flowers' pale faces glimmering at his feet. He picked one which gained his special attention, and gave it to Doris as he entered the room. A heavy dew was falling outside, and the company, for almost the first time that autumn, had forsaken the broad side-door step altogether. When Dick had first come to the farm his presence had been a serious hindrance to the undisturbed flow of mild discussion and neighborhood news, but now, after a slight pause and cordial greeting, he was allowed to seat himself by one of the windows without note or comment. Old Mrs. Bennet, the last arrival, was still out of breath, and presently explained to the new-comer that she always used to walk the distance between her house and this in ten minutes, easy; but now she had to hurry along, in order to accurately compare the difference of the clocks.

Temperance Kipp regarded Mr. Dale with keen eyes. She had taken up the neglected championship of Dan Lester with more decision than before, since she had seen his disheartened face that morning in church. He looked thinner than usual, and altogether was very appealing to her tender heart. Even the news of his increase of fortune had not made him light-hearted, though his mother had exchanged a confiding and pleased glance with her old friend, as she sat in one of the side pews, not very far away.

Dale watched Temperance herself with uncommon pleasure that evening. He had always liked her face, which had a great deal of sympathy and wise understanding in it; for the first time he recognized a resemblance, which had always baffled and puzzled his memory, to Holbein's portrait of Sir Thomas More. He was a little amused and surprised at this; he would have liked Bradish to see her, as she sat in a high-backed rocking-chair. Bradish was very fond of the Holbein. "Ah, well, I must be getting back to town soon," the young man assured himself, and then moved his own chair a little, as if he wished to hear what was being said of the morning's sermon, but in reality to command a better view of Doris. He was not infrequently bored by the theological disputes of Israel Owen and his neighbor Churchill, who was a received authority on some questions, being a deacon of the first parish. This controversy was evi-

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dently almost over with. "Speakin' about the Lord knowin' them that are his," said Israel Owen, in an unsteady voice, "it makes a good text to enlarge upon for a minister; but when you come to put it right home, deacon, there 's precious few for him to know. Folks ain't so common that bears him any great likeness that he can make friends of. Plenty of us is growing towards him, and kind of stirring about some; but it 's a mercy, as I view it, that we 've got another life to continue the upward way. If we can only git started whilst we 're here, that 's about all we can do, most on us."

The deacon grumbled something, which might be an assent, and might not. His own preference was for more inflexible condemnations and harsher definitions of the condition of fallen man; but somehow he never could bring his arguments to bear when Owen took this tone. "I don't wonder, when I look about me, that folks ain't better," the old man concluded; "the 'stonishment to me is that they ain't wuss. When you take in what folks have inherited down from gineration to gineration, and how some are weak in body and some in mind, 't is a wonder a good many is so decent behaved as they be."

But the deacon did not like to think of the practical achievements of himself and his brethren, — the abstractions and distinctions of certain doctrines were a much better liked subject; and he was relieved when a tall figure appeared in the doorway, and Dan Lester looked in, with a touch of defiance on his face.

"Come in, come in, Dan!" said the farmer. "Where 've you kept yourself these weeks past? I did n't know but you was put out about something. Did n't overdo, haying, did ye? I 've hardly seen ye since. Doris, git Dan a seat. We 've got consider'ble of a meetin' here, but there 's chairs enough. Step out to the entry, Doris, or fetch one right in from the kitchen."

Doris had risen at the guest's approach, and they stood together in the room for one awkward minute, with the rest of the people watching them. It takes little time for such a neighborhood to scent out the smallest excitement, and the curiosity to know if there were anything between Doris and Dan of an unpleasant nature, or any prospect of a love affair between her and Dale, had led two or three of the guests to pay this evening visit.

Dick Dale had sometimes been vastly entertained by such a Sunday evening gathering. He liked the quaint talk and picturesque expression of the elder people, and had more than once wished that he were a writer, and could profit by the specimens of a fast-disappearing dialect. This night, however, there was a strange influence of excitement and expectancy. He was inclined to resent Dan Lester's coming to the farm in that self-sufficient way, after his late treatment of Doris. He knew well enough that she had been grieved by it. Dear Doris, what a shame it would be to let her waste herself among such unappreciative people! He should like to hear what some of his acquaintances would say if they saw her, — and this irate admirer proposed to himself to go out-of-doors again, yet lingered, because it might appear that he was unfriendly to his rival.

"They always came to our funerals," Mrs. Bennet was saying, in a reproachful, low voice to the other women, "but they kind of hung off about it, too, and did n't step right to the front and jine in at such a time, as the Maxwells did, and others. 'T ain't what I call being related to folks."

"They ain't folks; they 're nothin' but a pack o' images," proclaimed Temperance Kipp, in a tone that admitted no contradiction.

Dick laughed at this; the other listeners turned their heads to look at him half suspiciously, yet with great good humor. Presently, seeing that the full

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moon must be near its rising, he left his seat by the window, and went out. He did not notice the appealing glance of Mrs. Owen; in fact, there was no trace of any such feeling in Dale's heart as that of being driven off the field. He was simply doing his own pleasure, and leaving the good souls to theirs. A minute afterward there was a shout of laughter from the clock-room which made him wince. One naturally thinks one's self the injured subject of mirth at such a moment. Then, as he turned, he saw two figures come out of the doorway, Doris and Dan Lester, who had sat just inside, and who were also tempted to stroll out into the soft night air. As Dick looked and listened, the old farmer and his crony moved their chairs into the square side-entry, and the women passed to and fro in the clock-room, as if they were drawing nearer together for a season of gossip.

The great willows made huge masses of darkness against the starlit sky; the lights in the house cast a network of long shadows before their rays. Dick Dale leaned upon the garden fence, and watched the yellow harvest moon as it rose above the misty shrouding of the earth. The outline of the hill looked hard and more distant than the moon itself. He could hear a faint sound of the sea and an occasional laugh from the house. By and by Doris and Dan came back again. The grass had been wet the way they went, but indeed they seemed indifferent to their surroundings, and went walking to and fro, while the resentful spectator kept his chosen station. He thought that anybody might see him who looked that way, being as conscious of his own presence in the landscape as if it had been broad daylight.

Even Doris, who knew every outlook so well, did not see that any one stood this side of the withered sunflowers. She wondered once or twice which way Mr. Dale had gone; but since his lameness was cured he had often been out until late in the evening, and let himself into the house after every one else was asleep. He was a revelation to her in many ways, with his knowledge of books and his love for nature. She felt a sense of wider liberty with Mr. Dale than with any one else she knew, and believed in the possible treasures of experience and knowledge that lay far beyond the horizon that she was able to discover.

To-night Dan Lester was very gentle, almost pathetic, but strangely compelling. She did not stop to question his right to call her to account, neither did she answer him when he humbly condemned his own wrong-doing of the day before. As he came into the room, earlier, her heart gave a great bound of relief and affection. Now, as he spoke with eager impatience, as he stood close beside her, and she could just see his familiar features and mark his height against the dim western sky, she would have been thankful to find a way of escape. Yes, he loved her; there was no doubt about the truth of his faithful kindness to her, or his endless care and tenderness,— she knew that without his telling it so tempestuously. She wished he would cease his entreaties. She could not speak in reply; she felt dumb before her inevitable fate when Dan told her of her father's favor toward him, weeks ago, as they were on the south marsh together, one August morning.

The lover's story did not touch her, after all; it seemed quite outside her heart, and could not find a way in. Doris grew more and more weighed down with a sense of this grave business. She felt a strange impulse to throw herself into poor Dan's brotherly arms, and beg him to defend her, as if this distress had come from any one but himself. A vision of Dick Dale's boyish face, with the strange, sweet look it had worn for an instant that day, came to her mind, and gave her a fancied courage and protection. She turned away from Dan with

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a sigh and feeling of reprieve. "Don't think hard of me, Dan; there 's time enough," she faltered, and then hated herself for so heartless a wording. "I must go in. No, don't keep me, Dan. I do think everything of you. I always have" — and the girl's heart felt as if it would break with sorrow and despair. Strange to say, she did not think of Dick Dale any more, but of Dan himself instead. She wondered if he would speak again. Her heart softened, and though he had gone away a step or two she felt as if he were drawing her toward him through the darkness.

Then a thin figure appeared beside them, and hesitated, as if reluctant to intrude. "I guess you two had kind of dry scratchin', coming up the crick this mornin'," said Jim Fales, by way of pleasantry; "tide was pretty low when I see you. I set out to cross over and tell you to land on the pint where the big pitch-pine is; it ain't much further to walk, when the ma'sh is dry;" and he hurried on, being later than was his wont, and anxious to report to his employer.

Doris could not say a word. Dan Lester muttered something under his breath, and strode away. The girl looked after him, took a few steps as if she meant to follow him; then she stood still. "Oh, Dan, Dan!" she whispered, almost aloud. "He is so quick; what made me let him go!" But as love and pride fought together in her perplexed mind, the footsteps were gone out of hearing, down the long road, the long, long road, into the dreary darkness.

Later, the moon was round and bright in the sky; the cheerful sound of voices grew louder, and the guests were making ready to depart. "I guess the young folks is philanderin' off somewhere," said Mrs. Bennet, as she stood on the doorstep. Doris met her bravely, but she was not good at dissembling, and lingered in the shadow outside the door. Dan had gone home, she told the waiting audience; he had to be off early in the morning, as they knew. But Temperance grumbled that he might have said good-night, coming as seldom as he had lately. She looked narrowly at Doris's pale face, and resolved to have a talk with her before they slept. As for Doris's mother, she began to wonder if the girl had been foolish or hasty. Dan would be well off now; and after all, Doris would never like any place so well as the farm, — the love for it was born in her. Dan had treated Mrs. Owen very civilly as he came in, but he was resenting her smiling salutation of the morning more than ever at that moment, if she had only known it.

Later still, Dick Dale appeared. The night was growing very damp and chilly, he told his friends. He wondered what Lester had said and what Doris had said, but Doris was nowhere to be seen. The farmer was fastening the doors and windows. "We used to leave everything open in warm weather," he said, "but times have changed since the war. Good-night, my lad!" And so that day was ended.

XVI.

Next morning the farmhouse seemed quite unlike the scene of an excitement of any sort. The walls kept many a secret already, and the old homestead concerned itself only in providing a shelter and resting-place for its children. Mrs. Owen was singing one of yesterday's psalm-tunes in a high, energetic voice, and sometimes Temperance might be heard also, in a more subdued key, grumbling out some unattractive refrain of an air she did not know very well. Out-of-doors the apple-picking had begun. The farmer had always looked forward to Jim Fales's superior usefulness at this season. Jim was at this moment near the top of the high fall-sweeting tree, and, apparently impatient with his charge of hand-picking the fruit, shuffled

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it into his basket with all the haste possible. As he pushed his way, head and shoulders, through the topmost branches, his eyes beheld Mr. Dale at the spinning-room window near by, and the friends exchanged as cordial and ceremonious greetings as if they had not parted from each other at the breakfast table three quarters of an hour before.

"See here," said Jim confidentially, after having carefully surveyed the world beneath him, "was it you was talking to Doris, as I come in the yard last night?"

"No," said Richard Dale gravely. "No, it was not I," he repeated, gazing with much interest at his questioner's countenance, which suddenly looked like a clock-face that has lost its hands.

"I thought I 'd ask. I had some misgivin's before the words had left my mouth," the youth explained, and all at once drew back within the green boughs and was lost to sight. Presently, with much difficulty, he transferred the clumsy ladder to a tree still closer to the window, and climbed it with an empty basket, as if the path of duty led that way, and no other. Dick was inclined to resent this; the brilliant color of the fruit had delighted his eyes, and there was little of it left, at any rate. He felt a sudden pang as Jim rustled about among the leaves, and hated him as he selected a fair apple and began to devour it with evident satisfaction. "I think there ain't no such cripsy ones on the place as them," he announced. "Have one?" and he twisted another from the tree, and gave it a leisurely toss at the window, where Dick barely succeeded in catching it. The invasion of his favorite outlook made him impatient. He put the apple on the window-sill, and took up his book again, as if he did not mean to be interrupted. This harvesting hinted at the spoiling of his beloved surroundings. Somehow, there had been so slight and amiable a change in the landscape and the weather itself that Dick had not been led to think of an end of his pleasant arrangements and his sunshine holiday. He sighed, as if he were obliged to go back to a veritable treadmill, and presently looked out of the window again. The green old apple-tree, with its flecks of red fruit, had been a very lovely thing to look at against the blue and white September skies, and when he first discovered the spinning-room the apples were but half grown.

Jim had been on the alert to catch the least sign of renewed attention, and said softly, leaning toward his listener, "I had it right over about seeing you an' Doris out in the boat yisterday forenoon. Dan Lester must have been fit to swear. He can't abide that anybody should look at Doris but him. We roughed him fearful one day down on the ma'sh, when we was getting the salt-hay in."

"He 's a good fellow, is n't he?" asked Dale, as carelessly as possible.

"First-rate," replied Jim, with another survey of the immediate neighborhood. "Folks has wondered a good deal that him an' Doris is so slow about gettin' things settled; but land! folks must have something to work over in their minds. I don't expect she sets half so much by him as he does by her, any way," he added confidentially. Jim Fales admired the new resident of the Marsh Island with all his heart. Dale had been very friendly with the young fellow, and seemed, to one person at least, quite the hero; but now he felt that there was danger of disloyalty if this conversation were allowed to go on. His desire to hear all that Jim was more than ready to say was promptly quenched, as he gave a careless nod to the Romeo at his balcony, and retreated to the opposite side of the room. He had been told nothing yet that he was surprised to hear, but an undefined dread arose lest there should be some evident recognition of his own personal interest in the tale.

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Somehow, Dick was not inclined toward painting; his interest in that once-absorbing avocation had been dwindling, of late. No wonder; he had never done so many good bits in the same length of time before. The sketch of Doris did not seem so necessary and inevitable as it had once, for Doris herself claimed the better part of his thoughts. Doris as she had looked at him yesterday under the great beech-tree was never to be forgotten, and a strange thrill went over him at the remembrance. She was very sweet and silent and busy that morning, and the temptation came to him to win this little kingdom of the world and the glory of it. He must take Doris away from her own world, — that would be the trouble; he certainly was possessed of no gifts or qualifications for tilling the soil. He smiled as he whispered to himself,

> "His highest plot
> To plant the bergamot,"

and wondered if, with all his experience and a half weariness and impatience of the fashionable world, he should make the worst sort of country gentleman. His imagination flew quickly about the old farm. Delightful as it was, it might be made infinitely more attractive. Dick almost loved Doris's father, but he was not so pleased with the thought of her mother, though this was followed with a quick self-reproach. He could not disguise the fact that there was a tinge of unreality over all these uncharacteristic visions of himself. He must go away soon, and leave Doris to her true lover. She had looked very troubled once or twice that day. After all, he did not believe in making himself miserable; but at that moment the thought of Dan Lester's triumph made Dick amazingly angry. Why should such a beautiful creature as Doris be degraded into an ordinary country housekeeper, and lose the better sort of love and favor and true knowledge of life? It must not be; the young man's heart beat fast with a new inspiration. If Doris loved him and he loved her, they would face the future together, and his face grew pale as he stood still in the little studio, looking straight forward, but seeing nothing for a moment; then the radiant bubble had burst, and all that was left was the same vexation of spirit and uncertainty as before.

"James," old Mr. Owen was saying under the window, "I thought you had better pick those fall-sweetings first."

"They was covered with dew, sir," responded the defendant. "There ain't but a few of these, and then I 'm going back to finish. The sun strikes here earlier," and Jim began a self-satisfied whistling, as he let a slender, unburdened branch rustle back into place.

Dick spent a miserable, wandering day. He felt unpardonably thrown off his track, and as if he must not allow such weakness and foolishness. He might have made a fool of himself on a good many occasions, but, thank Heaven, he had always behaved like a man, and not, as now, like a silly woman. It was difficult even to announce his determination to go back to town that week, and this distressed knight strayed about the familiar places of the farm as if he were bidding them farewell. It was an afternoon to be laughed at heartily some day, — he knew himself well enough to be sure of that; but a sigh followed this reflection, which was more than likely to be repeated.

XVII.

Later in the day Dick came through the clock-room, and stopped a moment to look for a book. There was a noise of strange voices outside, and just as he reached the outer door some one knocked hurriedly, — a fumbling, unaccustomed sort of knock. It must be confessed that he recognized with something like

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a shock the familiar figure on the broad doorstep.

"For pity's sake, Richard, how came you here?" exclaimed this unexpected guest, forgetting for the moment her evidently exciting errand, as she gazed at her nephew in complete astonishment. "I believe I never was so thankful to see you," she went on, without waiting for any explanation. "We have lost our way, though I was sure that I knew the right turn. You see this is a new coachman" (tone nearly inaudible, but more spirited). "Johnson became so unreliable that I had to dismiss him, after fourteen years' service. I believe we have broken the bolts of the victoria" (louder), "and I was really in despair; I have already walked quite a long distance. Do find somebody to look at the carriage and see if it will be safe to drive home; we have promised to dine with the Chaunceys this evening. You surely remember Mrs. Farley? Allow me to present my nephew, Mr. Dale. I have n't the slightest idea how he happens to be here, but I really never was so glad to see him in my life."

The very buttons of the new coachman's new coat were surprising to Mr. Richard Dale, but for such emergencies as this he was more than equal. He bowed smilingly to Mrs. Farley, and helped her to alight, and then inspected the damaged vehicle under the guidance of Johnson's successor. "That 's a very simple affair," this useful nephew said, with charming reassurance. "Mr. Owen is sure to be able to put it right in a few minutes. You must go into the house and rest yourselves, and I will take the carriage up the yard."

"He seems entirely at home," meditated Mrs. Winchester, as she gave a sigh of relief and turned toward her friend. Mrs. Farley had become somewhat impatient with the needless excitement and fears of her companion, who had been behaving as if they were wrecked among cannibals. She had known real disasters herself, but Mrs. Winchester was so used to a luxurious routine of life that she was quite helpless in anything that approached the nature of an accident. She was accustomed to the opportune appearance of her gentlemen friends, and it was only a repetition of the usual state of affairs that Dick should open the farmhouse door for her when she was overwhelmed with anxiety at finding herself belated on a strange road, a dozen miles from home.

"I could have made the carriage all right, sir," said the new servant, as soon as they were out of the ladies' hearing. He evidently thought it best to forestall reproach for his want of resource. "Mrs. Winchester kept telling me the roads, though I knew we were all the time getting too far from home, please, sir. And she screeched with fright when I was getting down from the box. I had a bit of stout cord, too. I am with her only a month, sir, or I 'd know every road within reach."

Dick nodded indulgently, and the new retainer held himself in his most upright and stiffly effective position as they approached hospitable Mr. Owen, who was quite unconscious of the town-like splendor of this appearance, and wondering Jim Fales, who was nearly overcome with awe and delight.

As for Mrs. Owen, she had promptly come forward to welcome the strangers, after first having watched them through the kitchen blinds, with a temporary loss of self-confidence. The ladies were much pleased with the simple hospitality and friendliness of her greeting, and presently were invited to leave the sitting-room, where they had established themselves, and accompany their hostess to the best parlor. They had been delighted with the clock-room; but the parlor, which had been refurnished by good Mrs. Owen according to her own mistaken lights, had always been shunned

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by Dick with ill-concealed abhorrence, and was now more than ever damp and close, and pervaded with the odor of its woolen carpet and haircloth upholstery. The blinds were opened, and the fading light of day entered somewhat doubtfully. Mrs. Winchester grew more and more puzzled. What could Dick mean by being here, evidently quite familiar with the household, and never letting her know of his whereabouts?

There was a light step in the hall outside; somebody pushed back a chair which had been moved out of its place; then a young woman stood, surprised, at the best room door.

Mrs. Farley, who was ready at conversation, and a most sympathetic soul, had been describing their wanderings and distress to her new acquaintance. Now she noticed a new look of interest in her auditor's pleasant face, and Mrs. Owen, without waiting for a pause in the narrative, said, with motherly pride, "Come in, Doris, do. This is Mr. Dale's aunt, and — I didn't catch the other lady's name? They met with an accident, and lost their way beside. Yes, I'm sure it was confusing," she added encouragingly to Mrs. Farley, who showed no desire to continue, and just then met Mrs. Winchester's confidential and most meaning glance and gesture with an amused smile.

Doris hesitated on the threshold; she was never awkward, but who would not have quailed now? She had not heard the visitors enter, but the next instant she had taken her place beside them, and was even busy with thought for their comfort. The room displeased her strangely; these guests dismayed her. "Would n't you like to go up to the room Mr. Dale has used for his studio?" she asked, with sudden self-reliance. "I am sure he will want to show you his pictures."

The ladies rose with alacrity; and presently Dick turned from a consultation with Mr. Owen and the coachman to see them coming up the yard. "That was very clever of Doris," he said to himself gratefully, and nodded to them as they disappeared. Mrs. Owen was of the party, and almost directly the delinquent nephew's ears caught the sound of delighted exclamations. Then he saw Doris come down the steep outer stairway of the spinning-room, looking preoccupied, and go quickly by, stopping to confer with Temperance, whose head emerged from one of the kitchen windows.

In a few minutes he saw the fair daughter of the house returning with a white-covered tray of fruit and cakes. These dear, good people! this lovely Doris! He was, after all, glad when his part of the work was done, and he could join the pleased and pacified company.

"This is very kind of you, to make my shipwrecked friends so comfortable, Mrs. Owen," he said. Dick's aunt thought he had never been so handsome. Doris looked at him, and felt as if he were again a stranger. She had needed only this hint and visible evidence of his previous life and associations to disengage herself, as it were, from a sense of entire familiarity.

"You will have the moon to light you home, if you wait," Dick was saying. "I do not think that you need hurry away. I have told the coachman a much shorter road back. He seems an excellent fellow. I wonder that you risked your life so long with Johnson."

"You should have followed the short road yourself long ago, Dick," said Mrs. Winchester. "But I will not scold you, after seeing these sketches. You never began to do anything so charming. I dare say that I am quite faithless about the new man," she went on, "but since I have found you I mean to lay claim to you. We cannot possibly get home before evening: the horses are very slow; you know that you always make fun of them. Dick, you really must go

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back with us, and I will send you over as early as you like in the morning."

There was no mistaking the sincerity and insistence of Mrs. Winchester's plea, and her nephew consented, though without enthusiasm. Perhaps it was just as well, after all, and a little later he found himself spinning along the east road on the box of the victoria. The maligned horses were much excited at their unusual delay, and more than anxious for their supper. Mrs. Winchester's thoughts were busy now with hopes of reaching home in time for her evening engagement, all other perplexities having been dispersed.

"Do you think they would let me have butter, another year?" she asked once, with sudden eagerness; but Dick was sure that he did not know, and she concluded, from his evident lack of interest, that the butter might not be entirely to his taste. "I dare say they would not care to bring it so far," Mrs. Winchester announced magnanimously. In spite of the sketches, she could not help thinking that the young girl's undeniable good looks had something to do with Dick's going into retreat in such a determined fashion.

The western sky was clear and shining after the sunset, and there was already a glow of coming moonlight in the east as the belated victoria trundled homeward. The lamps were lit in one wayside farmhouse after another, the shadows were gathering faster and faster in the fields, and some tracts of woodland were dark as night and cold as late October when they drove under the overarching boughs. The two ladies were very warm and comfortable in their wraps; they leaned back against their cushions, and talked together in low voices about the house and the people they had just left. They were pleased with their adventure, now that all danger was past, and it seemed a great joke that Dick should have been discovered and drawn from his hiding-place. Mrs. Farley kindly took the young man's part, and spoke of his work with admiration, but his aunt amused herself with little jokes at his expense; therefore Dick himself was conscious of a great liking for Mrs. Farley, who was an old friend of his mother's, and had lived in China for many years. Dick assured himself, with sudden satisfaction, that it would not be such a bad thing to go to the East Indies. Bradish and he had often talked about it. Nothing could give Bradish a better chance; it was exactly in his line.

Mrs. Winchester, after a long pause, repeated an accusation about Dick's love for peaches. He had stolen some once which had been procured at vast expense for a dinner party, and he was an altogether unamiable nephew as he turned half-way round to wave a deprecatory hand at his accuser. Aunt Susan was a kind-hearted creature, and was considered very clever by her friends. Dick was obliged to confess that he had heard her talk charmingly to other people; but somehow she usually treated him like a schoolboy, and they were not apt to enjoy each other. Why need she hunt up all those silly old stories of his infancy every time they found themselves together? He wrapped the thin lap-rug about his knees, and settled himself into his place, as if he did not wish to be spoken to again. It was strange how entirely out of sympathy he was with this change of scene.

The victoria was driven into its own avenue, after a while. The lights were bright in the great house, and the alarmed maids came hurrying out to hear what had happened. Dick was recognized with surprise, and as the coachman turned the horses away from the door one or two comrades appeared from behind the hedge, and walked beside him, asking eager questions.

"We lost our way, — that was all," said the mistress, in an amiable, clear

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voice, to the little audience. "Luckily we found Mr. Dale, who has been sketching, and he brought us home. We must have some tea up-stairs directly, and Mr. Dale will have supper presently in the dining-room. Dear me, how late we shall be!" and Mrs. Winchester and her guest quickly ascended the long staircase. It seemed a pity that their allegiance to society did not permit any comfort or rest at that moment. A great fire was leaping and crackling in the wide hall fireplace, and the chairs near by looked most inviting. Dick chose the largest, and pulled it close to the hearth; he heard a scurrying to and fro up-stairs, the doors were opened and shut many times, and his aunt once recalled a loitering maid impatiently to add further directions about his own supper. She had been annoyed because he had disobeyed her command to bring his evening clothes, and had reprimanded him sharply as they were driving homeward. "I am not in any mood for squiring to-night," he told himself, and smiled to think what joy they would have presently in relating their adventure to their friends.

The ladies came rustling down; the cocoons of the victoria were transformed into moth-like creatures of sober splendors and soft raiment. Here and there they glittered and shone, and Dick examined them with sudden interest. There was a thinness and poverty about the dress of those women at the farm, compared with this richness and stateliness. Doris Owen would be beautiful in such quiet tints; the simplicity of true elegance would suit her exactly.

"I am admiring you both immensely," the young man said. "I have been quite unused to such magnificence, you know."

"How charming it was at the farm!" and Mrs. Farley smiled at him in a most sympathetic fashion. "I shall so often remember the spinning-room and the clock-room, and all the rest of it. What a pretty idea to make that your studio! But you ought to have kept the spinning-wheels, and asked the rustic maidens to come and whir them while you painted."

"I am certain that the peaches won the day," interrupted Mrs. Winchester, with conscious unconsciousness and a good deal of emphasis. "It was all very picturesque, but I can't imagine your being contented there for a month or more, unless you happened to see your favorite fruit in a green state, and determined to wait and enjoy it. But I am heartily pleased about the sketches. I can see every one now! I can't forgive myself for leaving that delightful bit where the two little white sails are following each other through the green marsh. I dare say you will throw it away upon one of your cronies, when you go back to town."

"It shall be yours from this moment," Dick responded gallantly, while they made little bows at each other. The aunt was very fond of him; and indeed he returned her unselfish affection, after his own fashion.

The ladies deplored the impossibility of staying at home, and waited impatiently for things they had forgotten; finally they went out into the moonlight. "I should never think of going at this late hour," said the hostess, "but they will be so anxious to know what has become of us. I have a feeling that we shall make ourselves very interesting, my dear. They would be disappointed not to see you!"

Mrs. Farley gave her shoulders a little shrug. She did not think these neighbors very amusing, and she was curious to know more about Mr. Dick Dale. She wished that she had ventured to act her own pleasure, and send a regret to her entertainers.

As for Dick, his ears had caught the sound of the sea, as he stood in the doorway watching the ladies drive away.

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He lighted a cigar, and went across the grounds to a small summer-house, that looked ghostly and felt damp; and here he sat at the edge of the high cliff, and saw the familiar country, sea and shore. The moon was high in the sky; could it be possible that he saw it only last night as it rose above the marshes? That seemed like a year ago. The small fire of the cigar went out, and the world instantly grew large and exceedingly cold; then Dick gave a great shiver, and went back to the house. The servant who met him looked displeased; they had been looking for him everywhere, and his supper was waiting. He had seldom enjoyed a supper more than he did this, but once or twice he looked up, and was obliged to recognize the fact that he had expected to see Doris opposite him, as usual. In the morning he would ask his aunt's advice upon the subject of a proper gift for Mrs. Owen. But that night he made a selection of new books, and marched up to his own room in excellent season. He well knew his aunt's love for a bit of midnight gossip, and he was not sure of his answers for some simple questions which she would be sure to ask. He wondered what was going on at the farmhouse; his thoughts kept flying in that direction, and this once familiar life became a little strange and constraining.

As he might have known, the Owens were taking great pleasure in talking over the surprising events of the afternoon. Doris alone had not much to say. Temperance was considerably displeased because one of the guests had offered her money, just as they were ready to begin their homeward drive. She had refused it indignantly, with the information that she had done nothing to earn it, and a wise suspicion of such unnecessary patronage.

"I suppose that was her way of showing gratitude," said Doris, with a sigh. "I dare say such people find enough who are ready to take pay for everything. They were very pleasant, I 'm sure."

The farmer looked at his daughter, as he sat reading close by the lamp. This was the day for the Semi-Weekly Tribune, and he was deeply interested in a political argument, but he did not go on with it directly. Doris was very pale to-night. Something had evidently gone wrong with her, and he accused himself of being neglectful and thoughtless. They had not been so much together as usual this fall. Doris was grown into a woman now. The truth flashed upon him that she was no longer the childish creature he had loved and fondly wished to keep beside him. Dan Lester had behaved strangely, but he was a high-strung fellow, and might have had some foolish notions about young Dale. He would stop and have a word with Dan to-morrow, when he must go through Sussex. Perhaps he would take Doris herself along, and this thought gave Israel Owen great pleasure. Dan was the best fellow in the world, and seemed like a son already. There was no need for his tinkering away at a trade, if he and the little girl made it up. Dan had uncommon good sense about farming, and he should have his way, — he should have his way. A sudden remembrance of the little flag came to the farmer's mind. The colors of it were faded now: May was long ago. The family never had gathered round the evening light, in all these years, that the father had not sadly, and as if for the first time, missed his son. To-night they had established themselves in the wide kitchen, after supper was over. The clock-room was a trifle damp, and for some reason or other a little cheerless.

Mrs. Owen was still revolving the news of Dan Lester's good fortune in her mind, and viewing it in all aspects. She had been longing to ask Temperance certain questions, and she wondered if Dan himself had said anything to Doris the evening before; but she was not yet

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ready to throw her long-cherished opposition and objection to the four winds. As if she were afraid of being even suspected of these thoughts, she hastened to talk about the afternoon's guests again. "I 'm real glad it was so that they saw the parlor," she said once, in a gratified tone.

XVIII.

Mr. Dale was just reflecting that he should soon be very sleepy indeed, and that he had not been awake so late for several weeks, when a sound was heard outside his door, followed by a light knocking.

"Come in!" he said reluctantly, and then almost laughed aloud at the innocence and good-nature of his aunt's expression. "I might have known she would not let me off so easily," he said to himself, and rose from his comfortable arm-chair without a word, as Mrs. Winchester entered, though he looked as if he were ready to be informed of so unseasonable an errand.

"I knew that you could n't be asleep," declared Mrs. Winchester, resuming her beaming expression, which had been abandoned temporarily at the sight of the flaring candles. Dick really was as much care as when he was ten years old and her orphan ward. "I thought you must be reading when I saw the bright light, as I came up the avenue. The Chaunceys were really quite hurt because you did n't make your appearance. Dinner was later than usual, — at any rate, only the soup had been served; and Will Chauncey was detained in town, so that there was an empty seat for you next Kate Dent. She is here for a week, it seems. I always thought her extremely handsome and attractive. You have n't seen her since she returned from abroad, have you?"

"I believe not," answered Dick patiently.

"I see that you have the Village on the Cliff. Was there ever anything so charming and full of color!" pursued the little lady, after a short pause. She was comfortably settled in a low chair, and was taking a careful survey of her nephew. Really, his clothes were much the worse for wear; he looked not unlike a farmer, himself. "I have been telling everybody what a lovely face that old Mr. Owen has," she continued enthusiastically. "I wish you were fond of figure-sketching. I should like a portrait of him immensely; just a suggestion of all but his eyes, you know, — in charcoal, perhaps."

"All but his eyes," repeated Dick cynically. "I think" —

"Oh, you know what I mean," she laughed. "Don't be superior, Dick, if you have such a misfortune as a stupid old aunt. I meant, of course, that his eyes are so fine I cared most for that part of his likeness. He has such a pathetic expression at times. A most sincere, kindly old man. He seems very fond of you. What did he mean by telling me that you bore a welcome resemblance?"

"He thought, when I first went there, that I was like his only son, who was killed in the war," answered Dick, in a more sympathetic tone than he had used before. "I supposed he had forgotten about that."

"And the old handmaiden, too. Charity did they call her? No, Temperance! She has an interesting, blighted sort of face. She was very indignant because I offered her some money. I suppose it was rude of me, but one gets so used to that way of expressing gratitude in this mercenary world."

"You must wait until you die to pay your debts to your friends gracefully," announced the host of the occasion, beginning to pace up and down the room. It was a familiar sign of his impatience, but Mrs. Winchester did not mean to be dismissed so soon.

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"I never thought of that," she said, apparently much pleased. "Yes, we can give money to whom we like, — it is the way we do the thing;" whereupon Dick came and stood before his aunt, and regarded her benignantly.

"Do scold me," he said. "I know you are tired to death, aunt Susy, but you must do your duty by me before you sleep. I must be off early to-morrow. I have set my heart upon making a few sketches over at Sussex."

"I have always wished that somebody would do that very thing. To me it is the most charmingly picturesque little place. But, Richard, you must surely give me a few days before I go back to town; you used to like to stay with me. And this year, of all others, while Nelly and the children are away, and I have missed them so much, I do think you should not have forgotten me."

"You always have such a houseful of people," grumbled Dick. "Yes, I suppose I can come for next week; or you may put me down for all next summer, if you like that better. Don't be foolish, aunt Susan. You always have laughed at me, but you never must let me make you sorry," and he laid his finger gently on her little lace cap and soft gray hair, and then turned away quickly, and walked over to the window. "What bright moonlight!" he said. "Do go to bed, aunt. Be friendly, and take yourself off now. You have no idea how early I had my breakfast."

"Dick," said the little woman, raising herself to her full height and coming to stand before him, — "Dick, my dear, I begin to think you had better let me have your traps brought here to-morrow or next day. I don't quite like your staying there any more. They're good people and ever so fond of you; but for their sakes, and that nice girl's sake especially, I hate to have you run into any sort of danger. I think it has been a great thing for you in many ways, and a charming experience on the whole; but believe me, you had better come away. I really should be hurt if you did n't come to me, now that I have told the Chaunceys that you have been hiding yourself so near me for weeks and weeks. If you were a girl yourself, I should feel differently; but with your good looks and your fortune, and your way of making everybody like you, I think it is all a great risk."

Dick tried to laugh at this determined charge, but at that moment he felt as a girl might truly feel, not like a man. "I am all right, thank you, dear old lady," he said. "Doris has a lover already, if that is what you mean. Perhaps you think that Temperance is setting her nets."

"Good old soul!" responded Mrs. Winchester, with some spirit. "I won't have you make such low jokes, Dick."

"I like her, myself," answered the young man, angrily. "I like every one of them at the island. If I ever amount to anything, I shall thank those sincere, simple people for setting me the example of following my duty and working hard and steadily. I wish sometimes that I had n't two cents in the world. I never was so happy in my life as I have been there; nobody ever asked whether I was rich or poor. You have to be put into an honest place like that to know anything of yourself. You can't think how tired and sick I am of the kind of life I have somehow drifted into."

"I have always felt that you were capable of better things," agreed aunt Susan, much moved by the gloomy eagerness of her nephew. "But now that you have had your lesson you must profit by it; you would waste yourself even more if you stayed long on that farm. Think of your opportunities! I dare say you have found time for thought, and I congratulate you; but what are you going to do with your new energy? Dick, dear, I have been a sort of mother to

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you. I have loved you, and tried to make up for the loss of your own mother. Now don't be foolish and sentimental, and fall in love with that pretty girl. You 're spasmodic; you 're led by your enthusiasms. I think she is really charming to look at, but she is not a fit wife for you."

"Aunt Susan," and the listener to these exhortations faced about suddenly from the window, "Doris Owen is the most beautiful woman I ever knew. She 's capable of anything. She is not inferior. She may lack certain experiences, but she is equal to meeting them. She is a fit wife for any man."

"Oh dear, dear!" groaned aunt Susan at this incomprehensible nephew, "is it as bad as that?"

"Bad as what?" said Dick, ready to fight for his rights. "Come, this is too late a council; we never should have fallen to discussing such things by daylight."

"You must tell me all about it. How far have you really gone?" persisted the troubled woman.

"Gone?" exclaimed Dick Dale. "I have done nothing at all. If you mean to ask whether I have asked Doris Owen to be my wife, I certainly have not. And nobody but you should drive me to the wall in this fashion, and question me as if I were a schoolboy."

Mrs. Winchester asks to be forgiven. She trusts Dick, and tells him so. She has never been ashamed of him yet. All these things she says in a matter-of-fact tone, and then bids him good-night, and goes away. Dick does not kiss her, after his old fashion, though she wishes he would, as she lets go his strong hand and looks at him an instant before she flits away from the door, stepping softly along the hall in her light little shoes. A moment after it is too late, Dick is sorry he did not give her the kiss, and then he considers the propriety of his last statement. He liked, after all, to be treated in exactly this way; it was the only bit of home life that seemed to be always his own. He was invariably called to account by his aunt Susan, and as a general thing took his catechising meekly, as became the nephew whom a kind fate had put under Mrs. Winchester's charge through his early years. The time of boyish marauding, of shirking lessons and abusing clothes and tormenting servants, was happily over with, but his misdemeanors were only transferred to more dangerous quarters. Poor Dick! he felt very young and very willful now; it was only city life and association that made him look upon himself as the Methuselah of society.

The sea was dashing against the low cliffs, not far away. He listened to the sound of it until he fell asleep. The waves were calling and waiting, and calling again, louder than before. The great sea was farther away from the Marsh Island, and there the cry of it seemed more distant and dull; here there was an insistence, a mercilessness, in its voice. The limitless deep was like a personification of his own future. There was a great pain in such a consciousness of great possibilities and miserable achievements. Was Mrs. Winchester wrong or right? Her horizons might indeed be contracted, but her directions were as true as the compass.

Sarah Orne Jewett.

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GEORGE ELIOT'S LIFE.

THE writer of these pages has observed that the first question usually asked in relation to Mr. Cross's long-expected biography is whether the reader has not been disappointed in it. The inquirer is apt to be disappointed if the question is answered in the negative. It may as well be said, therefore, at the threshold of the following remarks, that such is not the feeling with which this particular reader laid down the book. The general feeling touching the work will depend very much on what has been looked for: there was probably, in advance, a considerable belief that we were to be treated to "revelations." I know not, exactly, why it should have been, but certain it is that the announcement of a biography of George Eliot has been construed more or less as a promise that we were to be admitted behind the scenes, as it were, of her life. No such result has taken place. We look at the drama from the point of view usually allotted to the public, and the curtain is lowered whenever it suits the biographer. The most "intimate" pages in the book are those in which the great novelist notes her derangements of health and depression of spirits. This history, to my sense, is quite as interesting as it might have been; that is, it is of the deepest interest, and can miss nothing that is characteristic or involved in the subject, except, perhaps, a few more examples of the *vis comica* which made half the fortune of Adam Bede and Silas Marner. There is little that is absent that it would have been in Mr. Cross's power to give us. George Eliot's letters and journals are only a partial expression of her spirit, but they are evidently as full an expression as it was capable of giving itself when she was not wound up to the epic pitch. They do not explain her novels; they reflect in a singularly limited degree the process of growth of these great works; but it must be added that even a superficial acquaintance with the author was sufficient to assure one that her rich and complicated mind did not overflow in idle confidences. It was benignant and receptive in the highest degree, and nothing could have been more gracious than the manner of its intercourse; but it was deeply reserved, and very far from egotistical, and nothing could have been less easy or agreeable to it, I surmise, than to attempt to tell people how, for instance, the plot of Romola got itself constructed, or the character of Grandcourt got itself observed. There are critics who refuse to the delineator of this gentleman the title of a genius; who say that she had only a great talent, overloaded with a great store of knowledge. The label, the epithet, matters little, but it is certain that George Eliot had this characteristic of the mind *possessed;* that the creations which brought her renown were of the incalculable kind, shaped themselves in mystery, in some intellectual back shop or secret crucible, and were as little as possible implied in the aspect of her life. There is nothing more singular or striking in Mr. Cross's volumes than the absence of any indication, up to the time the Scenes from Clerical Life were published, that Miss Evans was a likely person to have written them; unless it be the absence of any indication, after they were published, that the deeply-studious, concentrated, home-keeping Mrs. Lewes was a likely person to have produced their successes. I know very well that there is no such thing, in general, as the air of the novelist, which it behooves those who practice this art to put on, so that they may be recognized in public places; but there is such a thing as the air of the

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sage, the scholar, the philosopher, the votary of abstractions and of the lore of the ages, and in this pale but rich Life that is the face that is presented.

The plan on which it is composed is, so far as I know, without precedent, but it is a plan that could have occurred only to an "outsider" in literature, if I may venture to apply this term to one who has executed a literary task with such tact and success. The regular *littérateur*, hampered by tradition, would, I think, have lacked the boldness, the artless artfulness, of conjoining in the same text selected morsels of letters and journals, so as to form a continuous and multifarious *talk*, on the writer's part, punctuated only by marginal names and dates and divisions into chapters. There is something a little violent in the system, in spite of our feeling that it has been applied with a gentle hand; but it was probably the best that Mr. Cross could have adopted, and it served especially well his purpose of appearing only as an arranger, or rather of not appearing at all. The modesty, the good taste, the self-effacement, of the editorial element in the book are, in a word, complete, and the clearness and care of arrangement, the accuracy of reference, leave nothing to be desired. The form Mr. Cross has chosen, or invented, becomes, in the application, highly agreeable, and his rule of omission (for we have, almost always, only parts and passages of letters) has not prevented his volumes from being as copious as we could wish. George Eliot was not a great letter-writer, either in quantity or quality; she had neither the spirit, the leisure, nor the lightness of mind to conjure with the epistolary pen, and after her union with George Henry Lewes her disposition to play with it was farther restricted by his quick activity in her service. Letter-writing was part of the trouble he saved her; in this, as in other ways, he interposed between the world and his sensitive companion. The difference is striking between her habits in this respect and those of Madame George Sand, whose correspondence has lately been collected into six closely printed volumes, which testify afresh to her extraordinary energy and facility. Madame Sand, however, indefatigable producer as she was, was not a woman of study; she lived from day to day, from hand to mouth (intellectually), as it were, and had no general plan of life and culture. Her English compeer took work more seriously, and distilled her very substance into the things she gave the world. There was, therefore, so much the less of it left for her casual writing.

It was not till Marian Evans was past thirty, indeed, that she became an author by profession, and it may accordingly be supposed that her early letters are those which take us most into her confidence. This is true of those written when she was on the threshold of womanhood, which form a very full expression of her feelings at the time. The drawback here is that the feelings themselves are rather wanting in interest — one may almost say in amiability. At the age of twenty Marian Evans was a deeply religious young woman, whose faith took the form of a narrow evangelicism. Religious, in a manner, she remained to the end of her life, in spite of her adoption of a scientific explanation of things; but in the year 1839 she thought it ungodly to go to concerts and to read novels. She writes to her former governess that she can "only sigh" when she hears of the "marrying and giving in marriage that is constantly transacted;" expresses enjoyment of Hannah More's letters ("the contemplation of so blessed a character as hers is very salutary"); wishes that she "might be more useful in her own obscure and lowly station" ("I feel myself to be a mere cumberer of the ground"), that she "might seek to be sanctified wholly." These first

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fragments of her correspondence, first glimpses of her mind, are very curious; they have nothing in common with the later ones but the deep seriousness of the tone. Serious, of course, George Eliot continued to be to the end; the sense of moral responsibility, of the sadness and difficulty of life, was the most inveterate part of her nature. But the provincial strain in the letters from which I have quoted is very marked: they reflect a meagreness and grayness of outward circumstance; have a tinge as of Dissent in a small English town, where there are brick chapels in back streets. This was only a moment in her development; but there is something touching in the contrast between such a state of mind and that of the woman before whom, at middle age, all the culture of the world unrolled itself, and towards whom fame and fortune and an activity which at the earlier period she would have thought very profane pressed with rapidity. In 1839, as I have said, she thought very meanly of the art in which she was to attain such distinction. "I venture to believe that the same causes which exist in my own breast to render novels and romances pernicious have their counterpart in every fellow creature. . . . The weapons of Christian warfare were never sharpened at the forge of romance." The style of these pietistic utterances is singularly strenuous and heavy; the light and familiar are absent from them, and I think it is not too much to say that they show scarcely a single premonitory ray of the genius which had Silas Marner in reserve. This dryness was only a phase, indeed; it was speedily dispelled by more abundant showers of mental experience. Premonitory rays are still absent, however, after her first asceticism passes away — a change apparently coincident with her removal from the country to the pleasant old town of Coventry, where all American pilgrims to midland shrines go to-day to look at the "three tall spires" commemorated in Tennyson's Godiva. After the evangelical note began to fade, it was still the desire for faith (a faith which could reconcile human affection with some of the unamiable truths of science), still the religious idea, that colored her thought; not the love of human life as a spectacle, nor the desire to do something in art. It must be remembered, though, that during these years, if she were not stimulating prophecy in any definite form, she was inhaling those impressions which were to make her first books so full of the delightful midland quality, the air of old-fashioned provincialism. The first piece of literary work she attempted (and she brought it to the best conclusion) was a translation of Strauss's Life of Jesus, which she began in 1844, when she was not yet twenty-five years of age; a task which indicates not only the persistence of her religious preoccupations, as well as the higher form they took, but the fact that, with the limited facilities afforded by her life at that time, she had mastered one of the most difficult of foreign languages and the vocabulary of a German exegetist. In 1841 she thought it wrong to encourage novels, but in 1847 she confesses to reading George Sand with great delight. There is no exhibition in Mr. Cross's pages of the steps by which she passed over to a position of tolerant skepticism: but the details of the process are after all of minor importance; the essential fact is that the change was predetermined by the nature of her mind.

The great event of her life was, of course, her acquaintance with George Henry Lewes. I say "of course," because this relation had an importance even more controlling than the publication and success of her first attempt at fiction, inasmuch as it was in consequence of Mr. Lewes's friendly urgency that she wrote the Scenes of Clerical Life. She met him for the first time in London, in the autumn of 1851; but it

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was not till the summer of 1854 that the connection with him began (it was marked to the world by their going to spend together several months in Germany, where he was bent on researches for his Life of Goethe) which was to become so much closer than many formal marriages, and to last till his death in 1878. The episode of Miss Evans's life in London during these three years was already tolerably well known. She had become by this time a professional literary woman, and had regular work as assistant editor of the Westminster Review, to which she gave her most conscientious attention. Her accomplishments now were wide. She was a linguist, a copious reader, an earnest student of history and philosophy. She wrote much for the Westminster, as well as solicited articles from others, and several of her contributions are contained in the volume of essays published after her death, — essays of which it is fair to say that they give but a faint intimation of her latent powers. George Henry Lewes was a versatile, hard-working journalist, with a tendency, apparently, of the drifting sort; and after having been made acquainted with each other by Mr. Herbert Spencer the pair commingled their sympathies and their work. Her letters, at this season, contain constant mention of Lewes (one allusion to the effect that he "has quite won my regard, after having had a good deal of my vituperation"); she takes an interest in his health, and corrects his proofs for him when he is absent. It was impossible for Mr. Lewes to marry, as he had a wife living, from whom he was separated. He had also three children, of whom the care did not devolve upon their mother. The union Miss Evans formed with him was a deliberate step, of which she accepted all the consequences. These consequences were excellent, so far as the world is at liberty to judge, save in an important particular. This particular is the fact that her false position, as we may call it, produced upon George Eliot's life a certain effect of sequestration, which was not favorable to social freedom, and which excited on the part of her companion a certain protecting, sheltering, fostering, precautionary attitude, — the assumption that they lived in special, in abnormal conditions. It would be too much to say that George Eliot had not the courage of the situation she had embraced, but she had, at least, not the indifference; she was unable, in the premises, to be sufficiently superficial. Her deep, strenuous, much-considering mind, of which the leading mark is the capacity for a sort of luminous brooding, fed upon the idea of her irregularity with an intensity which doubtless only her magnificent intellectual activity and Lewes's brilliancy and ingenuity kept from being morbid. The fault of most of her work is the absence of spontaneity, the excess of reflection; and by her action in 1854 (which seemed, superficially, to be of the sort usually termed reckless) she committed herself to being nothing if not reflective, to cultivating a kind of compensatory earnestness. Her earnestness, her refined conscience, her exalted sense of responsibility, were colored by her peculiar position; they committed her to a plan of life, of study, in which the accidental, the unexpected, were too little allowed for, and this is what I mean by speaking of her sequestration. If her relations with the world had been easier, in a word, her books would have been less difficult. Mr. Cross, very justly, merely touches upon this question of her forming a tie which was deprived of the sanction of the law; but he gives a portion of a letter written to Mrs. Bray more than a year after it had begun, which sufficiently indicates the serenity of her resolution. Repentance, of course, she never had, — the success of her experiment was too rare and complete for that; and I do not mean that her attitude was ever for

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a moment apologetic. On the contrary, it was only too superabundantly confirmatory. Her effort was to pitch her life ever in the key of the superior wisdom that made her say to Mrs. Bray, in the letter of September, 1855, "That any unworldly, unsuperstitious person who is sufficiently acquainted with the realities of life can pronounce my relation to Mr. Lewes immoral I can only understand when I remember how subtle and complex are the influences that mould opinion." I need not attempt to project the light of criticism on this particular case of conscience; there remains ever, in the mutual relations of respectable men and women, an element which is for themselves alone to consider. One reflection, however, forces itself upon the mind: if the connection had not taken place, we should have lost the spectacle and influence of one of the most complete and tender unions presented to us in the history of literature. There has been much talk about George Eliot's "example," which is not to be deprecated so long as it is remembered that in speaking of the example of a woman of such rare nobleness of mind we can only mean example for good. Exemplary indeed, in her long connection with George Henry Lewes, were her sympathy, appreciation, affection, constancy.

She was thirty-seven years old when the Scenes from Clerical Life were published, but this work opened wide for her the door of success, and fame and fortune came to her rapidly. Her union with Lewes had been a union of poverty: there is a sentence in her journal, of the year 1856, which speaks of their ascending certain cliffs called the Tors, at Ilfracombe, "only twice; for a tax of 3*d.* per head was demanded for this luxury, and we could not afford a sixpenny walk very frequently." The incentive to writing Amos Barton seems to have been mainly pecuniary. There was an urgent need to make money, and it appears to have been agreed between the pair that there was at least no harm in the lady's trying her hand at a story. Lewes professed a belief that she would really do something in this line, while she, more skeptical, reserved her judgment till after the test. The Scenes from Clerical Life were therefore preeminently an empirical work of fiction. With the sending of the first episode to the late Mr. John Blackwood for approval, there opened a relation between publisher and author which lasted to the end, and which was probably more genial and unclouded than any in the annals of literature, as well as almost unprecedentedly lucrative to both parties. This first book of George Eliot's has little of the usual air of a first book, none of the crudity of an early attempt; it was not the work of a youthful person, and one sees that the material had been long in her mind. The ripeness, the pathos, a sort of considered quality, are as striking to-day as when Amos Barton and Janet's Repentance were published, and enable us to understand that people should have asked themselves with surprise, at that time, who it was, in the midst of them, that had been taking notes so long and so wisely without giving a sign. Adam Bede, written rapidly, appeared in 1859, and George Eliot found herself a consummate novelist without having suspected it. The book was an immense, a brilliant success, and from this moment the author's life took its definite and final direction. She accepted the great obligations which to her mind belonged to a person who had the ear of the public, and her whole effort thenceforth was highly to respond to them, — to respond to them by teaching, by vivid moral illustration, and even by direct exhortation. It is striking that from the first her conception of the novelist's task is never in the least as the game of art. The most interesting passage in Mr. Cross's volumes is, to my sense, a simple sentence in a short entry

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in her journal in the year 1859, just after she had finished the first volume of The Mill on the Floss (the original title of which, by the way, had been Sister Maggie): "We have just finished reading aloud Père Goriot, a hateful book." That Balzac's masterpiece should have elicited from her only this remark, at a time, too, when her mind might have been opened to it by her own activity of composition, is significant of so many things that the few words are, in the whole Life, those I should have been most sorry to lose. Of course they are not all George Eliot would have had to say about Balzac, if some other occasion than a simple jotting in a diary had presented itself. Still, what even a jotting may *not* have said after a first perusal of Le Père Goriot is eloquent; it illuminates the author's general attitude with regard to the novel, which, for her, was not primarily a picture of life, capable of deriving a high value from its form, but a moralized fable, the last word of a philosophy endeavoring to teach by example.

This is a very noble and defensible view, and one must speak respectfully of any theory of work which would produce such fruit as Romola and Middlemarch. But it testifies to that side of George Eliot's nature which was weakest — the absence of free æsthetic life (I venture this remark in the face of a passage quoted from one of her letters in Mr. Cross's third volume); it gives the hand, as it were, to several other instances that may be found in the same pages. "My function is that of the *æsthetic*, not the doctrinal teacher; the rousing of the nobler emotions, which make mankind desire the social right, not the prescribing of special measures, concerning which the artistic mind, however strongly moved by social sympathy, is often not the best judge." That is the passage referred to in my parenthetic allusion, and it is a good general description of the manner in which George Eliot may be said to have acted on her generation; but the "artistic mind," the possession of which it implies, existed in her with limitations remarkable in a writer whose imagination was so rich. We feel in her, always, that she proceeds from the abstract to the concrete; that her figures and situations are evolved, as the phrase is, from her moral consciousness, and are only indirectly the products of observations. They are deeply studied and elaborately justified, but they are not *seen* in the irresponsible plastic way. The world was, first and foremost, for George Eliot, the moral, the intellectual world; the personal spectacle came after; and lovingly, humanly, as she regarded it, we constantly feel that she cares for the things she finds in it only so far as they are types. The philosophic door is always open, on her stage, and we are aware that the somewhat cooling draught of ethical purpose draws across it. This constitutes half the beauty of her work; the constant reference to ideas may be an excellent source of one kind of reality — for, after all, the secret of seeing a thing well is not necessarily that you see nothing else. Her preoccupation with the universe helped to make her characters strike you as also belonging to it; it raised the roof, widened the area, of her æsthetic structure. Nothing is finer, in her genius, than the combination of her love of general truth and love of the special case; without this, indeed, we should not have heard of her as a novelist, for the passion of the special case is surely the basis of the story-teller's art. All the same, that little sign of all that Balzac failed to suggest to her showed at what perils the special case got itself considered. Such dangers increased as her activity proceeded, and many judges perhaps hold that in her ultimate work, in Middlemarch and Deronda (especially the latter), it ceased to be considered at all. Such critics assure us that Gwendolen and Grand-

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court, Deronda and Myra, are not concrete images, but disembodied types, pale abstractions, signs and symbols of a "great lesson." I give up Deronda and Myra to the objector, but Grandcourt and Gwendolen seem to me to have a kind of superior reality; to be, in a high degree, what one demands of a figure in a novel, planted on their legs and complete.

The truth is, perception and reflection, at the outset, divided George Eliot's great talent between them; but, as time went on, circumstances led the latter to develop itself at the expense of the former — one of these circumstances being apparently the influence of George Henry Lewes. Lewes was interested in science, in cosmic problems; and though his companion, thanks to the original bent of her versatile, powerful mind, needed no impulse from without to turn herself to speculation, yet the contagion of his studies pushed her further than she would otherwise have gone in the direction of *scientific* observation, which is but another form of what I have called reflection. Her early novels are full of natural as distinguished from systematic observation, though even in them it is less the dominant will, I think, than the love of the "moral," the reaction of thought in the face of the human comedy. They had observation sufficient, at any rate, to make their fortune, and it may well be said that that is enough for any novel. In Silas Marner, in Adam Bede, the quality seems gilded by a sort of autumn haze, an afternoon light, of meditation, which mitigates the sharpness of portraiture. I doubt very much whether the author herself had a clear vision, for instance, of the marriage of Dinah Morris to Adam, or of the rescue of Hetty from the scaffold at the eleventh hour. The reason of this may be, indeed, that her perception was a perception of nature much more than of art, and that these particular incidents do not belong to nature (to my sense, at least); by which I do not mean that they belong to a very happy art. I cite them, on the contrary, as an evidence of artistic weakness; they are a very good example of the view in which a story must have marriages and rescues in the nick of time as a matter of course. I must add, in fairness to George Eliot, that the marriage of the nun-like Dinah, which shocks the reader, who sees in it a base concession, was a *trouvaille* of Lewes's, and is a small sign of that same faulty judgment in literary things which led him to throw his influence on the side of her writing verse — verse which is *all* reflection, with direct, vivifying vision remarkably absent.

It is a part of this same limitation of the pleasure she was capable of taking in the fact of representation for itself that the various journals and notes of her visits to the Continent are, though by no means destitute of the tempered enjoyment of foreign sights, which was as near as she ever came to rapture, singularly vague in expression on the subject of the general and particular spectacle — the life and manners, the works of art. She enumerates diligently all the pictures and statues she sees, and the way she does so is a proof of her active, earnest intellectual habits; but it is rarely apparent that they have, as the phrase is, said much to her, or that what they have said is one of their deeper secrets. She is capable of writing, after coming out of the great chapel of San Lorenzo, in Florence, that "the world-famous statues of Michael Angelo on the tombs . . . remained to us as affected and exaggerated in the original as in copies and casts." That sentence startles one, on the part of the author of Romola, and that Mr. Cross should have printed it is a commendable proof of his impartiality.

It was in Romola, precisely, that the equilibrium I spoke of just now was lost, and that reflection began to weigh down

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the scale. Romola is preëminently a study of the human conscience in an historical setting which is studied almost as much, and few passages in Mr. Cross's volumes are more interesting than those relating to the production of this magnificent romance. George Eliot took all her work with a noble seriousness, but into none of it did she throw herself with more passion. It drained from her as much as she gave to it, and none of her writing ploughed into her, to use her biographer's expression, so deeply. She told him that she began it as a young woman, and finished it as an old one. More than any of her novels, it was evolved, as I have said, from her moral consciousness — a moral consciousness encircled by a prodigious amount of literary research. Her literary ideal was at all times of the highest, but in the preparation of Romola it placed her under a control absolutely religious. She read innumerable books, some of them bearing only remotely on her subject, and consulted without stint contemporary records and documents. She neglected nothing that would enable her to live, intellectually, in the period she had undertaken to describe. We know, for the most part, I think, the result. Romola is on the whole the finest thing she wrote, but its defects are almost on the scale of its beauties. The great defect is that, except in the person of Tito Melema, it does not seem positively to live. It is overladen with learning, it smells of the lamp, it tastes just perceptibly of pedantry. In spite of its incomplete animation, however, it assuredly will survive in men's remembrance, for the finest pages in it belong to the finest part of our literature. It is on the whole a failure, but such a failure as only a great talent can produce; and one may say of it that there are many great "hits" far less interesting than such a mistake. A twentieth part of the erudition would have sufficed, would have given us the feeling and color of the time, if there had been more of the breath of the Florentine streets, more of the faculty of optical evocation, a greater saturation of the senses with the elements of the adorable little city. The difficulty with the book, for the most part, is that it is not Italian; it has always seemed to me the most Germanic of the author's productions. I cannot imagine a German writing (in the way of a novel) anything half so good; but if I could imagine it, I should suppose Romola to be very much the sort of picture he would achieve — the sort of medium through which he would show us how, by the Arno-side, the fifteenth century came to an end. One of the sources of interest in the book is that, more than any of its companions, it indicates how much George Eliot proceeded by reflection and research; how little important, comparatively, she thought that same breath of the streets. It carries to a maximum the in-door quality.

The most definite impression produced, perhaps, by Mr. Cross's volumes (by the second and third) is that of simple success — success which had been the result of no external accidents (unless her union with Lewes be so denominated), but was involved in the very faculties nature had given her. All the elements of an eventual happy fortune met in her constitution. The great foundation, to begin with, was there — the magnificent mind, vigorous, luminous, and eminently sane. To her intellectual vigor, her immense facility, her exemption from cerebral lassitude, her letters and journals bear the most copious testimony. Her daily stint of arduous reading and writing was of the largest. Her *ability*, as one may express it in the most general way, was astonishing, and it belonged to every season of her long and fruitful career. Her passion for study encountered no impediment, but was able to make everything feed and support it. The extent and variety of her knowledge is by it-

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self a *résumé* of an existence which triumphed wherever it wished. Add to this an immense special talent, which, as soon as it tries its wings, is found to be capable of the highest, longest flights, and brings back great material rewards. George Eliot of course had drawbacks and difficulties, physical infirmities, constant liabilities to headache, dyspepsia, and other illness, to deep depression, to despair about her work; but these jolts of the chariot were small in proportion to the impetus acquired, and were hardly greater than was necessary for reminding her of the secret of all ambitious workers in the field of art — that effort, effort, always effort, is the only key of success. Her great furtherance was that, intensely intellectual being as she was, the life of affection and emotion was also widely open to her. She had all the initiation of knowledge and none of its dryness, all the advantages of judgment and all the luxuries of feeling. She had an imagination which enabled her to sit at home with book and pen, and yet enter into the life of other generations; project herself into Warwickshire ale-houses and Florentine symposia, reconstitute conditions utterly different from her own. Toward the end she triumphed over the great impossible; she reconciled the greatest sensibility with the highest serenity. She succeeded in guarding her pursuits from intrusion; in carrying out her habits; in sacrificing her work as little as possible; in leading, in the midst of a society united in conspiracies to interrupt and demoralize, an independent, strenuously personal life. People who had the honor of penetrating into the sequestered precinct of the Priory — the house in London, in which she lived from 1863 to 1880 — remember well a kind of sanctity in the place, an atmosphere of stillness and concentration, something that suggested a literary temple.

It was part of the good fortune of which I speak that in Mr. Lewes she had found the most devoted of caretakers, the most jealous of ministers, a companion through whom all business was transacted. The one drawback of this relation was that, considering what she attempted, it limited her experience too much to itself, but for the rest it helped her in a hundred ways; it saved her nerves, it fortified her privacy, it protected her leisure, it diminished the friction of living. His admiration of her work was of the largest, though not always, I think, truly discriminating, and he surrounded her with a sort of temperate zone of independence — independence of everything except him and her own standards. Nervous, sensitive, delicate in every way in which genius is delicate (except, indeed, that she had a robust reason), it was a great thing for her to have accident made rare and exposure mitigated; and to this result Lewes, as the administrator of her fame, admirably contributed. He filtered the stream, and gave her only the clearer water. The accident of reading reviews of one's productions, especially when they are bad, is, for the artist of our day, one of the most frequent; and Mr. Lewes, by keeping these things out of her way, enabled her to achieve what was perhaps the highest form of her success — an inaccessibility to the newspaper. "It is remarkable to me," she writes in 1876, "that I have entirely lost my *personal* melancholy. I often, of course, have melancholy thoughts about the destinies of my fellow creatures, but I am never in that *mood* of sadness which used to be my frequent visitant even in the midst of external happiness." Her later years, colored by this accumulated wisdom, when she had taken her final form before the world, and had come to be regarded more and more as a teacher and philosopher, are full of suggestion to the critic, but I have exhausted my limited space. There is a certain coldness in them, perhaps — the coldness that results from most

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of one's opinons being formed, one's mind made up, on many great subjects; from the degree, in a word, to which "culture" had taken the place of the more primitive processes of experience.

"Ah, les livres, ils nous débordent, ils nous étouffent — nous périssons par les livres!" That cry of a distinguished French novelist (there is no harm in mentioning M. Alphonse Daudet), which fell upon the ear of the present writer some time ago, represents as little as possible the emotion of George Eliot, confronted with literatures and sciences. M. Alphonse Daudet went on to say that, to his mind, the personal impression, the effort of direct observation, was the most precious source of information for the novelist; that nothing could take its place; that the effect of books was constantly to check and pervert this effort; that a second-hand, third-hand, tenth-hand, impression was constantly tending to substitute itself for a fresh perception; that we were ending by seeing everything through literature instead of through our own senses; and that, in short, literature was rapidly killing literature. This view has immense truth on its side, but the case would be too simple if, on one side or the other, there were only one way of finding out. The effort of the novelist is to find out, to know, or at least to see and no one, in the nature of things, can afford to be less indifferent to side-lights. Books are themselves, unfortunately, an expression of human passions. George Eliot had no doubts, at any rate; if impressionism, before she laid down her pen, had already begun to be talked about, it would have made no difference with her — she would have had no desire to pass for an impressionist.

There is one question we cannot help asking ourselves as we close this record of her life; it is impossible not to let our imagination wander in the direction of what turn her mind or her fortune might have taken if she had never met George Henry Lewes, or never cast her lot with his. It is safe to say that, in one way or another, in the long run, her novels would have got themselves written, and it is possible they would have been more natural, as one may call it, more familiarly and casually human. Would her development have been less systematic, more irresponsible, more personal, and should we have had more of Adam Bede and Silas Marner, and less of Romola and Middlemarch? The question, after all, cannot be answered, and I do not push it, being myself very grateful for Middlemarch and Romola. It is as George Eliot does actually present herself that we must judge her — a condition that will not prevent her from striking us as one of the noblest, most beautiful minds of our time. This impression bears the reader company throughout these letters and notes. It is impossible not to feel, as we close them, that she was an admirable being. They are less brilliant, less entertaining, than we might have hoped; they contain fewer "good things," and have even a certain grayness of tone, something measured and subdued, as of a person talking without ever raising her voice. But there rises from them a kind of fragrance of moral elevation; a love of justice, truth, and light; a large, generous way of looking at things; and a constant effort to hold high the torch in the dusky spaces of man's conscience. That is how we see her during the latter years of her life: frail, delicate, shivering a little, much fatigued and considerably spent, but still meditating on what could be acquired and imparted; still living, in the intelligence, a freer, larger life than probably had ever been the portion of any woman. To her own sex her memory, her example, will remain of the highest value; those of them for whom the "development" of woman is the hope of the future ought to erect a monument to George Eliot. She helped on the cause more than any

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one, in proving how few limitations are of necessity implied in the feminine organism. She went so far that such a distance seems enough, and in her effort she sacrificed no tenderness, no grace. There is much talk to-day about things being "open to women;" but George Eliot showed that there is nothing that is closed. If we criticise her novels, we must remember that her nature came first and her work afterwards, and that it is not remarkable that they should not resemble the productions, say, of Alexander Dumas. What *is* remarkable, extraordinary — and the process remains inscrutable and mysterious — is that this quiet, anxious, sedentary, serious, invalidical English lady, without animal spirits, without adventures, without extravagance, assumption, or bravado, should have made us believe that nothing in the world was alien to her; should have produced such rich, deep, masterly pictures of the multifold life of man.

Henry James.

THE NEW PORTFOLIO.

VII.

A RECORD OF ANTIPATHIES.

In thinking the whole matter over, Dr. Butts felt convinced that, with care and patience and watching his opportunity, he should get at the secret, which so far had yielded nothing but a single word. It might be asked why he was so anxious to learn what, from all appearances, the young stranger was unwilling to explain. He may have been to some extent infected by the general curiosity of the persons around him, in which good Mrs. Butts shared, and which she had helped to intensify by revealing the word dropped by Paolo. But this was not really his chief motive. He could not look upon this young man, living a life of unwholesome solitude, without a natural desire to do all that his science and his knowledge of human nature could help him to do towards bringing him into healthy relations with the world about him. Still, he would not intrude upon him in any way. He would only make certain general investigations, which might prove serviceable in case circumstances should give him the right to counsel the young man as to his course of life. The first thing to be done was to study systematically the whole subject of antipathies. Then, if any further occasion offered itself, he would be ready to take advantage of it. The resources of the Public Library of the place and his own private collection were put in requisition to furnish him the singular and widely scattered facts of which he was in search.

It is not every reader who will care to follow Dr. Butts in his study of the natural history of antipathies. The stories told about them are, however, very curious; and if some of them may be questioned, there is no doubt that many of the strangest are true, and consequently take away from the improbability of others which we are disposed to doubt.

But in the first place, what do we mean by an antipathy? It is an aversion to some object, which may vary in degree from mere dislike to mortal horror. What the cause of this aversion is we cannot say. It acts sometimes through the senses, sometimes through the imagination, sometimes through an unknown channel. The relations which exist between the human being and all that surrounds him vary in consequence

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of some adjustment peculiar to each individual. The brute fact is expressed in the phrase "One man's meat is another man's poison."

In studying the history of antipathies the doctor began with those referable to the sense of taste, which are among the most common. In any collection of a hundred persons there will be found those who cannot make use of certain articles of food generally acceptable. This may be from the disgust they occasion or the effects they have been found to produce. Every one knows individuals who cannot venture on honey, or cheese, or veal, with impunity. Carlyle, for example, complains of having veal set before him, — a meat he could not endure. There is a whole family connection in New England, and that a very famous one, to many of whose members, in different generations, all the products of the dairy are the subjects of a congenital antipathy. Montaigne says there are persons who dread the smell of apples more than they would dread being exposed to a fire of musketry. The readers of the charming story "A Week in a French Country-House," will remember poor Monsieur Jacques's piteous cry in the night: "Ursula, art thou asleep? Oh, Ursula, thou sleepest, but I cannot close my eyes. Dearest Ursula, there is such a dreadful smell! Oh, Ursula, it is such a smell! I do so wish thou couldst smell it! Good-night, my angel! —— Dearest! I have found them! . . . They are apples!" The smell of roses, of peonies, of lilies, has been known to cause faintness. The sight of various objects has had singular effects on some persons. A boar's head was a favorite dish at the table of great people in Marshal d'Albret's time; yet he used to faint at the sight of one. It is not uncommon to meet with persons who faint at the sight of blood. One of the most inveterately pugnacious of Dr. Butts's college-mates confessed that he had this infirmity. Stranger and far more awkward than this is the case mentioned in an ancient collection, where the subject of the antipathy fainted at the sight of any object of a red color. There are sounds, also, which have strange effects on some individuals. Among the obnoxious noises are the crumpling of silk stuffs, the sound of sweeping, the croaking of frogs. The effects in different cases have been spasms, a sense of strangling, profuse sweating, — all showing a profound disturbance of the nervous system.

All these effects were produced by impressions on the organs of sense, seemingly by direct agency on certain nerve centres. But there is another series of cases in which the imagination plays a larger part in the phenomena. Two notable examples are afforded in the lives of two very distinguished personages. Peter the Great was frightened, when an infant, by falling from a bridge into the water. Long afterward, when he had reached manhood, this hardy and resolute man was so affected by the sound of wheels rattling over a bridge that he had to discipline himself by listening to the sound, in spite of his dread of it, in order to overcome his antipathy. The story told by Abbé Boileau of Pascal is very similar to that related of Peter. As he was driving in his coach and four over the bridge of Neuilly, his horses took fright and ran away, and the leaders broke from their harness and sprang into the river, leaving the wheel-horses and the carriage on the bridge. Ever after this fright it is said that Pascal had the terrifying sense that he was just on the edge of an abyss, ready to fall over.

What strange early impression was it which led a certain lady always to shriek aloud if she ventured to enter a church, as it is recorded? The old and simple way of accounting for it would be the scriptural one, that it was an unclean spirit who dwelt in her, and who, when she entered the holy place and brought

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her spiritual tenant into the presence of the sacred symbols, "cried with a loud voice, and came out of" her. A very singular case, which has never been recorded, and which the reader may accept as authentic, is the following: At the head of the doctor's front stairs stood, and still stands, a tall clock, of early date and stately presence. A middle-aged visitor, noticing it as he entered the front door, remarked that he should feel a great unwillingness to pass that clock. He could not go near one of those tall timepieces without a profound agitation, which he dreaded to undergo. This very singular idiosyncrasy he attributed to a fright when he was an infant in the arms of his nurse. She was standing near one of those tall clocks, when the cord which supported one of its heavy leaden weights broke, and the weight came crashing down to the bottom of the case. Some effect must have been produced upon the pulpy nerve centres from which they never recovered. Why should not this happen, when we know that a sudden mental shock may be the cause of insanity? The doctor remembered the verse of The Ancient Mariner: —

> "I moved my lips; the pilot shrieked
> And fell down in a fit;
> The holy hermit raised his eyes
> And prayed where he did sit.
> I took the oars; the pilot's boy,
> *Who now doth crazy go,*
> Laughed loud and long, and all the while
> His eyes went to and fro."

This is only poetry, it is true, but the poet borrowed the description from nature, and the records of our asylums could furnish many cases where insanity was caused by a sudden fright.

More than this, hardly a year passes that we do not read of some person, a child commonly, killed outright by terror, — *scared to death*, literally. Sad cases they often are, in which, nothing but a surprise being intended, the shock has instantly arrested the movements on which life depends. If a mere instantaneous impression can produce effects like these, such an impression might of course be followed by consequences less fatal or formidable, but yet serious in their nature. If here and there a person is killed, as if by lightning, by a sudden startling sight or sound, there must be more numerous cases in which a terrible shock is produced by similar apparently insignificant causes, — a shock which falls short of overthrowing the reason and does not destroy life, yet leaves a lasting effect upon the subject of it.

This point, then, was settled in the mind of Dr. Butts, namely, that, as a violent emotion caused by a sudden shock can kill or craze a human being, there is no perversion of the faculties, no prejudice, no change of taste or temper, no eccentricity, no antipathy, which such a cause may not rationally account for. He would not be surprised, he said to himself, to find that some early alarm, like that which was experienced by Peter the Great or that which happened to Pascal, had broken some spring in this young man's nature, or so changed its mode of action as to account for the exceptional remoteness of his way of life. But how could any conceivable antipathy be so comprehensive as to keep a young man aloof from all the world, and make a hermit of him? He did not hate the human race; that was clear enough. He treated Paolo with great kindness, and the Italian was evidently much attached to him. He had talked naturally and pleasantly with the young man he had helped out of his dangerous situation when his boat was upset. Dr. Butts heard that he had once made a short visit to this young man, at his rooms in the University. It was not misanthropy, therefore, which kept him solitary. What could be broad enough to cover the facts of the case? Nothing that the doctor could think of, unless it were some color, the sight of which acted on him as it did on the in-

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dividual before mentioned, who could not look at anything red without fainting. Suppose this were a case of the same antipathy. How very careful it would make the subject of it as to where he went and with whom he consorted! Time and patience would be pretty sure to bring out new developments, and physicians, of all men in the world, know how to wait as well as how to labor.

Such were some of the crude facts as Dr. Butts found them in books or gathered them from his own experience. He soon discovered that the story had got about the village that Maurice Kirkwood was the victim of an "antipathy," whatever that word might mean in the vocabulary of the people of the place. If he suspected the channel through which it had reached the little community, and, spreading from that centre, the country round, he did not see fit to make out of his suspicions a domestic *casus belli*. Paolo might have mentioned it to others as well as to himself. Maurice might have told some friend, who had divulged it. But to accuse Mrs. Butts, good Mrs. Butts, of petit treason in telling one of her husband's professional secrets was too serious a matter to be thought of. He would be a little more careful, he promised himself, the next time, at any rate; for he had to concede, in spite of every wish to be charitable in his judgment, that it was among the possibilities that the worthy lady had forgotten the rule that a doctor's patients must put their tongues out, and a doctor's wife must keep her tongue in.

VIII.

THE PANSOPHIAN SOCIETY.

The Secretary of this association was getting somewhat tired of the office, and the office was getting somewhat tired of him. It occurred to the members of the Society that a little fresh blood infused into it might stir up the general vitality of the organization. The woman suffragists saw no reason why the place of Secretary need as a matter of course be filled by a person of the male sex. They agitated, they made domiciliary visits, they wrote notes to influential citizens, and finally announced as their candidate the young lady who had won and worn the school name of "The Terror," who was elected. She was just the person for the place: wide awake, with all her wits about her, full of every kind of knowledge, and, above all, strong on points of order and details of management, so that she could prompt the presiding officer, which is often the most essential duty of a Secretary. The President, the worthy rector, was good at plain sailing in the track of the common moralities and proprieties, but was liable to get muddled if anything came up requiring swift decision and off-hand speech. The Terror had schooled herself in the debating societies of the Institute, and would set up the President, when he was floored by an awkward question, as easily as if he were a ninepin which had been bowled over.

It has been already mentioned that the Pansophian Society received communications from time to time from writers outside of its own organization. Of late these had been becoming more frequent. Many of them were sent in anonymously, and as there were numerous visitors to the village, and two institutions not far removed from it, both full of ambitious and intelligent young persons, it was often impossible to trace the papers to their authors. The new Secretary was alive with curiosity, and as sagacious a little body as one might find if in want of a detective. She could make a pretty shrewd guess whether a paper was written by a young or old person, by one of her own sex or the other, by an experienced hand or a novice.

Among the anonymous papers she received was one which exercised her cu-

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riosity to an extraordinary degree. She felt a strong suspicion that "the Sachem," as the boat-crews used to call him, "the Recluse," "the Night-Hawk," "the Sphinx," as others named him, must be the author of it. It appeared to her the production of a young person of a reflective, poetical turn of mind. It was not a woman's way of writing; at least, so thought the Secretary. The writer had travelled much; had resided in Italy, among other places. But so had many of the summer visitors and residents of Arrowhead Village. The handwriting was not decisive; it had some points of resemblance with the pencilled orders for books which Maurice sent to the Library, but there were certain differences, intentional or accidental, which weakened this evidence. There was an undertone in the essay which was in keeping with the mode of life of the solitary stranger. It might be disappointment, melancholy, or only the dreamy sadness of a young person who sees the future he is to climb, not as a smooth ascent, but as overhanging him like a cliff, ready to crush him, with all his hopes and prospects. This interpretation may have been too imaginative, but here is the paper, and the reader can form his own opinion: —

MY THREE COMPANIONS.

"I have been from my youth upwards a wanderer. I do not mean constantly flitting from one place to another, for my residence has often been fixed for considerable periods. From time to time I have put down in a note-book the impressions made upon me by the scenes through which I have passed. I have long hesitated whether to let any of my notes appear before the public. My fear has been that they were too subjective, to use the metaphysician's term, — that I have seen myself reflected in Nature, and not the true aspects of Nature as she was meant to be understood. One who should visit the Harz Mountains would see — might see, rather — his own colossal image shape itself on the morning mist. But if in every mist that rises from the meadows, in every cloud that hangs upon the mountain, he always finds his own reflection, we cannot accept him as an interpreter of the landscape.

"There must be many persons present at the meetings of the Society to which this paper is offered who have had experiences like that of its author. They have visited the same localities, they have had many of the same thoughts and feelings. Many, I have no doubt. Not all, — no, not all. Others have sought the companionship of Nature; I have been driven to it. Much of my life has been passed in that communion. These pages record some of the intimacies I have formed with her under some of her various manifestations.

"I have lived on the shore of the great ocean, where its waves broke wildest and its voice rose loudest.

"I have passed whole seasons on the banks of mighty and famous rivers.

"I have dwelt on the margin of a tranquil lake, and floated through many a long, long summer day on its clear waters.

"I have learned the 'various language' of Nature, of which poetry has spoken, — at least, I have learned some words and phrases of it. I will translate some of these as I best may into common speech.

"The OCEAN says to the dweller on its shores: —

"'You are neither welcome nor unwelcome. I do not trouble myself with the living tribes that come down to my waters. I have my own people, an older race than yours, that grow to mightier dimensions than your mastodons and elephants; more numerous than all the swarms that fill the air or move over the thin crust of the earth. Who are you that build your gay palaces on my margin? I see your white faces as

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I saw the dark faces of the tribes that came before you, as I shall look upon the unknown family of mankind that will come after you. And what is your whole human family but a parenthesis in a single page of my history? The raindrops stereotyped themselves on my beaches before a living creature left his footprints there. This horseshoe-crab I fling at your feet is of older lineage than your Adam, — unless, perhaps, you count your Adam as one of his descendants. What feeling have I for you? Not scorn, — not hatred, — not love, — not loathing, — No! — indifference, — blank indifference to you and your affairs: that is my feeling, say rather absence of feeling, as regards you. Oh yes, I will lap your feet, I will cool you in the hot summer days, I will bear you up in my strong arms, I will rock you on my rolling undulations, like a babe in his cradle. Am I not gentle? Am I not kind? Am I not harmless? But hark! The wind is rising, and the wind and I are rough playmates! What do you say to my voice now? Do you see my foaming lips? Do you feel the rocks tremble as my great billows crash against them? Is not my anger terrible as I dash your argosy, your thunder-bearing frigate, into fragments, as you would crack an eggshell? No, not anger; deaf, blind, unheeding indifference, — that is all. Out of me all things arose; sooner or later, into me all things subside. All changes around me; I change not. I look not at you, vain man, and your frail transitory concerns, save in momentary glimpses: I look on the white face of my dead mistress, whom I follow as the bridegroom follows the bier of her who has changed her nuptial raiment for the shroud.

"'Ye whose thoughts are of eternity, come dwell at my side. Continents and isles grow old, and waste and disappear. The hardest rock crumbles; vegetable and animal kingdoms come into being, wax great, decline, and perish, to give way to others, even as human dynasties and nations and races come and go. Look on me! "Time writes no wrinkle" on my forehead. Listen to me! All tongues are spoken on my shores, but I have only one language: the winds taught me their vowels; the crags and the sands schooled me in my rough or smooth consonants. Few words are mine, but I have whispered them and sung them and shouted them to men of all tribes from the time when the first wild wanderer strayed into my awful presence. Have you a grief that gnaws at your heart-strings? Come with it to my shore, as of old the priest of far-darting Apollo carried his rage and anguish to the margin of the loud-roaring sea. There, if anywhere, you will forget your private and short-lived woe, for my voice speaks to the infinite and the eternal in your consciousness.'

"To him who loves the pages of human history, who listens to the voices of the world about him, who frequents the market and the thoroughfare, who lives in the study of time and its accidents rather than in the deeper emotions, in abstract speculation and spiritual contemplation, the RIVER addresses itself as his natural companion.

"'Come live with me. I am active, cheerful, communicative, a natural talker and story-teller. I am not noisy, like the ocean, except occasionally when I am rudely interrupted, or when I stumble and get a fall. When I am silent you can still have pleasure in watching my changing features. My idlest babble, when I am toying with the trifles that fall in my way, if not very full of meaning, is at least musical. I am not a dangerous friend, like the ocean; no highway is absolutely safe, but my nature is harmless, and the storms that strew the beaches with wrecks cast no ruins upon my flowery borders. Abide with me, and you shall not die of thirst, like the forlorn wretches left to the mer-

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cies of the pitiless salt waves. Trust yourself to me, and I will carry you far on your journey, if we are travelling to the same point of the compass. If I sometimes run riot and overflow your meadows, I leave fertility behind me when I withdraw to my natural channel. Walk by my side toward the place of my destination. I will keep pace with you, and you shall feel my presence with you as that of a self-conscious being like yourself. You will find it hard to be miserable in my company; I drain you of ill-conditioned thoughts as I carry away the refuse of your dwelling and its grounds.'

"But to him whom the ocean chills and crushes with its sullen indifference, and the river disturbs with its never-pausing and never-ending story, the silent LAKE shall be a refuge and a place of rest for his soul.

"'Vex not yourself with thoughts too vast for your limited faculties,' it says; 'yield not yourself to the babblings of the running stream. Leave the ocean, which cares nothing for you or any living thing that walks the solid earth; leave the river, too busy with its own errand, too talkative about its own affairs, and find peace with me, whose smile will cheer you, whose whisper will soothe you. Come to me when the morning sun blazes across my bosom like a golden baldric; come to me in the still midnight, when I hold the inverted firmament like a cup brimming with jewels, nor spill one star of all the constellations that float in my ebon goblet. Do you know the charm of melancholy? Where will you find a sympathy like mine in your hours of sadness? Does the ocean share your grief? Does the river listen to your sighs? The salt wave that called to you from under last month's full moon to-day is dashing on the rocks of Labrador; the stream that ran by you pure and sparkling has swallowed the poisonous refuse of a great city, and is creeping to its grave in the wide cemetery that buries all things in its tomb of liquid crystal. It is true that my waters exhale and are renewed from one season to another; but are your features the same, absolutely the same, from year to year? We both change, but we know each other through all changes. Am I not mirrored in those eyes of yours? And does not Nature plant me as an eye to behold her beauties while she is dressed in the glories of leaf and flower, and draw the icy lid over my shining surface when she stands naked and ashamed in the poverty of winter?'

"I have had strange experiences and sad thoughts in the course of a life not very long, but with a record which much longer lives could not match in incident. Oftentimes the temptation has come over me with dangerous urgency to try a change of existence, if such change is a part of human destiny, — to seek rest, if that is what we gain by laying down the burden of life. I have asked who would be the friend to whom I should appeal for the last service I should have to call for. Ocean was there, all ready, asking no questions, answering none. What strange voyages, downward through its glaucous depths, upwards to its boiling and frothing surface, wafted by tides, driven by tempests, disparted by rude agencies; one remnant whitening on the sands of a northern beach, one perhaps built into the circle of a coral reef in the Pacific, one settling to the floor of the vast laboratory where continents are built, to emerge in far-off ages! What strange companions for my pall-bearers! Unwieldy sea-monsters, the stories of which are counted fables by the spectacled collectors who think their catalogues have exhausted nature; naked-eyed creatures, staring, glaring, nightmare-like spectres of the ghastly-green abysses; pulpy islands, with life in gelatinous immensity, —

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what a company of hungry heirs at every ocean funeral! No! No! Ocean claims great multitudes, but does not invite the solitary who would fain be rid of himself.

"Shall I seek a deeper slumber at the bottom of the lake I love than I have ever found when drifting idly over its surface? No, again. I do not want the sweet, clear waters to know me in the disgrace of nature, when life, the faithful body-servant, has ceased caring for me. That must not be. The mirror which has pictured me so often shall never know me as an unwelcome object.

"If I must ask the all-subduing element to be my last friend, and lead me out of my prison, it shall be the busy, whispering, not unfriendly, pleasantly companionable river.

"But Ocean and River and Lake have certain relations to the periods of human life which they who are choosing their places of abode should consider. Let the child play upon the seashore. The wide horizon gives his imagination room to grow in, untrammelled. That background of mystery, without which life is a poor mechanical arrangement, is shaped and colored, so far as it can have outline, or any hue but shadow, on a vast canvas, the contemplation of which enlarges and enriches the sphere of consciousness. The mighty ocean is not too huge to symbolize the aspirations and ambitions of the yet untried soul of the adolescent.

"The time will come when his indefinite mental horizon has found a solid limit, which shuts his prospect in narrower bounds than he would have thought could content him in the years of undefined possibilities. Then he will find the river a more natural intimate than the ocean. It is individual, which the ocean, with all its gulfs and inlets and multitudinous shores, hardly seems to be. It does not love you very dearly, and will not miss you much when you disappear from its margin; but it means well to you, bids you good-morning with its coming waves, and good-evening with those which are leaving. It will lead your thoughts pleasantly away, upwards to its source, downwards to the stream to which it is tributary, or the wide waters in which it is to lose itself. A river, by choice, to live by in middle age.

"In hours of melancholy reflection, in those last years of life which have little left but tender memories, the still companionship of the lake, embosomed in woods, sheltered, fed by sweet mountain brooks and hidden springs, commends itself to the wearied and saddened spirit. I am not thinking of those great inland seas, which have many of the features and much of the danger that belong to the ocean, but of those "ponds," as our countrymen used to call them until they were rechristened by summer visitors; beautiful sheets of water from a hundred to a few thousand acres in extent, scattered like raindrops over the map of our Northern sovereignties. The loneliness of contemplative old age finds its natural home in the near neighborhood of one of these tranquil basins.

"Nature does not always plant her poets where they belong, but if we look carefully their affinities betray themselves. The youth will carry his Byron to the rock which overlooks the ocean the poet loved so well. The man of maturer years will remember that the sonorous couplets of Pope which ring in his ears were written on the banks of the Thames. The old man, as he nods over the solemn verse of Wordsworth, will recognize the affinity between the singer and the calm sheet that lay before him as he wrote, — the stainless and sleepy Windermere.

"The dwellers by Cedar Lake may find it an amusement to compare their own feelings with those of one who has lived by the Atlantic and the Mediterranean, by the Nile and the Tiber, by

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Lake Leman and by one of the fairest sheets of water that our own North America embosoms in its forests."

Miss Lurida Vincent, Secretary of the Pansophian Society, read this paper, and pondered long upon it. She was thinking very seriously of studying medicine, and had been for some time in frequent communication with Dr. Butts, under whose direction she had begun reading certain treatises, which added to such knowledge of the laws of life in health and in disease as she had brought with her from the Corinna Institute. Naturally enough, she carried the anonymous paper to the doctor, to get his opinion about it, and compare it with her own. They both agreed that it was probably, they would not say certainly, the work of the solitary visitor. There was room for doubt, for there were visitors who might well have travelled to all the places mentioned, and resided long enough on the shores of the waters the writer spoke of to have had all the experiences mentioned in the paper. The Terror remembered a young lady, a former schoolmate, who belonged to one of those nomadic families common in this generation, the heads of which, especially the female heads, can never be easy where they are, but keep going between America and Europe, like so many pith-balls in the electrical experiment, alternately attracted and repelled, never in contented equilibrium. Every few years they pull their families up by the roots, and by the time they have begun to take hold a little with their radicles in the spots to which they have been successively transplanted up they come again, so that they never get a tap-root anywhere. The Terror suspected the daughter of one of these families of sending certain anonymous articles of not dissimilar character to the one she had just received. But she knew the style of composition common among the young girls, and she could hardly believe that it was one of them who had sent this paper. Could a brother of this young lady have written it? Possibly; she knew nothing more than that the young lady had a brother, then a student at the University. All the chances were that Mr. Maurice Kirkwood was the author. So thought Lurida, and so thought Dr. Butts.

Whatever faults there were in this essay, it interested them both. There was nothing which gave the least reason to suspect insanity on the part of the writer, whoever he or she might be. There were references to suicide, it is true, but they were of a purely speculative nature, and did not look to any practical purpose in that direction. Besides, if the stranger were the author of the paper, he certainly would not choose a sheet of water like Cedar Lake to perform the last offices for him, in case he seriously meditated taking unceremonious leave of life and its accidents. He could find a river easily enough, to say nothing of other methods of effecting his purpose; but he had committed himself as to the impropriety of selecting a lake, so they need not be anxious about the white canoe and its occupant, as they watched it skimming the surface of the deep waters.

The holder of the Portfolio would never have ventured to come before the public if he had not counted among his resources certain papers belonging to the records of the Pansophian Society, which he can make free use of, either for the illustration of the narrative, or for a diversion during those intervals in which the flow of events is languid, or even ceases for the time to manifest any progress. The reader can hardly have failed to notice that the old Anchor Tavern had become the focal point where a good deal of mental activity converged. There were the village people, including a number of cultivated families; there were the visitors, among them many ac-

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complished and widely travelled persons; there was the University, with its learned teachers and aspiring young men; there was the Corinna Institute, with its eager, ambitious, hungry-souled young women, crowding on, class after class coming forward on the broad stream of liberal culture, and rounding the point which, once passed, the boundless possibilities of womanhood opened before them. All this furnished material enough and to spare for the records and the archives of the society.

The new Secretary infused fresh life into the meetings. It may be remembered that the girls had said of her, when she was The Terror, that "she knew everything and did n't believe anything." That was just the kind of person for a secretary of such an association. Properly interpreted, the saying meant that she knew a great deal, and wanted to know a great deal more, and was consequently always on the lookout for information; that she believed nothing without sufficient proof that it was true, and therefore was perpetually asking for evidence where others took assertions on trust.

It was astonishing to see what one little creature like The Terror could accomplish in the course of a single season. She found out what each member could do and wanted to do. She wrote to the outside visitors whom she suspected of capacity, and urged them to speak at the meetings, or send written papers to be read. As an official, with the printed title at the head of her notes, PANSOPHIAN SOCIETY, she was a privileged personage. She begged the young persons who had travelled to tell something of their experiences. She had contemplated getting up a discussion on the woman's rights question, but being a wary little body, and knowing that the debate would become a dispute and divide the members into two hostile camps, she deferred this project indefinitely. It would be time enough after she had her team well in hand, she said to herself, — had felt their mouths and tried their paces. This expression, as she used it in her thoughts, seems rather foreign to her habits, but there was room in her large brain for a wide range of illustrations and an ample vocabulary. She could not do much with her own muscles, but she had known the passionate delight of being whirled furiously over the road behind four scampering horses, in a rocking stage-coach, and thought of herself in the Secretary's chair as not unlike the driver on his box. A few weeks of rest had allowed her nervous energy to store itself up, and the same powers which had distanced competition in the classes of her school had of necessity to expend themselves in vigorous action in her new office.

Her appeals had their effect. A number of papers were very soon sent in; some with names, some anonymously. She looked these papers over, and marked those which she thought would be worth reading and listening to at the meetings. One of them has just been presented to the reader. As to the authorship of the following one there were many conjectures. A well-known writer, who had spent some weeks at Arrowhead Village, was generally suspected of being its author. Some, however, questioned whether it was not the work of a new hand, who wrote, not from experience, but from his or her ideas of the condition to which a story-teller, a novelist, must in all probability be sooner or later reduced. The reader must judge for himself whether this first paper is the work of an old hand or a novice.

SOME EXPERIENCES OF A NOVELIST.

"I have written a frightful number of stories, — forty or more, I think. Let me see. For twelve years two novels a year regularly: that makes twenty-four. In three different years I have written three stories annually: that makes thir-

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ty-three. In five years one a year, — thirty-eight. That is all, is n't it? Yes. Thirty-eight, not forty. I wish I could make them all into one composite story, as Mr. Galton does his faces.

"Hero — heroine — mamma — papa — uncle — sister, and so on. Love — obstacles — misery — tears — despair — glimmer of hope — unexpected solution of difficulties — happy finale.

"Landscape for background according to season. Plants of each month got up from botanical calendars.

"I *should like much to see the composite novel.* Why not apply Mr. Galton's process, and get thirty-eight stories all in one? All the Yankees would resolve into one Yankee, all the P — West Britons — into one Patrick, etc., — what a saving of time it would be!

"I got along pretty well with my first few stories. I had some characters around me which, a little disguised, answered well enough. There was the minister of the parish, and there was an old schoolmaster: either of them served very satisfactorily for grandfathers and old uncles. All I had to do was to shift some of their leading peculiarities, keeping the rest. The old minister wore knee-breeches. I clapped them on to the schoolmaster. The schoolmaster carried a tall gold-headed cane. I put this in the minister's hands. So with other things, — I shifted them round, and got a set of characters who, taken together, reproduced the chief persons of the village where I lived, but did not copy any individual exactly. Thus it went on for a while; but by and by my stock company began to be rather too familiarly known, in spite of their change of costume, and at last some altogether too sagacious person published what he called a 'key' to several of my earlier stories, in which I found the names of a number of neighbors attached to aliases of my own invention. All the 'types,' as he called them, represented by these personages of my story had come to be recognized, each as standing for one and the same individual of my acquaintance. It had been of no use to change the costume. Even changing the sex did no good. I had a famous old gossip in one of my tales, — a much-babbling Widow Sertingly. 'Sho!' they all said, 'that 's old Deacon Spinner, the same he told about in that other story of his, — only the deacon 's got on a petticoat and a mob-cap, — but it 's the same old sixpence.' So I said to myself, I must have some new characters. I had no trouble with young characters; they are all pretty much alike, — dark-haired or light-haired, with the outfits belonging to their complexion, respectively. I had an old great-aunt, who was a tip-top eccentric. I had never seen anything just like her in books. So I said, I will have you, old lady, in one of my stories; and, sure enough, I fitted her out with a first-rate odd-sounding name, which I got from the directory, and sent her forth to the world, disguised, as I supposed, beyond the possibility of recognition. The book sold well, and the eccentric personage was voted a novelty. A few weeks after it was published a lawyer called upon me, as the agent of the person in the directory, whose family name I had used, as he maintained, to his and all his relatives' great damage, wrong, loss, grief, shame, and irreparable injury, for which the sum of blank thousand dollars would be a modest compensation. The story made the book sell, but not enough to pay blank thousand dollars. In the mean time a cousin of mine had sniffed out the resemblance between the character in my book and our great-aunt. We were rivals in her good graces. 'Cousin Pansie' spoke to her of my book and the trouble it was bringing on me, — she was so sorry about it! She liked my story, — only those personalities, you know. 'What personalities?' says old granny-aunt. 'Why, auntie, dear, they do say that he has brought in everybody we know, — did n't anybody

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tell you about — well, — I suppose you ought to know it, — did n't anybody tell you you were made fun of in that novel?' Somebody — no matter who — happened to hear all this, and told me. She said granny-aunt's withered old face had two red spots come to it, as if she had been painting her cheeks from a pink saucer. No, she said, not a pink saucer, but as if they were two coals of fire. She sent out and got the book, and made her (the somebody that I was speaking of) read it to her. When she had heard as much as she could stand, — for 'Cousin Pansie' explained passages to her, — *explained*, you know, — she sent for her lawyer, and that same somebody had to be a witness to a new will she had drawn up. It was not to my advantage. 'Cousin Pansie' got the corner lot where the grocery is, and pretty much everything else. She left me a legacy. What do you think it was? An old set of my own books, that looked as if it had been bought out of a bankrupt circulating library!

"After that I grew more careful. I studied my disguises much more diligently. But after all, what could I do? Here I was, writing stories for my living and my reputation. I made a pretty sum enough, and worked hard enough to earn it. No tale, no money. Then every story that went from my workshop had to come up to the standard of my reputation, and there was a set of critics, — there *is* a set of critics now and everywhere, — that watch as narrowly for the decline of a man's reputation as ever a village half drowned out by an inundation watched for the falling of the waters. The fame I had won, such as it was, seemed to attend me, — not going before me in the shape of a woman with a trumpet, but rather following me like one of Actæon's hounds, his throat open, ready to pull me down and tear me. What a fierce enemy is that which bays behind us in the voice of our proudest bygone achievement!

"But, as I said above, what could I do? I must write novels, and I must have characters. 'Then why not invent them?' asks some novice. Oh, yes! Invent them! You can invent a human being that in certain aspects of humanity will answer every purpose for which your invention was intended. A basket of straw, an old coat and pair of breeches, a hat which has been soaked, sat upon, stuffed a broken window, and had a brood of chickens raised in it, — these elements, duly adjusted to each other, will represent humanity so truthfully that the crows will avoid the cornfield when your scarecrow displays his personality. Do you think you can make your heroes and heroines — nay, even your scrappy supernumeraries — out of refuse material, as you made your scarecrow? You can't do it. You must study living people and reproduce them. And whom do you know so well as your friends? You will show up your friends, then, one after another. When your friends give out, who is left for you? Why, nobody but your own family, of course. When you have used up your family, there is nothing left for you but to write your autobiography.

"After my experience with my grandaunt, I became more cautious, very naturally. I kept traits of character, but I mixed ages as well as sexes. In this way I continued to use up a large amount of material, which looked as if it were as dangerous as dynamite to meddle with. Who would have expected to meet my maternal uncle in the guise of a schoolboy? Yet I managed to decant his characteristics as nicely as the old gentleman would have decanted a bottle of Juno Madeira through that long siphon which he always used when the most sacred vintages were summoned from their crypts to render an account of themselves on his hospitable board. It was a nice business, I confess, but I did it, and I drink cheerfully to that

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good uncle's memory in a glass of wine from his own cellar, which, with many other more important tokens of his good will, I call my own since his lamented demise.

"I succeeded so well with my uncle that I thought I would try a course of cousins. I had enough of them to furnish out a whole gallery of portraits. There was cousin 'Creeshy,' as we called her; Lucretia, more correctly. She was a cripple. Her left lower limb had had something happen to it, and she walked with a crutch. Her patience under her trial was very pathetic and picturesque, so to speak, — I mean adapted to the tender parts of a story; nothing could work up better in a melting paragraph. But I could not, of course, describe her particular infirmity; that would point her out at once. I thought of shifting the lameness to the *right* lower limb, but even that would be seen through. So I gave the young woman that stood for her in my story a lame *elbow*, and put her arm in a sling, and made her such a model of uncomplaining endurance that my grandmother cried over her as if her poor old heart would break. She cried very easily, my grandmother; in fact, she had such a gift for tears that I availed myself of it, and if you remember old Judy, in my novel "*Honi Soit*" (Honey Sweet, the booksellers called it), — old Judy, the black nurse, — that was my grandmother. She had various other peculiarities, which I brought out one by one, and saddled on to different characters. You see she was a perfect mine of singularities and idiosyncrasies. After I had used her up pretty well, I came down upon my poor relations. They were perfectly fair game; what better use could I put them to? I studied them up very carefully, and as there were a good many of them I helped myself freely. They lasted me, with occasional intermissions, I should say, three or four years. I had to be very careful with my poor relations, — they were as touchy as they could be; and as I felt bound to send a copy of my novel, whatever it might be, to each one of them, — there were as many as a dozen, — I took care to mix their characteristic features, so that, though each might suspect I meant the other, no one should think I meant him or her. I got through all my relations at last except my father and mother. I had treated my brothers and sisters pretty fairly, all except Elisha and Joanna. The truth is they both had lots of odd ways, — family traits, I suppose, — but were just different enough from each other to figure separately in two different stories. These two novels made me some little trouble; for Elisha said he felt sure that I meant Joanna in one of them, and quarrelled with me about it; and Joanna vowed and declared that Elnathan, in the other, stood for brother 'Lisha, and that it was a real mean thing to make fun of folks' own flesh and blood, and treated me to one of her cries. She was n't handsome when she cried, poor, dear Joanna; in fact, that was one of the personal traits I had made use of in the story that Elisha found fault with.

"So as there was nobody left but my father and mother, you see for yourself I had no choice. There was one great advantage in dealing with them, — I knew them so thoroughly. One naturally feels a certain delicacy in handling from a purely artistic point of view persons who have been so near to him. One's mother, for instance: suppose some of her little ways were so peculiar that the accurate delineation of them would furnish amusement to great numbers of readers; it would not be without hesitation that a writer of delicate sensibility would draw her portrait, with all its whimsicalities, so plainly that it should be generally recognized. One's father is commonly of tougher fibre than one's mother, and one would not feel the same scruples, perhaps, in using him

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professionally as material in a novel; still, while you are employing him as *bait*, — you see I am honest and plain-spoken, for your characters *are* baits to catch readers with, — I would follow kind Izaak Walton's humane counsel about the frog you are fastening to your fish-hook: fix him artistically, as he directs, but in so doing 'use him as though you loved him.'

"I have at length shown up, in one form and another, all my townsmen who have anything effective in their bodily or mental make-up, all my friends, all my relatives; that is, all my blood relatives. It has occurred to me that I might open a new field in the family connection of my father-in-law and mother-in-law. We have been thinking of paying them a visit, and I shall have an admirable opportunity of studying them and their relatives and visitors. I have long wanted a good chance for getting acquainted with the social sphere several grades below that to which I am accustomed, and I have no doubt that I shall find matter for half a dozen new stories among those connections of mine. Besides, they live in a Western city, and one does n't mind much how he cuts up the people of places he does n't himself live in. I suppose there is not really so much difference in people's feelings, whether they live in Bangor or Omaha, but one's nerves can't be expected to stretch across the continent. It is all a matter of greater or less distance. I read this morning that a Chinese fleet was sunk, but I did n't think half so much about it as I did about losing my sleeve button, confound it! People have accused me of want of feeling; they misunderstand the artist-nature, — that is all. I obey that implicitly; I am sorry if people don't like my descriptions, but I have done my best. I have pulled to pieces all the persons I am acquainted with, and put them together again in my characters. The quills I write with come from live geese, I would have you know. I expect to get some first-rate pluckings from those people I was speaking of, and I mean to begin my thirty-ninth novel as soon as I have got through my visit."

Here the Portfolio closes for the present month.

Oliver Wendell Holmes.

HER EXPLANATION.

So you have wondered at me, — guessed in vain
  What the real woman is you know so well?
  I am a lost illusion. Some strange spell
Once made your friend there, with his fine disdain
Of fact, conceive me perfect. He would fain
  (But could not) see me always, as befell
  His dream to see me, plucking asphodel,
In saffron robes, on some celestial plain.
All that I was he marred and flung away
  In quest of what I was not, could not be, —
  Lilith, or Helen, or Antigone.
Still he may search; but I have had my day,
  And now the Past is all the part for me
That this world's empty stage has left to play.

E. R. Sill.

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A BIRD-LOVER'S APRIL.

It began on the 29th of March; in the afternoon of which day, despite the authority of the almanac and the banter of my acquaintances (March was March to them, and it was nothing more), I shook off the city's dust from my feet, and went into summer quarters. The roads were comparatively dry; the snow was entirely gone, except a patch or two in the shadow of thick pines under the northerly side of a hill; and all tokens seemed to promise an early spring. So much I learned before the hastening twilight cut short my first brief turn out-of-doors. In the morning would be time enough to discover what birds had already reported themselves at my station.

Unknown to me, however, our national weather bureau had announced a snow-storm, and in the morning I drew aside the curtains to look out upon a world all in white, with a cold, high wind blowing and snow falling fast. "The worst Sunday of the winter," the natives said. The "summer boarder" went to church, of course. To have done otherwise might have been taken for a confession of weakness; as if weather of this sort were more than he had bargained for. The villagers, lacking any such spur to right conduct, for the most part stayed at home; feeling it not unpleasant, I dare say, some of them, to have a natural inclination providentially confirmed, even at the cost of an hour's exercise with the shovel. The bravest parishioner of all, and the sweetest singer, — the song sparrow by name, — was not in the meeting-house, but by the roadside. What if the wind did blow, and the mercury stand at fifteen or twenty degrees below the freezing point? In cold as in heat "the mind is its own place."

Three days after this came a second storm, one of the heaviest snow-falls of the year. The robins were reduced to picking up seeds in the asparagus bed. The bluebirds appeared to be trying to glean something from the bark of trees, clinging rather awkwardly to the trunk meanwhile. (They are given to this, more or less, at all times, and it possibly has some connection with their half-woodpeckerish habit of nestling in holes.) Some of the snow-birds were doing likewise; I noticed one traveling up a trunk, — which inclined a good deal, to be sure, — exploring the crannies right and left, like any creeper. Half a dozen or more phœbes were in the edge of a wood; and they too seemed to have found out that, if worst came to worst, the tree-boles would yield a pittance for their relief. They often hovered against them, pecking hastily at the bark, and one at least was struggling for a foothold on the perpendicular surface. Most of the time, however, they went skimming over the snow and the brook, in the regular flycatcher style. The chickadees were put to little or no inconvenience, since what was a desperate makeshift to the others was to them only an every-day affair. It would take a long storm to bury their granary.[1] After the titmice, the fox-colored sparrows had perhaps the best of it. Looking out places where the snow had collected least, at the foot of a tree or on the edge of water, these adepts at scratching speedily turned up earth enough to checker the white with very considerable patches of brown. While walking I continually disturbed song

[1] In the titmouse's cosmological system trees occupy a highly important place, we may be sure; while the purpose of their tall, upright method of growth no doubt receives a very simple and logical (and correspondingly lucid) explanation.

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sparrows, fox sparrows, tree sparrows, and snow-birds feeding in the road; and when I sat in my room I was advised of the approach of carriages by seeing these "pensioners upon the traveler's track" scurry past the window in advance of them.

It is pleasant to observe how naturally birds flock together in hard times, — precisely as men do, and doubtless for similar reasons. The edge of the wood, just mentioned, was populous with them: robins, bluebirds, chickadees, fox sparrows, snow-birds, song sparrows, tree sparrows, phœbes, a golden-winged woodpecker, and a rusty blackbird. The last, noticeable for his conspicuous light-colored eye-ring, had somehow become separated from his fellows, and remained for several days about this spot entirely alone. I liked to watch his aquatic performances; they might almost have been those of the American dipper himself, I thought. He made nothing of putting his head and neck clean under water, like a duck, and sometimes waded the brook when the current was so strong that he was compelled every now and then to stop and brace himself against it, lest he should be carried off his feet.

It is clear that birds, sharing the frailty of some who are better than many sparrows, are often wanting in patience. As spring draws near they cannot wait for its coming. What it has been the fashion to call their unerring instinct is after all infallible only as a certain great public functionary is, — in theory; and their mistaken haste is too frequently nothing but a hurrying to their death. But I saw no evidence that this particular storm was attended with any fatal consequences. The snow completely disappeared within a day or two; and even while it lasted the song sparrows, fox sparrows, and linnets could be heard singing with all cheerfulness. On the coldest day, when the mercury settled to within twelve degrees of zero, I observed that the song sparrows, as they fed in the road, had a trick of crouching till their feathers all but touched the ground, so protecting their legs against the biting wind.

The first indications of mating were noticed on the 5th, the parties being two pairs of bluebirds. One of the females was rebuffing her suitor rather petulantly, but when he flew away she lost no time in following. Shall I be accused of slander if I suggest that possibly her *No* meant nothing worse than *Ask me again?* I trust not; she was only a bluebird, remember. Three days later I came upon two couples engaged in house-hunting. In this business the female takes the lead, with a silent, abstracted air, as if the matter were one of absorbing interest; while her mate follows her about somewhat impatiently, and with a good deal of talk, which is plainly intended to hasten the decision. "Come, come," he says; "the season is short, and we can't waste the whole of it in getting ready." I never could discover that his eloquence produced much effect, however. Her ladyship will have her own way; as indeed she ought to have, good soul, considering that she is to have the discomfort and the hazard. In one case I was puzzled by the fact that there seemed to be two females to one of the opposite sex. It really looked as if the fellow proposed to set up housekeeping with whichever should first find a house to her mind. But this *is* slander, and I hasten to take it back. No doubt I misinterpreted his behavior; for it is true—with sorrow I confess it — that I am as yet but imperfectly at home in the Sialian dialect.

For the first fortnight my note-book is full of the fox-colored sparrows. It was worth while to have come into the country ahead of time, as city people reckon, to get my fill of this Northern songster's music. Morning and night, wherever I walked, and even if I re-

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mained in-doors, I was certain to hear the loud and beautiful strain; to which I listened with the more attention because the birds, I knew, would soon be off for their native fields, beyond the boundaries of the United States.

It is astonishing how gloriously birds may sing, and yet pass unregarded. We read of nightingales and skylarks with a self-satisfied thrill of second-hand enthusiasm, and meanwhile our native songsters, even the best of them, are piping unheeded at our very doors. There may have been half a dozen of the town's people who noticed the presence of these fox sparrows, but I think it doubtful; and yet the birds, the largest, handsomest, and most musical of all our many sparrows, were, as I say, abundant everywhere, and in full voice.

One afternoon I stood still while a fox sparrow and a song sparrow sang alternately on either side of me, both exceptionally good vocalists, and each doing his best. The songs were of about equal length, and as far as theme was concerned were not a little alike; but the fox sparrow's tone was both louder and more mellow than the other's, while his notes were longer, — more sustained, — and his voice was "carried" from one pitch to another. On the whole, I had no hesitation about giving him the palm; but I am bound to say that his rival was a worthy competitor. In some respects, indeed, the latter was the more interesting singer of the two. His opening measure of three *pips* was succeeded by a trill of quite peculiar brilliancy and perfection; and when the other bird had ceased he suddenly took a lower perch, and began to rehearse an altogether different tune in a voice not more than half as loud as what he had been using; after which, as if to cap the climax, he several times followed the tune with a detached phrase or two in a still fainter voice. This last was pretty certainly an improvised cadenza, such a thing as I do not remember ever to have heard before from *Melospiza melodia.*

The song of the fox sparrow has at times an almost thrush-like quality; and the bird himself, as he flies up in front of you, might easily be mistaken for some member of that noble family. Once, indeed, when I saw him eating burning-bush berries in a Boston garden, I was half ready to believe that I had before my eyes a living example of the development of one species out of another, — a finch already well on his way to become a thrush. Most often, however, his voice puts me in mind of the cardinal grosbeak's; his voice, and perhaps still more his cadence, and especially his practice of the *portamento.*

The 11th of the month was sunny, and the next morning I came back from my accustomed rounds under a sense of bereavement: the fox sparrows were gone. Where yesterday there had been hundreds of them, now I could find only two silent stragglers. They had been well scattered over the township, — here a flock and there a flock; but in some way — I should be glad to have anybody tell me how — the word had passed from company to company that after sundown Friday night all hands would set out once more on their northward journey. There was one man, at least, who missed them, and in the comparative silence which followed their departure appreciated anew how much they had contributed to fill the wet and chilly April days with music and good cheer.

The snow-birds tarried longer, but from this date became less and less abundant. For the first third of the month they had been as numerous, I calculated, as all other species put together. On one occasion I saw a large company of them chasing an albino, the latter dashing wildly round a pine-tree, with the whole flock in furious pursuit. They drove him off, across an impassable morass, before I could get close enough really to see him, but I presumed

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him to be of their own kind. As far as I could make out he was entirely white. For the moment it lasted, it was an exciting scene; and I was especially gratified to notice with what extreme heartiness and unanimity the birds discountenanced their wayward brother's heterodoxy. I agreed with them that one who cannot be content to dress like other people ought not to be allowed to live with them. The world is large, — let him go to Rhode Island!

On the evening of the 6th, just at dusk, I had started up the road for a lazy after-dinner saunter, when I was brought to a sudden halt by what on the instant I took for the cry of a night-hawk. But no night-hawk could be here thus early in the season, and, listening further, I perceived that the bird, if bird it was, was on the ground, or, at any rate, not far from it. Then it flashed upon me that this was the note of the woodcock, which I had that very day startled upon this same hillside. Now, then, for another sight of his famous aerial courtship act! So, scrambling down the embankment, and clambering over the stone-wall, I pushed up the hill through bushes and briers, till, having come as near the bird as I dared, I crouched, and awaited further developments. I had not long to wait, for after a few *yaks*, at intervals of perhaps fifteen or twenty seconds, the fellow took to wing, and went soaring in a circle above me; calling hurriedly *click*, *click*, *click*, with a break now and then, as if for breath-taking. All this he repeated several times; but unfortunately it was too dark for me to see him, except as he crossed a narrow illuminated strip of sky just above the horizon line. I judged that he mounted to a very considerable height, and dropped invariably into the exact spot from which he had started. For a week or two I listened every night for a repetition of the *yak*; but I heard nothing more of it for a month. Then it came to my ears again, this time from a field between the road and a swamp. Watching my opportunity, while the bird was in the air, I hastened across the field, and stationed myself against a small cedar. He was still *clicking* high overhead, but soon alighted silently within twenty feet of where I was standing, and commenced to "bleat," prefacing each *yak* with a fainter syllable which I had never before been near enough to detect. Presently he started once more on his skyward journey. Up he went, in a large spiral, "higher still and higher," till the cedar cut off my view for an instant, after which I could not again get my eye upon him. Whether he saw me or not I cannot tell, but he dropped to the ground some rods away, and did not make another ascension, although he continued to call irregularly, and appeared to be walking about the field. Perhaps by this time the fair one for whose benefit all this parade was intended had come out of the swamp to meet and reward her admirer.

Hoping for a repetition of the same programme on the following night, I invited a friend from the city to witness it with me; one who, less fortunate than the "forest seer," had never "heard the woodcock's evening hymn," notwithstanding his knowledge of birds is a thousand-fold more than mine, as all students of American ornithology would unhesitatingly avouch were I to mention his name. We waited till dark; but though *Philohela* was there, and sounded his *yak* two or three times, — just enough to excite our hopes, — yet for some reason he kept to *terra firma*. Perhaps he was aware of our presence, and disdained to exhibit himself in the *rôle* of a wooer under our profane and curious gaze; or possibly, as my more scientific (and less sentimental) companion suggested, the light breeze may have been counted unfavorable for such high-flying exploits.

After all, our matter-of-fact world is

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surprisingly full of romance. Who would have expected to find this heavy-bodied, long-billed, gross-looking, bull-headed bird singing at heaven's gate? *He* a "scorner of the ground"? Verily, love worketh wonders! And perhaps it is really true that the outward semblance is sometimes deceptive. To be candid, however, I must end with confessing that, after listening to the woodcock's "hymn" a good many times, first and last, I cannot help thinking that it takes an imaginative ear to discover anything properly to be called a song in its monotonous *click, click*, even at its fastest and loudest.

While I was enjoying the farewell *matinée* of the fox-colored sparrows on the 11th, suddenly there ran into the chorus the fine silver thread of the winter wren's tune. Here was pleasure unexpected. It is down in all the books, I believe, that this bird does not sing while on his travels; and certainly I had myself never heard him do such a thing before. But there is always something new under the sun.

"Who ever heard of th' Indian Peru?
Or who in venturous vessell measurèd
The Amazon's huge river, now found trew?
Or fruitfullest Virginia who did ever vew?"

I was all ear, of course, standing motionless while the delicious music came again and again out of a tangle of underbrush behind a dilapidated stone-wall, — a spot for all the world congenial to this tiny recluse, whose whole life, we may say, is one long game of hide-and-seek. Altogether the song was repeated twenty times at least, and to my thinking I had never heard it given with greater brilliancy and fervor. The darling little minstrel! he will never know how grateful I felt. I even forgave him when he sang thrice from a living bush, albeit in so doing he spoiled a sentence which I had already committed to "the permanency of print." Birds of all kinds will play such tricks upon us; but whether the fault be chargeable to fickleness or a mischievous spirit on their part, rather than to undue haste on the part of us their reporters, is a matter about which I am perhaps not sufficiently disinterested to judge. In this instance, however, it was reasonably certain that the singer did not show himself intentionally; for unless the whole tenor of his life belies him, the winter wren's motto is, Little birds should be heard, and not seen.

Two days afterward I was favored again in like manner. But not by the same bird, I think; unless my hearing was at fault (the singer was further away than before), this one's tune was in places somewhat broken and hesitating, — as if he were practicing a lesson not yet fully learned.

I felt under a double obligation to these two specimens of *Anorthura troglodytes hiemalis:* first for their music itself; and then for the support which it gave to a pet theory of mine, that all our singing birds will yet be found to sing more or less regularly in the course of the vernal migration.

Within another forty-eight hours this same theory received a farther confirmation. I was standing under an apple-tree, watching a pair of titmice who were hollowing out a stub for a nest, when my ear caught a novel song not far away. Of course I made towards it; but the bird flew off, across the road and into the woods. My hour was up, and I reluctantly started homeward, but had hardly done so before the song was repeated. This was more than human nature could bear, and, turning back upon the run, I got into the woods just in time to see two birds chasing each other round a tree, both uttering the very notes which had so roused my curiosity. Then away they went; but as I was again bewailing my evil luck, one of them returned, and flew into the oak, directly over my head, and as he did so fell to calling anew, *Sue, suky, suky.* A single glance upward revealed that

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this was another of the silent migrants, — a brown creeper! Only once before had I heard from him anything beside his customary lisping *zee, zee;* and even on that occasion (in June and in New Hampshire) the song bore no resemblance to his present effort. I have written it down as it sounded at the moment, *Sue, suky, suky,* — five notes, the first longer than the others, and all of them brusque, loud, and musical, though with something of a warbler quality.[1]

It surprised me to find how the migratory movement lagged for the first half of the month. A pair of white-breasted swallows flew over my head while I was attending to the winter wren on the 11th, and on the 14th appeared the first pine-creeping warblers, — welcome for their own sakes, and doubly so as the forerunners of a numerous and splendid company; but aside from these two, I saw no evidence that a single new species arrived at my station for the entire fortnight.

Robins sang sparingly from the beginning, and became perceptibly more musical on the 8th, with signs of mating and jealousy; but the real robin carnival did not open till the morning of the 14th. Then the change was wonderful. Some of the birds were flying this way and that, high in air, two or three together; others chased each other about nearer the ground; some were screaming, some hissing, and more singing. So sudden was the outbreak and so great the commotion that I was persuaded there must have been an arrival of females in the night.

I have heard it objected against these thrushes, whose extreme commonness renders them less highly esteemed than they would otherwise be, that they begin to sing too early in the morning. But I am not myself prepared to second the criticism. They are not often heard, I think, until the eastern sky begins to flush, and it is not quite certain to my mind that they are wrong in assuming that daylight makes daytime. I have questioned before now whether our own custom of sitting up for five or six hours after sunset, and then lying abed two or three hours after sunrise, may not have come down to us from times when there were still people in the world who loved darkness rather than light, because their deeds were evil; and whether, after all, in this as in some other respects, we might not wisely take pattern of the fowls of the air.

Individually, the phœbes were almost as noisy as the robins, but of course their numbers were far less. They are models of perseverance. Were their voice equal to the nightingale's they could hardly be more assiduous and enthusiastic in its use. As a general thing they are content to repeat the simple *Phœbe, Phœbe* (there are moods in the experience of all of us, I hope, when the repetition of a name is by itself music sufficient), but it is not uncommon for this to be heightened to *Phœbe, O Phœbe;* and now and then you will hear some fellow calling excitedly, *Phœbe, Phœbe-be-be-be-be,* — a comical sort of stuttering, in which the difficulty is not in getting hold of the first syllable, but in letting go the last one.

[1] Still further to corroborate my "pet theory," I may say now in a foot-note, what I hope some time to say with more detail, that before the end of the following month the hermit thrushes, the olive-backed thrushes, and the gray-cheeked thrushes all sang for me in my Melrose woods.

Let me explain, also, that when I call the brown creeper a silent migrant I am not unaware that others beside myself, and more than myself, have heard him sing while traveling. Mr. William Brewster, as quoted by Dr. Brewer in the History of North American Birds, has been exceptionally fortunate in this regard. But my expression is correct as far as the rule is concerned; and the latest word upon the subject which has come under my eye is this from Mr. E. P. Bicknell's Study of the Singing of our Birds, in The Auk for April, 1884: "Some feeble notes, suggestive of those of *Regulus satrapa*, are this bird's usual utterance during its visit. Its song I have never heard."

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On the 15th I witnessed a certain other performance of theirs, — one that I had seen two or three times the season previous, and for which I had been on the lookout from the first day of the month. I heard a series of *chips*, which might have been the cries of a chicken, but which, it appeared did proceed from a phœbe, who, as I looked up, was just in the act of quitting his perch on the ridge-pole of a barn. He rose for perhaps thirty feet, not spirally, but in a zigzag course, — like a horse climbing a hill with a heavy load, — all the time calling *chip, chip, chip*. Then he went round and round in a small circle, with a kind of hovering action of the wings, vociferating hurriedly, *Phœbe, Phœbe, Phœbe;* after which he shot down into the top of a tree, and with a lively flirt of his tail took up again the same eloquent theme. During the next few weeks I several times found this bird similarly engaged. And it is worthy of remark that, of the four flycatchers which regularly pass the summer with us, three may be said to be in the *habit* of singing in the air, while the fourth (the wood pewee) does the same thing, only with less frequency. It is curious, also, on the other hand, that not one of our eight common New England thrushes, as far as I have ever seen or heard, shows the least tendency toward any such state of lyrical exaltation. Yet the thrushes are song birds *par excellence*, while the phœbe, the least flycatcher, and the king-bird are not supposed to be able to sing at all. The latter have the soul of music in them, at any rate; and why should it not be true of birds, as it is of human poets and would-be poets, that sensibility and faculty are not always found together? Perhaps those who have nothing but the sensibility have, after all, the better half of the blessing.

The golden-winged woodpeckers shouted comparatively little before the middle of the month, and I heard nothing of their tender *wick-a-wick* until the 22d. After that they were noisy enough. With all their power of lungs, however, they not only are not singers; they do not aspire to be. They belong to the tribe of Jubal. Hearing somebody drumming on tin, I peeped over the wall, and saw one of these pigeon woodpeckers hammering an old tin pan lying in the middle of the pasture. Rather small sport, I thought, for so large a bird. But that was a matter of opinion, merely, and evidently the performer himself had no such scruples. He may even have considered that his ability to play on this instrument of the tinsmith's went far to put him on an equality with some who boast themselves the only tool-using animals. True, the pan was battered and rusty; but it was resonant, for all that, and day after day he pleased himself with beating *reveille* upon it. One morning I found him sitting in a tree, screaming lustily in response to another bird in an adjacent field. After a while, waxing ardent, he dropped to the ground, and, stationing himself before his drum, proceeded to answer each cry of his rival with a vigorous rubadub, varying the programme with an occasional halloo. How long this would have lasted there is no telling, but he caught sight of me, skulking behind a tree-trunk, and flew back to his lofty perch, where he was still shouting when I came away. It was observable that, even in his greatest excitement, he paused once in a while to dress his feathers. At first I was inclined to take this as betraying a want of earnestness; but further reflection led me to a different conclusion. For I imagine that the human lover, no matter how consuming his passion, is seldom carried so far beyond himself as not to be able to spare now and then a thought to the parting of his hair and the tie of his cravat.

Seeing the great delight which this woodpecker took in his precious tin pan,

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it seemed to me not at all improbable that he had selected his summer residence with a view to being near it, just as I had chosen mine for its convenience of access to the woods on the one hand, and to the city on the other. I shall watch with interest to see whether he returns to the same pasture another year.

A few field sparrows and chippers showed themselves punctually on the 15th; but they were only scouts, and the great body of their followers were more than a week behind them. I saw no bay-winged buntings until the 22d, although it is likely enough they had been here for some days before that. By a lucky chance, my very first bird was a peculiarly accomplished musician: he altered his tune at nearly every repetition of it, sang it sometimes loudly and then softly, and once in a while added cadenza-like phrases. It lost nothing by being heard on a bright, frosty morning, when the edges of the pools were filmed with ice.

Only three species of warblers appeared during the month: the pine-creeping warblers, already spoken of, who were trilling on the 15th; the yellow-rumped, who came on the 23d; and the yellow red-polls, who followed the next morning. The black-throated greens were mysteriously tardy, and the black-and-white creepers waited for May-day.

A single brown thrush was leading the chorus on the 29th. "A great singer," my note-book says: "not so altogether faultless as some, but with a large voice and style, adapted to a great part;" and then is added, "I thought this morning of Titiens, as I listened to him!" — a bit of impromptu musical criticism, which, under cover of the saving quotation marks, may stand for what it is worth.

Not long after leaving him I ran upon two hermit thrushes (one had been seen on the 25th), flitting about the woods like ghosts. I whistled softly to the first, and he condescended to answer with a low *chuck*, after which I could get nothing more out of him. This demure taciturnity is very curious and characteristic, and to me very engaging. The fellow will neither skulk nor run, but hops upon some low branch, and looks at you, — behaving not a little as if you were the specimen and he the student! And in such a matter, as far as I can see, every bird has a right to his own opinion.

The hermits were not yet in tune; and without forgetting the fox-colored sparrows and the linnets, the song sparrows and the bay-wings, the winter wrens and the brown thrush, I am almost ready to declare that the best music of the month came from the smallest of all the month's birds, the ruby-crowned kinglets. Their spring season is always short with us, and unhappily it was this year shorter even than usual, my dates being April 23d and May 5th. But we must be thankful for a little, when the little is of such a quality. Once I descried two of them in the topmost branches of a clump of tall maples. For a long time they fed in silence; then they began to chase each other about through the trees, in graceful evolutions (I can imagine nothing more graceful), and soon one, and then the other, broke out into song. "'Infinite riches in a little room,'" my note-book says, again; and truly the song is marvelous, — a prolonged and varied warble, introduced and often broken into, with delightful effect, by a wrennish chatter. For fluency, smoothness, and ease, and especially for purity and sweetness of tune, I have never heard any bird-song that seemed to me more nearly perfect. If the dainty creature would bear confinement, — on which point I know nothing, — he would make an ideal parlor songster; for his voice, while round and full, — in contrast with the goldfinch's, for example, — is yet, even at its loudest, of a wonder-

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ful softness and delicacy. Nevertheless, I trust that nobody will ever cage him. Better far go out-of-doors, and drink in the exquisite sounds as they drop from the thick of some tall pine, while you catch now and then a glimpse of the tiny author, flitting busily from branch to branch, warbling at his work; or, as you may oftener do, look and listen to your heart's content, while he explores some low cedar or a cluster of roadside birches, too innocent and happy to heed your presence. So you will carry home not the song only, but "the river and sky."

But if the kinglets were individually the best singers, I must still affirm that the goldfinches gave the best concert. It was on a sunny afternoon, — the 27th, — and in a small grove of tall pitch-pines. How many birds there were I could form little estimate, but when fifteen flew away for a minute or two the chorus was not perceptibly diminished. All were singing, twittering, and calling together; some of them directly over my head, the rest scattered throughout the wood. No one voice predominated in the least; all sang softly, and with an indescribable tenderness and beauty. Any who do not know how sweet the goldfinch's note is may get some conception of the effect of such a concert if they will imagine fifty canaries thus engaged out-of-doors. I declared then that I had never heard anything so enchanting, and I am not certain even now that I was over-enthusiastic.

A pine-creeping warbler, I remember, broke in upon the choir two or three times with his loud, precise trill. Foolish bird! His is a pretty song by itself, but set in contrast with music so full of imagination and poetry, it sounded painfully abrupt and prosaic.

I discovered the first signs of nest-building on the 13th, while investigating the question of a bird's ambi-dexterity. It happened that I had just been watching a chickadee, as he picked chip after chip from a dead branch, and held them fast with one claw, while he broke them in pieces with his beak; and walking away, it occurred to me to ask whether or not he could probably use both feet equally well for such a purpose. Accordingly, seeing another go into an apple-tree, I drew near to take his testimony on that point. But when I came to look for him he was nowhere in sight, and pretty soon it appeared that he was at work in the end of an upright stub, which he had evidently but just begun to hollow out, as the tip of his tail still protruded over the edge. A bird-lover's curiosity can always adapt itself to circumstances, and in this case it was no hardship to postpone the settlement of my newly raised inquiry, while I observed the pretty labors of my little architect. These proved to be by no means inconsiderable, lasting nearly or quite three weeks. The birds were still bringing away chips on the 30th, when their cavity was about eleven inches deep; but it is to be said that, as far as I could find out, they never worked in the afternoon or on rainy days.

Their demeanor toward each other all this time was beautiful to see; no effusive display of affection, but every appearance of a perfect mutual understanding and contentment. And their treatment of me was no less appropriate and delightful, — a happy combination of freedom and dignified reserve. I took it for an extremely neat compliment to myself, as well as incontestable evidence of unusual powers of discrimination on their part.

On my second visit the female sounded a call as I approached the tree, and I looked to see her mate take some notice of it; but he kept straight on with what he was doing. Not long after she spoke again, however; and now it was amusing to see the fellow all at once stand still on the top of the stub, looking up and around, as much as to say, "What

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is it, my dear? I see nothing." Apparently it *was* nothing, and he went head first into the hole again. Pretty soon, while he was inside, I stepped up against the trunk. His mate continued silent, and after what seemed a long time he came out, flew to an adjacent twig, dropped his load, and returned. This he did over and over (the end of the stub was perhaps ten feet above my head), and once he let fall a beakful of chips plump in my face. They were light, and I did not resent the liberty.

Two mornings later I found him at his task again, toiling in good earnest. In and out he went, taking care to bring away the shavings at every trip, as before, and generally sounding a note or two (keeping the tally, perhaps) before he dropped them. For the fifteen minutes or so that I remained, his mate was perched in another branch of the same tree, not once shifting her position, and doing nothing whatever except to preen her feathers a little. She paid no attention to her husband, nor did he to her. It was a revelation to me that a chickadee could possibly sit still so long.

Eight days after this they were both at work, spelling each other, and then going off in company for a brief turn at feeding.

So far they had never manifested the least annoyance at my espionage; but the next morning, as I stood against the tree, one of them seemed slightly disturbed, and flew from twig to twig about my head, looking at me from all directions with his shining black eyes. The reconnoissance was satisfactory, however; everything went on as before, and several times the chips rattled down upon my stiff Derby hat. The hole was getting deep, it was plain; I could hear the little carpenter hammering at the bottom, and then scrambling up the walls on his way out. One of the pair brought a black tidbit from a neighboring pine, and offered it to the other as he emerged into daylight. He took it from her bill, said *chit*, — chickadese for *thank you*, — and hastened back into the mine.

Finally, on the 27th, after watching their operations a while from the ground, I swung myself into the tree, and took a seat with them. To my delight, the work proceeded without interruption. Neither bird made any outcry, although one of them hopped around me, just out of reach, with evident curiosity. He must have thought me a queer specimen. When I drew my overcoat up after me and put it on, they flew away; but within a minute or two they were both back again, working as merrily as ever, and taking no pains not to litter me with their rubbish. Once the female (I took it to be she from her smaller size, not from this piece of shiftlessness) dropped her load without quitting the stub, a thing I had not seen either of them do before. Twice one brought the other something to eat. At last the male took another turn at investigating my character, and it began to look as if he would end with alighting on my hat. This time, too, I am proud to say, the verdict was favorable.

Their confidence was not misplaced, and unless all signs failed they reared a full brood of tits. May their tribe increase! Of birds so innocent and unobtrusive, so graceful, so merry-hearted, and so musical, the world can never have too many.

Bradford Torrey.

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HENRY JAMES.

THIS volume in memory of the late Henry James[1] consists of an attempt at an outline of his system of thought, composed chiefly of selections from his own writings and a brief autobiographical sketch, to which is added the important work entitled Spiritual Creation. This essay, constituting the main part of the book, and extending through fifteen chapters, is yet left unfinished. It is the last work of the author, and repeats in another form the thought to which he had given for his own age so deep and passionate expression. The autobiographic sketch is written with the briefest incident and circumstance, and apparently to present through his own experience of life a spiritual conviction of that which forms the common and universal life of man.

In the august presence of the truth which he recognizes so gratefully and so devoutly, he counts the incident and circumstance of his own life as nothing, the subjects of trivial record; as if they were, in the daily and common ways of men, but "the dust that rises up and is lightly laid again." But the dates given in this brief sketch are of value, since they connect him with the age to whose deepest thought he gave so clear interpretation, and they associate him, as he would say, with the latitudes in which he lived. It is singular, however, that, while so closely related to the best thought and work of his age, he discloses no relation with any contemporary writer. And his vision was so intent upon the one thought of that life which for him lay at the foundation of human life and human society that he regarded the external incident and circumstance of his own age as slightly as those of his own life. There was, beneath them all, the revelation of a divine life, and their process was but the continuous incarnation and redemption of man; it was the process of a spiritual creation.

The memoir contains no letters which might further illustrate his thought and work, although his correspondence was extensive, and bore always the impress of his rare genius; in fact, his most important books were written in the form of letters to a friend. His note-books, also, should furnish much of interest, if we may judge by the brief extracts which he gave in his reminiscences of Carlyle and his allusions to Emerson. Their use may invade no privacy; and indeed, in the large human quality which his writings always had, there is no writer where the merely private concern of life is so completely effaced. Thus, again, there is no more that is strictly autobiographic in the paper which is so entitled than may be found scattered through all his volumes.

He has a unique position in literature. He wrote no history, no verse, no essays on nature, or conduct, or art, or life, and no treatise on philosophy; but the slight references which incidentally appear indicate a various learning which was lightly borne, and a rare use of words, and a refined critical culture, and beneath all a sympathy with the common life of man so profound that it must have had a ground deeper than any mere individual relation. His prose sometimes recalls, in its glow of color and richness of expression and in its eloquence, the prose of the old writers in the greater periods of English literature. His style has a singular freshness and a homely beauty of phrase and illustration, so that it suggests not faintly the freshness of the style in poetry of Chaucer; it is genu-

[1] *The Literary Remains of Henry James.* Edited by WILLIAM JAMES. J. R. Osgood & Co. 1885.

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ine, with no trace of an insincere pedantry of thought or formality of expression, and the pulses of life seem to run and to beat fully and freely through its periods. It is never affected by any conventionalism, and it is delayed by no skepticism. It seems naturally to avoid a scholastic dress, and even the terms and phrases of the schools, when he uses them, are often turned around, as if the stream which is so fresh and strong would mark its own confines and trace the free line of its own banks. Thus the words "consciousness" and "personality," and in some instances "nature," are used in a way which is an inversion of their common use. But one comes soon to ascertain their special significance, and then they do not interfere with the clear apprehension of the thought and purpose of the writer.

He was no mystic and no seer, as he has sometimes been represented; he was drawn away to no dim and shadowy confines of thought, and held no vague vision of the future, to avert, by its splendor, his gaze from this earth. He might associate with those who had seen visions and dreamt dreams, but for him the common life of man had itself been glorified by the divine presence, and it was in the lowliness of humanity that there had come the revelation of the splendor of God. He was still less the founder or expositor of an institution. For him, the ritualistic and the institutional man belonged simply to the provisional and typical conditions of life. They might stand in the way if they assumed to themselves an exclusive distinction in the divine life, which was alone the foundation of the life of humanity. They became then as in some mask; as the pale and shadowy figures of the past, which lingered behind the stage-lights of the theatre when the full light of day had come, and kept the accompaniment of the drums and instruments of the orchestra when the full music of humanity filled, for those who would but hear it, all the streets and ways of the city.

This sometimes may have led him to identify real and organic movements of history with the mere forms of an institution. Thus he wrote in a letter to the New York Tribune, many years ago, that a characteristic of the age was an indifference to lapsed nationalities. But the characteristic of the age was to be the rise of a deeper and unitary national life in the very countries from which he wrote, — in Italy and Germany. Yet this process has been itself an evidence of the truth which he most clearly recognized of a spiritual creation, and in its democratic and social form is the recognition of the deeper and divine life of humanity.

He was not and could not be an isolated thinker, separated from the spirit that was working in his own age. His conception of creation as a continuous process was not very far away from that of Edwards; his representation of the relation of the Creator and the creature, and of the nothingness of the creature apart from the Creator, recalls the thought of Hegel; his apprehension of the Incarnation as continuous was that of Rothe; and his statement of the human consciousness and its relation to the formative life of human society has a very beautiful expression in a recent work of Thomas Hill Green on the Witness of God. He was strictly a theologian; but while a correspondence may be traced between his thought and that of these writers, he has given a far deeper conception of the reality and fullness of the divine Incarnation as the foundation of the life of man. It is a life which is limited by no sanctimonies, for it is a universal life, and its realization is in the redeemed life of human society. This was the ground of his deep humility. He says of it, "I feel such a mental impotence in regard to the ineffable theme, such a sense of silent and amazed and abashed truth in

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relation to it, that, say what I may, I can hardly feel sure of having said anything to the purpose. I confess, for my part, that this truth of the spiritual creation, or of God's natural humanity, is in itself so grand and unexpected as utterly to beggar my imagination at the start." It is the conviction that God has taken upon himself this worn and broken and bedraggled life of man on this earth, and borne it with the Infinite patience to the fulfillment of its divine destiny. He has given a clearer and fuller interpretation of the correlation and correspondence of nature and society; his unfinished work closes with the inquiry, "Whose image, then, is nature, after all?" But he has said before, in the same work, "There is but one nature, then, and that is human nature, — so named from God's true creature, man; for mineral, vegetable, and animal are God's creatures only as involved in man, and without him could have no possible cause of existence." He has lifted the conception of human society above that of a merely physical relation, in physical conditions, to that of a divine and human relation, in which it is moulded and formed through the realization of the divine love. Thus he has given the strongest expression to the inseparable connection between theology and sociology. There are in recent literature, in the works of Spencer and Maudsley, representations of society as a physical organism; but the facts which are the evidence of its spiritual and ethical relations are far more obvious, and it becomes strange to him that men will not see them. For it is not through the exclusive recognition of any merely physical phenomena, nor by the application of any abstract schemes or theories, that human society is constituted, but in the recognition and realization of its redemptive life. In the significant phrase which forms the title of perhaps his most important work, society is the redeemed form of man. He says, "The sum of all I have been alleging is that we, as a community, are fully launched at length upon that metaphysic sea of being whose mystic waters float the sapphire walls of the new Jerusalem, metropolis of earth and heaven. It is not a city built of stone nor of any material rubbish, since it has no need of sun or moon to enlighten it; but its foundations are laid in the eternal wants and passions of the human heart, sympathetic with God's infinitude, and its walls are the laws of man's deathless intelligence, subjecting all things to his allegiance. Neither is it a city into which shall ever enter anything that defileth, nor anything that is contrary to nature, nor yet anything that produceth a lie; for it is the city of God coming down to men out of the stainless heavens, and therefore full of pure, unmixed blessing to human life, and there shall be no more curse." The relations of human society are not to be settled by any adjustment of property nor use and division of land, important as these are, but in the recognition of a life in which all the suffering and trial of the world is reconciled in the coming of a divine and an eternal order. It is true that this may not be counted as yet fully attained. He says himself, "There are, it must be admitted, too many fierce and avaricious natures among us, to whom the state no longer exists as the symbol or representative of an outward order in human life, and at the same time does not begin to reveal itself as the symbol or representative of a much more constraining inward order; and all these necessarily look upon their fellowmen as delivered over to their use, to be fleeced *ad libitum*."

In the intense expression which he has given to a single truth, that of the divine Incarnation and Redemption, he sometimes seems to have a restricted conception of forms and phases of life, which so fully engage the thoughts of men. He thus seems sometimes unjust

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to the ethical drama and its distinctions in its portrayal of life, and yet when we hear a play of Shakespeare, we do not regard it as a finality; it is itself only the representation of an incident or form of experience in the common life of man. He seems, again, unjust to the uses and necessity of an institutional order; but it is only in the recognition of the law that institutions are for man, and not man for institutions. He seems, again, unjust to physical research, with its labor and large results; but it must be conceded that while Darwin may detect no beneficent end in the tendencies of physical nature, yet he recognizes a beneficent end in the acquisition of that knowledge, to which he devoted his life so patiently and so laboriously, in its gradual gain to the evolution of human society and the subjection of the world to man.

It has been a subject of speculation whether the position which he has maintained might not have been affirmed apart from Christianity. But this is not the conception which he allows. It is the revelation of the divine Incarnation which seems often to him the only reality. He himself says, "I hold the Christian facts to be authentic, because I see them to be needful ultimates or exponents of otherwise undiscoverable and inconceivable spiritual truth. Indeed, I hold the life, death, and ascension of Jesus Christ to be the only facts of human history which are not in themselves illusory or fallacious, because they alone base a new creation in man, to which every fibre of his nature, starved and revolted by the actual creation, eagerly responds."

Browning, in his last work, has given us, after testing the experience and traversing the field of a various and subtle philosophy, the conclusion of his own thought: —

> "Let throngs press thee to me!
> Up and down amid men, heart by heart fare we!
> Welcome squalid vesture, harsh voice, hateful face!
> God is soul, souls I and thou: with souls should souls have place."

But this recognition of the world seems merely abstract, only the recital of certain particulars in comparison with that profound conception which on almost every page is the centre and ground of James's thought.

But the interpretation of his thought must be found in his own works. That they will be read more widely in the future we do not doubt. He gave to the truth which he recognized an unceasing devotion. The words would be more just of no other artist, that he toiled,

> "gaining, as he gave,
> The Life he imaged."

It was said by a public journalist, in reporting the announcement of his death, "No one who had known him could read it without tears." It was a long life, whose devotion was checked by no indifference, and whose faith was itself a record, to remain among the best treasures of memory.

WOODBERRY'S POE.

Mr. Woodberry[1] has done for Poe the greatest service which one man can render another. He has told the truth about him. It is doubtful if Poe would have relished the service, for he rarely told the truth about himself, and at first sight the laborious task which this latest

[1] *Edgar Allan Poe.* By George E. Woodberry. [American Men of Letters Series.] Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1885.

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biographer has finished seems a cruel one. Nevertheless, even though Poe's imaginary character were gone forever, we repeat that no better service could be done the man than that the facts of his life should be correctly given. Not literature alone, but humanity also, is served by a pitiless accuracy of statement; and this can be secured only when the biographer has an eye single to this end. We think it clear, from the whole tone of Mr. Woodberry's work, that he set out on his task with no partiality for his subject, and completed it with no unkindly feeling toward the man whom he had so steadily pursued through all the windings and turnings of his melancholy career.

Poe has suffered at the hands of biased biographers, but he has been his own worst enemy; and therefore it is that any one who should put that enemy to rout might justly be called Poe's best friend. Mr. Woodberry has patiently examined not only the material which was accessible to previous biographers, but much which his industry and the kindness of others have made his own. He has shown a lawyer-like acumen in threading the mazes of a confused and contradictory career, and has enabled the student of Poe and his writings to construct a consistent and intelligible whole. It is possible now, as it has not been before, to rest one's conception of this singular being upon a solid foundation of fact.

This is the peculiar value of the latest contribution to the Poe literature. The separate discoveries which Mr. Woodberry has made may not seem to the casual reader very important. Even the most considerable, that of Poe's army life, will not appear to him indicative of any serious disclosure of character. The value, however, is in the sureness of step by which one passes to each successive grade of development in Poe's life, in the confidence with which one surveys the accumulation of minute facts, and in the gradual unveiling of the unhappy man's figure by his own words and acts.

Mr. Woodberry's critical estimate of Poe's work is less satisfactory rather by what he omits to say than by what he says. The method which he applied to the discovery of the facts of the life is indeed used with excellent skill in stating the external history of the writings, and the account given of Poe's economy and double use of his printed material is in itself a commentary on the poet's character. The few pages in which he sums up Poe's qualities as a poet, and his explanation of the mood in which Ulalume was written, make us wish that he had dwelt at more length and with more specific criticism upon the few poems which constitute Poe's passport to immortality, and we could have better spared the minute examination of the pseudo-philosophy exploited in Eureka.

The judgment of Poe's critical faculty is scarcely so sound as that of his poetic power. Too much credit is given to Poe for independence, and perhaps too little for that insight which he really had, and which atones for much of his prejudice and personal feeling. Poe's independence was an Ishmaelite sort of freedom. It was not the result of a fearless conviction, but of a lawless nature. At one time he would characterize Hawthorne as one whose mind was original in all points; at another dismiss him as not original, but only peculiar. He would praise by the column some female writer whose name has been absolutely forgotten, and he would parade cheap learning with an ostentation which seemed to deceive even himself. The defect of his poetry was the defect of his criticism. In each case a great endowment had been so encrusted with artificiality that there was little chance for healthy truth to find its way through. The power of the one was the power of the other. The occasional hours when Poe saw clearly, and was lifted by his

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imagination out of the miserable net in which he had involved himself, were luminous, and the poems which he then wrote, the criticisms which he offered, were of exceeding value. The difficulty is that in the confused mass of Poe's criticism the good is so mingled with the bad as to discourage one from attempting to appropriate it. His criticism has a certain historical interest, and is of worth in helping to determine Poe's individuality; but it can scarcely be regarded as a contribution to literature, and it may be doubted if it exercised any very potent influence upon the writers or readers of his time. It was too willful, in the main, to have a very stringent effect.

Mr. Woodberry will be called by some a hard judge for the final estimate which he passes upon Poe. His estimate is doubtless the outcome of that long and familiar acquaintance with his subject which the writing of such a book compelled. It is also partly due to the slightly unsympathetic mood which is betrayed throughout the work. We do not find this a very grave defect. It has answered the purpose of giving a cold and dispassionate survey of a life which has been almost as hardly treated by friend as by foe. Nor is the reader at the mercy of the biographer. On the contrary, he has been supplied most carefully with all the facts, and the slight tinge of contempt with which they are colored only provokes one to a more generous, certainly to a more compassionate, estimate. It is impossible to avoid the pathos of the situation, as one follows the fortunes of Poe and his wife. His steadfastness to her means an immense amount in any summary of his character; his loneliness, as he drifts through the clouds of a world in which he always seems to be fighting unreal figures, comes to affect one with a fine pity, and to make one forget all the lessons of Poe's life except that of a mournful charity.

A POPULAR MANUAL OF ENGLISH LITERATURE.

If there be any matter in which a journal of literature may have an honest zeal, it is in the presentation of the history of literature; and no books excite our critical jealousy so quickly as manuals of literature, especially where they profess to cover both England and America, and are offered as guides to the young student. The author of the book before us[1] is encouraged in her undertaking by the fact that "English literature has been assuming a more prominent place in the curricula of schools and colleges" during the past few years. That is the very reason why we have been reading her book. The plan of the work is something between a hand-book and an encyclopædia, and we will let the author describe it, for her statement carries with it some sensible criticism. "Literature," she says, "is not a science, whose leading principles can be systematically exhibited within a moderate compass, and of which a complete elementary knowledge can be imparted within a limited time. English literature, even in its most restricted sense, covers a vast field through which, properly speaking, there is no short cut. Compendiums of English lit-

[1] *A Popular Manual of English Literature.* Containing outlines of the literature of France, Germany, Italy, Spain, and the United States of America; with historical, scientific, and art notes. By Maude Gillette Phillips. In two volumes. New York: Harper and Brothers. 1885.

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erature *describe* the field of labor instead of placing it before the student for personal examination, and hence, by converting the study into a mere exercise of the memory, fail to accomplish the most advantageous result. The only road to a competent knowledge of English literature is that of *personal investigation*, not only among its masterpieces, but also among the critical reviews and biographical essays pertaining to them and their authors, which are scattered here and there over the whole field of literature, — a labor requiring study so extensive as to be impracticable to the ordinary student. To make this road of investigation accessible, as far as possible, to the student, even during the limited time devoted to the study in the usual courses of instruction, the following volume attempts, by presenting within the limits of a convenient manual a carefully collected mass of facts and information respecting the representative English authors from varied and reliable sources, together with celebrated and characteristic passages referring to them and their writings, quoted from the works of the keenest critics of Europe and America."

As an illustration of the method pursued, the treatment of Wordsworth will serve for an example. It should be premised that the subject occurs in a division of the book entitled Age of Revolution, which is dated 1784–1837. The introduction deals in a general way with the characteristics of the age in poetry, fiction, philosophy, journalism, and criticism; a survey is made of the contemporary literature of the rest of Christendom; and then follow monographs of Cowper, Burns, Wordsworth, Scott, and Byron. First there is an account of the portraits of Wordsworth; then there is De Quincey's portraiture from his Literary Reminiscences, and a reference to Hazlitt, Carlyle, and Brinley, for further details. Four pages of comment contain scraps of prose and verse from a variety of authors. A Topical Study of Wordsworth's Life is prepared by the author, which, under various headings, and with more or less quotation from the poet himself and from other writers, considers in chronological order the main facts of a biography. Similar sections are given under the title Wordsworth's Homes, Wordsworth's Friends, Wordsworth's Personal Character, Wordsworth's Literary Career, consisting for the most part of excerpts from contemporaries or later critics. A Chronological Table of Wordsworth's works, with dates of publication, is given, under four periods. Then follows a series of Studies, comprising Lyrical Ballads, The White Doe of Rylstone, Intimations of Immortality, and The Excursion. The author's method in these studies is to make a preliminary statement of her own, with criticisms from other sources dovetailed in; to copy a number of familiar quotations, and then selections from various criticisms. She gives up, to be sure, when she attacks the ode Intimations of Immortality, contenting herself with remarking, "This poem is one of the grandest in the English language, and one that no thoughtful reader can study without ever-increasing reverence and awe. It has been justly characterized by Ralph Waldo Emerson as the 'high-water mark of English thought in the nineteenth century,'" — and then she prints an extract from the poem, forty or fifty lines long.

Now it is not to be gainsaid that the author has been very industrious; has collected a great mass of material, and has arranged it in a methodical fashion. We suspect, moreover, that she would cheerfully acknowledge her indebtedness to the commentators on literature, and would disclaim any title to having made a philosophical study herself of this vast subject. Even when there are no quotation marks, one feels that the author is merely decanting out of her little glass what she has poured in from the bigger

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vessels that she has gathered about herself. We give her credit, too, for general accuracy as regards names and dates and all the apparatus which she has so diligently accumulated. But is there any evidence of qualification for her task beyond patience, industry, and a methodical mind? And are these sufficient for one who essays to act as a guide in so vast a study as that of English literature?

The first qualification in a person undertaking such a task is insight, the second is good taste, the third is a power of philosophic combination and discrimination. These are the higher attributes, and patience, industry, and method are those subsidiary virtues which a historian of English literature will find essential rather to the completion of his work than to the conception of it.

Let us test the author of this book on these points by a few instances; and we will take her on ground with which she ought to be familiar, — the literature of her own country. According to her plan, this is merely illustrative of English literature, and is passed over swiftly. All the more reason is there for the flash of light needed to guide the hurrying student. The first paragraph relating to the United States is as follows: "American literature in the Colonial period had been almost exclusively theological, consisting of tracts and sermons by such writers as Roger Williams, John Cotton, Jonathan Edwards, Cotton Mather; which, though displaying considerable learning and acuteness, are of no interest to the general reader of the present day. During the Revolutionary era oratorical eloquence had burst forth in the patriotic speeches of Patrick Henry and James Otis; Benjamin Franklin had produced his noble essays on moral, scientific, and philosophical subjects; and there had flourished a few satirical versifiers. But it was not till the struggles for existence and independence were over that ethical and rhetorical literature in the United States attained full development, or that didactic and romantic compositions were produced to any extent."

This is commonplace to the last degree. Half the number of words given to Edwards's Freedom of the Will and Franklin's Autobiography would have been worth more to the student, and the barest reference to the reasons for the peculiar character of early American literature might have given a hint for a clearer understanding of the relation subsisting between American and English literature. So also the paragraph devoted to Cooper does not give the slightest intimation of his distinctive contribution to literature. When the author reaches the Victorian age, and undertakes to summarize American literature, she indulges in such criticism as "Bryant is generally regarded as the finest type of American poets," speaks of Mr. Howells as a disciple of Mr. James, tucks Emerson in at the end of a miscellaneous list of poets, calls Trowbridge's Coupon Bonds a popular poem, makes Parkman one of the lesser historians, and winds up her statement of poetry with the hollow words, "Of late years poetry has been somewhat declining, and American critics anxiously await the advent of some new poetic genius."

These random passages indicate the weakness of this new guide to literature. There is a hopeless attempt at ranking everybody and everything. Dante's Divina Commedia is a work which "ranks second only to Homer's Iliad." Four lines from Chaucer are quoted as "some of the choicest in all Chaucer's works." Literature is minutely divided into periods, and all the various forms culminate at some time or other. One gets the impression that intellectualism is constantly coming to a head, like a boil. This mechanical conception of the subject which is always looking for rounded divisions, and attempts to formulate the products of the intellect, is the pervading one, and the very fullness with

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which the plan is carried out tends to confirm in the student a habit of thought regarding literature which is destructive of a really close acquaintance with great work.

Our objection to the method followed goes farther. We quite agree with the author that a mere description of the field cannot take the place of investigation; but the trouble with her plan is that it gives the student too much material in a fragmentary way, and is quite as prejudicial to real investigation. The fault to be found with those hand-books which attempt to give a view of literature by means of extracts is only a little greater than the objection which we are raising against this hand-book. Knowledge about authors is not to be had by means of extracts, and it is unfair to the criticism itself to take it out of its context. Mr. Stedman, for example, has made a conscientious, connected, and sustained study of Tennyson in his Victorian Poets. Miss or Mrs. Phillips snips out a passage here and there, and fits it into her mosaic of criticism. But criticism is not made up of *obiter dicta*, and a student of Tennyson would do much more who sat down to his poet with such a guide as Genung for In Memoriam than if he attempted to digest the very mixed banquet set before him in this volume.

In short, this work tends to increase a superficial mode of studying English literature. It makes such a show of omniscience that the ingenuous student fancies an application to it will make him a master of the subject. He gets a smattering of knowledge; he is not in the hands of a wise guide, he is not put in the way of a really continuous and evolutionary study, and he is not given in each section such a survey as will serve him if he wishes to know some one subject thoroughly. Stopford Brooke's little hand-book is of more real value than this *omnium gatherum*. It sets one to thinking. This does his thinking for him, and makes him a sort of literary capon.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB.

It is early summer when those vegetable imitations of flying *orthoptera*, the winged seeds of the red maple, are sent abroad by the parent tree. With these my dooryard is sometimes so thickly strewn as to suggest by their ripe color that autumn has joined hands with spring, and summer has been dropped from the seasons' dance. Not so very long after this fall of seeds, little trees start up everywhere about the yards and the borders of the streets. Any one who sympathizes with the masses and an overcrowded population must pity these younglings of the maple tribe, which, with the whole wide earth around them, obtain so little room and opportunity for life. Out of the hundreds that spring up in early summer, perhaps not one sees the autumn. Whether their life has been in vain is a fit question for the sentimentalist to decide. One such tender tree I remember, which died young, either because the gods loved it, or because they sought to punish the pride I had in its possession. My Roof-Tree I called it. I do not think there was another such in the whole village, — for I took some pains to look at my neighbors' roofs, to see whether the same honor had been bestowed upon them.

It was one morning after a plentiful rain, when the shingles of the roof showed a pleasing mossiness, that I dis-

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covered a maple seedling growing from a crevice close to the eaves-trough. It had already passed its first infancy, the plumule had unfolded, and a pair of jaunty, delicately notched leaves balanced each other on the stem. It leaned forward slightly, and seemed to nod a good-morning, or an assurance that it had the house and its inmates under faithful watch and ward, as became the character of a good roof-tree. Afterwards, no day of its brief life passed but some agreeable speculation was suggested by this half-span sapling. It even hinted that one might have a hanging garden as remarkable in its way as the hanging gardens of Babylon. Tree-culture on one's own roof would be a taking novelty. The eaves-trough, — might it not be turned to account as a river, upon whose rich alluvial banks various kinds of quick tropical growths might be induced to take up their residence? At night, too, I could not help noticing the attitude of quiet ecstasy which my little roof-tree maintained, outlined as it was against the moonlit sky. More than once I suspected that Hop and Drop, and Sib and Tib, and the rest of that ilk, were tripping it featly under those two fairy leaves, while mortals slept none the less soundly. Jack's bean-stalk shrunk into total insignificance beside this tree of the roof, by which one's fancies could so easily climb into heaven. But alas for my airy expectations! Under the good shade of the tree which produced it, the seedling flourished for a time; but when the fiercer heats of summer came on, the two brave leaves were crisped brown, the stem withered away, and soon nothing remained of my roof-tree. True, it was no great shelter, yet for some reason I could ill afford to spare it.

— The recent marriages of two of our countrywomen — one to a prince of the house of Colonna, and the other to the Comte de Fitzjames — lead one to review the list of American women who have wedded foreigners of rank, real or imagined. Of course in these late instances there can be no uncertainty; the one is too modern and the other too ancient for any mistakes. Few princely families, however, are so well known as the Colonnas and the remnant of the Stewarts. One is sometimes at a loss to divine the glamour in names which, even if provided with more than one "handle," are neither historical nor famous. It is fair to our young countrywomen to suppose that their first motive in marrying is love, and in some cases romantic notions suggest love. Those notions have gone out of fashion, yet many a girl in her secret heart still cherishes a vision of a lover, with dark eyes and mustache, who sings or rides, who is a soldier, who has a pretty Christian name or a fine title. The attraction of the last often rests on the belief that noble blood possesses good and generous qualities, which only reach perfection by long transmission; there are proverbs to that effect and heraldic mottoes which proclaim it. We respect an illusion like this as much as the dream of love in a cottage, if there be an American girl alive who still dreams of that. But to provide as far as possible against disappointment, our young ladies would do well to be certain that their titled suitors really inherit their name and its moral entail.

To begin with, good lineage does not always go with rank, and there are plenty of titles in England which have as little connection with it as Lord Chancellor or Lord Mayor. Burke's Vicissitudes of Noble Families relates the loss of station and final extinction which have overtaken some of the finest breeds that came to England with William the Conqueror, and the transfer of their titles to very inferior stock. The ups and downs of the line of Percy are a lesson; for although we may believe with Galton and others that hereditary merit comes through the mother, the chivalric quality seems impaired when it passes

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to the distaff under the name of Smithson. Prince Dolgourouki's little book on the noble families of Russia contains curious facts about bedizened patronymics ending in *off* and *iev*, not to be found in the Velvet Book, or among the companions of Rurik. The haughty old Tartar frequently suppresses the genealogy of an upstart prince by saying that he respects himself and his readers too much to refer to the origin of *this* family. Polish nobility is the most fallacious order in Europe. In a nation consisting of but two castes, the noble and the serf, in which everybody not sprung from the former is descended from the latter, the possessor of the most heroic name may be a coarse, illiterate, indigent peasant, or the highest title may rightfully belong to a gentleman who lives by his wits. Moreover, a country which, for over a century, has had no autonomy, no court, no centres of society, no entity in short, cannot give vouchers for the legitimacy of her children or of their pretensions.

Italian and Spanish rank is often accepted as a guarantee of good blood, because in those countries a father generally transmits his title to all his sons. But although nowhere is a claim to high extraction so severely tested as among Spanish grandees, even at the fountainhead of blue blood, the appellation of prince, duke, marquis, etc., is bestowed at the royal pleasure on men whose family names are not more distinguished than Brown, Jones, or Robinson. In Italy the papacy has been the great mint of titles. A Pope's immediate forbears might have been fishermen or swineherds, yet his sons and nephews almost invariably become princes, with fortunes to maintain their rank; political reasons would induce the patrician families of Rome and Venice, or even the reigning houses of other countries, to form matrimonial alliances with them, and thus establish them on a footing of apparent equality. But it was not necessary to be a pontiff's kinsman to receive a title from him; in recent times, a certain Pope, after making a little journey through the province in which he was born, ennobled every family in his own district.

France is the country into which hitherto our young ladies have most frequently married, so that the antiquity of her nobility is specially interesting to us. In the first place, strictly speaking, there is no longer such a class in France, but as titles are still in use they have their value. The French themselves have long been concerned in this matter. The Souvenirs de la Marquise de Créquy, a spurious autobiography, but composed of authentic documents, gives a catalogue of the old French families extant at the time of the Revolution, by which it can be seen that several of the most ancient had already died out. The Revolution, besides exterminating some of the remaining ones, passed its bloody hand over all patents of nobility, and abolished titles of every sort; the further to humble those who owned them, and take away their very identity, sometimes after the confiscation of property the former owners were compelled to keep the name of an estate, and drop a family name more illustrious than any rank, — as though the son of Prince Doria should be forced to call himself Valmontone, without a title, and forbidden to use the name of Doria. There was wholesale destruction of the archives and monuments recording the titles and pedigrees of ancient lines, sometimes intentionally, though more often accidentally, when the castles, religious houses, or town halls in which they were kept were burned or razed. Napoleon, on making himself Emperor, created an aristocracy to reflect his pomp, and distributed the nicknames of prince and duke among men of the most plebeian origin and surname. The old French titles were not renewed or recognized. Such of their representatives as had

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fought for their country under Napoleon were not rewarded by being reinstated in their hereditary rank; a different and usually lower title was conferred upon them, that they too might recollect that they owed everything to the new Cæsar.

At the Restoration, although the old nobility was allowed to resume its former designations, policy did not admit of doing away with Napoleon's hierarchy. The Dukes of Bassano, Piacenza, etc., retained their stage names and properties, and when their less eminent comrades obtained the favor of Louis XVIII., or married some daughter of a feudal race, the sham titles of the First Empire were exchanged for genuine ones, and the offspring of these unions gave themselves the airs of descendants of crusaders. Bourbons and Orleans alike continued to create new nobles; Louis Philippe, the citizen king, condescended to make an Englishman Duc de Stackpole.

The long expatriation of the surviving *émigrés*, or of their children, favored all sorts of impostures. The Tichborne case has shown how easy it would be to maintain a false claim if nobody had an interest in disputing it; and there are stories of more than one clever servant who appropriated the papers and personal effects of a master who had died obscurely in exile, returned to France after a quarter of a century's absence, personated him, and received his possessions and titles. This fraud was successfully perpetrated by the footman of an old lady of quality, who had died abroad. The impudent varlet came back disguised as a woman, under his late mistress's name, and obtained from the government a pension and a lodging at Versailles, which in those days was an asylum for persons of good position, as Hampton Court and Kensington Palace now are. The parchments of so many families having perished, and the government heralds' offices having been abolished, made it difficult to establish or disprove a claim. The rage for rank, which seems inherent in human nature, prompted people to grab at a title wherever they could lay hands upon one: a man who had no nearer claim to being a count than his great aunt's having been a countess wore his honors with angry contempt of those whose coronets had come brand new from the king. Then the Second Empire arose, with a new crop of dignitaries, so that a man was termed a noble of yesterday or the day before yesterday, according as he owed his rank to the first or second of the preceding dynasties. One of Louis Philippe's batch, on hearing of Louis Napoleon's latest novelty, exclaimed, "Why, then I belong to the *ancienne noblesse!*"

It is easy to fancy the confusion that ensued. Even the claim to gentle birth lost its significance; people who had not the luck or wit to obtain a title adopted the prefix *de*, called in France the *particule nobiliaire*, and generally accepted as a sign of good blood. Sometimes it was taken merely for identification by men of mark with common surnames, who adopted the name of their native town, like the great lawyer Michel de Bourges, or the sculptor David d'Angers. But more often the introduction of a *de*, or *d* with an apostrophe, if the surname began with a vowel, was an assumption of gentility.

The doubts which rest on these and similar pretensions are older than the Revolution. As early as the Valois kings, titles were conferred in recognition of military service; this honorable recompense of merit, which gave lustre to rank, was soon extended to persons who advanced money in time of war or other public need. By degrees, according privileges of nobility became an indirect mode of replenishing the royal exchequer through a tax paid on the assumption of a title, and ruined noblemen were not slow in resorting to the

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same expedient for bettering their affairs. These last bartered not their estates only, but their titles, which, even if they could not legally be borne by the purchaser, could pass to his grandson; but this formality was commuted on the payment of a sum to the crown. Several French kings attempted to check the base growth which was supplanting the finest genealogical trees of the kingdom: edicts were issued by Louis XIV. and Louis XV. to establish all existing titles by compelling the possessors to prove their claims, fines being imposed for usurpation. But the abuse had already gone too far, and had taken root in custom; it soon sprang up in new directions. The nobles propagated it by intermarriage with the daughters of rich and often most ignoble commoners, a proceeding which they insolently termed manuring their lands; after a few generations the inheritance would occasionally slip over to collateral branches on the female side, carrying title and pedigree with it. Ancestors who had fought under Henri IV., or bowed before Louis XIV., must sometimes have turned in their graves at the posterity foisted upon them. At last came the Revolution with its axe, and more than one foolish head paid the penalty for having worn a borrowed coronet. Thus flourished the Empire, the Restoration, and the Second Empire, with their successive batches of fictitious princes and dukes, counts and grafts of old titles on new stocks, until the sower could not have separated the tares from the wheat. The most notorious instance of our times was Louis Napoleon's granting the splendid name of Montmorenci, which had lately become extinct, to a person whom nothing could justify in bearing it. This imposition was resisted, and resented by duels and blackballing; but the new owner has held fast to his ill-gotten distinction, although not long ago he was obliged to defend it by a letter in the Figaro, a quasi-comic, quasi-religious newspaper of immense circulation in France.

But the opposition is dying out, and an undisputed title or patronymic soon becomes as hard to contest as an established right of way. After a few decades hardly anybody outside of France will remember that the Montmorencis are interlopers. In France itself, the families who rightfully bear the old names and wear the old crests, and not a few of those who strut in borrowed plumes, will always know whose claims are genuine and whose spurious, and the new-comers are the sharper to repel intruders. So our young ladies, before committing themselves, should be careful to ascertain whether they are to accept the name and style of an aristocrat or of an upstart. They may be sure that a fraudulent title will not give them the place in foreign society which belongs to a real one. Even the modest particule nobiliaire, if arbitrarily prefixed, sounds as absurdly as O'Robinson, McJones, or ap-Brown would to Irish, Scotch, or Welsh ears. It is safer to marry men who have made their own name and position: a lady whose husband is called simply M. Waddington or M. Alexandre Ribot finds her place ready for her. But if our girls desire merely to style themselves marchioness or countess, like the servants in high life below stairs, or to use a coronet upon their note-paper, the fac-simile of a tinsel one answers such purposes.

—M. Jean Gigoux, the painter, lithographer, and illustrator, has recently published a volume of souvenirs entitled Causeries sur les Artistes de Mon Temps. It is one of the most gossipy and interesting books of reminiscences that have been written in this century, so rich in memoirs and recollections of all kinds. For the information of the reader, and in order to complete the lacuna which the author's modesty has caused him to leave in his volume, it may be said that

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M. Jean Gigoux is a veteran, who was born at Besançon in 1809, came to Paris in 1827, and has remained there ever since, in close relations of friendship with all the literary, artistic, and political celebrities of the times. He first became famous as a lithographer: his illustration of Gil Blas, consisting of six hundred vignettes, has made the edition of 1835 famous in the annals of bibliophilism; his large historical paintings, the Death of Leonardo, the Good Samaritan, Antony and Cleopatra after the Battle of Actium, the Capture of Ghent, etc., figure with honor in the museums of the Luxembourg, of Versailles, and of his native town of Besançon, while still vaster compositions adorn different churches in Paris. In the way of official recompenses M. Gigoux has achieved all that ambition can desire; and the esteem in which he has been held by his contemporaries will doubtless be ratified by posterity.

M. Gigoux was very intimate with Eugène Delacroix, the mighty colorist. No one, he tells us, was more familiar with the antique and a more conscientious student from nature than Delacroix. He was not a tranquil artist; he was always seeking that which no master can teach, and which is yet the most striking thing in a picture, namely, life. He wanted life everywhere and at any price, — in the landscape, in the sky, around his figures. All the rest was, in his eyes, secondary. He used to work with furious energy; dashing in a patch of light here and there, trying to render the plashing of water, the movement of horses, the scintillation of light on armor, — "l'impression, encore l'impression, toujours l'impression!" Then, finally, when the picture was exhibited, the public and the critics cried out, "What a daub! Why, it is not finished! The shading is not graduated!" Delacroix's sketches were often clumsy; but if he could devote a little time to them, his drawings became charming. M. Gigoux is the happy possessor of three hundred examples, — figures from life, as finished as the finest miniatures, and many drawings from the terra-cotta figurines of Tanagra. One day, while looking over the collection in the author's studio, M. Bonnat said that these drawings were, in his opinion, as fine as those of the greatest of the great masters. And yet, the morning of the opening of the Salon, Delacroix was obliged to announce to his friend Gigoux that the jury of the Salon had refused each one of the seventeen pictures which he had sent in! All these seventeen canvases have since appeared in public auctions, and the prices paid for them have varied between 40,000 and 45,000 fr.!

Here is an anecdote which shows that the life of literary men in the reign of Napoleon III. was not altogether a blissful career. Théophile Gautier told Gigoux one morning, as they were going off to breakfast in the country, that he had received the visit of a gentleman, who had said to him, "I know you are now writing an article on the *début* of Mlle. X. I hope that, whatever your opinion of her may be, you will speak favorably of her; in the contrary case, the pension on the civil list which you at present enjoy will be withdrawn."

Of M. Thiers, whose collection, bequeathed by will to the Louvre, is now the laughing-stock of the *habitués* of the museum and the despair of the curators, M. Jean Gigoux has several anecdotes to tell. The two were frequently neighbors at the auction sales at the Hôtel Drouot. About 1858, M. Thiers became a passionate collector of prints, for which he used to pay the wildest prices at the Hôtel Drouot. This went on for some time, but M. Thiers never was able to appreciate the differences between proofs and "states," and finally he sold out his collection at a considerable loss. Then he conceived a new mania, — that of having made at Florence water-color copies from the old masters.

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At the present moment these ridiculous works are hung up on the walls of two rooms in the Louvre, much to the disgust of the curators and of the public. In vain M. Gigoux sought to dissuade M. Thiers from carrying out this idea, telling him that necessarily the novices charged with making the copies did not see what was in the originals. "These beautiful works were made by great men, and he who copies them does not see them; he looks at them, it is true, but, I repeat, he does not see them." "That is sufficient," replied M. Thiers crossly; "they are good enough for me."

As a lithographer, M. Jean Gigoux could not fail to lament in his Causeries the disappearance of his art. He asks justly why the masterpieces of lithography are not yet represented in the Louvre. "The lithographs of Raffet and those of Français after Rousseau, for instance, are, I venture to affirm, superior to the etchings of Ruysdaël and of the ancients. Certainly, it is impossible for this fine art to be entirely lost; it is too important for painters. Why was it not known in the time of Raphael, of Titian, or of Correggio, or of Jean Van Eyck! Those beautiful drawings on stone reproducing the work of all these great men would be inestimable."

Corot, Troyon, Fromentin, Jules Jacquemart, Bosio, Ingres, Courbet, Pradier, Gavarni, Daumier, etc., — all the famous names of the century come under M. Gigoux's notice in the course of his chatty volume, and he always has some new anecdote to give of the famous men and immortal artists who were all more or less his friends and comrades.

— There seems to be a strong tendency in modern art to turn to the Orient for instruction and inspiration. A genius for wonderfully delicate and exquisite architectural forms and a passionate love of color, joined with an unerring taste in its use, are among the most striking characteristics of the Persian and Arabian workman, and we do well simply to stand and learn of him. Yes, we must even humble ourselves still more, and acknowledge that this is not the first time that the dying art of the West has received new life from the East. Long ago, when Western art, as represented in the Roman centres of civilization, was growing stiff and dry, the lucky removal of the Emperor to Constantinople brought about the perfection of the dome and the development of mosaic decoration.

The Persians' power of expression was not confined to the arts of painting and sculpture, however. In their literature also we find the same love of vivid coloring, the same subtlety and suggestiveness, and the same wonderful genius for form. So when Constantine threw wide open the doors of the Orient, it was not the new art alone which came over to Italy, with

> "Manna and dates and dainties every one,
> From silken Samarcand to cedared Lebanon,"

but also all the glow and warmth of Eastern legends and songs. The tales of Boccaccio, the sonnets of Petrarch, the Jerusalem of Tasso, the Divine Comedy of Dante, will all bear witness to the debt of Italian literature to that of Persia.

To these great Italian sources we can trace back much of Chaucer, Shakespeare, and Milton. Indirectly, therefore, English literature, also, is indebted to the Orient. During the classical revival in England, however, we find little, if any, of the daring fancy and epigrammatic wit of Persia and Arabia. It is not till the romantic renaissance in the days of Byron, Shelley, and Keats that the debt is renewed, and the "balance of trade" has been in favor of the East ever since. In America, too, we have a noble example of the influence of Persian culture. It has been well said that Mr. Emerson had a Persian head on Yankee shoulders. His philosophy shows a quickness of insight, a power of condensation, an aptness of illustra-

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tion, which is essentially Persian; indeed, we know that he himself acknowledged his deep gratitude to Oriental thinkers.

There is one lesson in the arts, however, which the English race do not seem to have learned of Persian teachers, and that is the skillful handling of poetical form. We have imitated all the elaborate contortions of the troubadours and of the wandering singers of Provençal; we have written sonnets, and rondeaus, and villanelles, and ballades, but we have never thought of turning to Persia for poetical forms. Yet is it not likely that a people who had such a perfect taste in architectural proportions should have had an equally fine taste in poetry?

This question occurred to our cousins, the Germans, nearly three quarters of a century ago, and they have answered it very satisfactorily. They discovered that the favorite form in Persian poetry was the so-called *ghazel*, which may be described briefly as follows: —

The poem may be written in any metre, and may be anywhere from four to sixteen or seventeen lines long. The first couplet is rhymed; then comes an unrhymed line; next a line rhyming with the first couplet, then another unrhymed line; next another line rhyming with the first couplet, then another unrhymed line; and so on, every alternate line after the first couplet being unrhymed, and only one rhyme being used throughout. This form, when short, is used for apothegms; when long, for drinking and love songs; and a more melodious poem than a properly written *ghazel* it is impossible to find.

The Germans claim that they have completely mastered the *ghazel*, and identified it with their poetry. A few instances will show that they are fully justified in their claim. It would take a more skillful hand than mine to translate them into English. The first, an instance of the shorter form, in which a single thought is expressed, is by von Platen; the second, a love-song, by Leuthold; and the third, a *ghazel* on the *ghazel*, by Rückert.

I.

Im Wasser wogt die Lilie, die blanke, hin und her,
Doch irr'st du, Freund, sobald du sagst, sie schwanke hin und her;
Es wurzelt ja so fest ihr Fuss im tiefen Meeresgrund;
Ihr Haupt nur wiegt ein lieblicher Gedanke hin und her.

II.

Es sehnet sich mein Herze bang, o süsse Frau, zu dir!
Drum trägt mich meiner Leier Klang, o süsse Frau, zu dir!
Ist meine Liebe vor der Welt und auch vor dir Vergehn,
Nicht widerstehn kann ich dem Drang, o süsse Frau, zu dir!
Du bist so kalt, — lieb'st du mich nicht, so bin ich Hass doch werth,
Dein Hass vielleicht schwächt meinen Hang, o süsse Frau, zu dir!
Doch nein! sei gnädig, lass mir noch den Wahn, du seist mir gut!
Die sich auf Liedes Flügeln schwang, o süsse Frau, zu dir!

III.

Am meisten lieb' ich ein Ghasel
Ein morgenländisch rein Ghasel.
Mein liebster Dichter ist Hafiz; —
Vor Allem schön ist sein Ghasel.
Wie bilderreich und üppig ist
Sein Liebes- und sein Wein-Ghasel!
— Du klag'st, dass du trotz aller Müh'
Zu Stande brächtest kein Ghasel;
Und ist so leicht doch, süsses Kind!
— Sieh, hier ist schon ein klein Ghasel!

These are the usual forms of the *ghazel*. It will be noticed that the rhymes in all these instances are complex, or, as they are called in German, long, rich rhymes. This is not required, but lends greatly to the musical effect.

There is another form, used both in Persian and in German, in which one long poem is made up of a series of *ghazels* of four lines each, a new rhyme beginning each *ghazel*. In this form the Rubáiyát of Omar Khayyám, which is now so familiar to English readers through Mr. Fitzgerald's admirable translation and Mr. Vedder's beautiful drawings, was written. Mr. Fitzgerald

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has been wonderfully successful in retaining the original versification. Recall any of those delicious verses which hold their place so tenaciously in the memory: —

"Yet ah, that spring should vanish with the rose!
That youth's sweet-scented manuscript should close!
The nightingale that in the branches sang,
Ah, whence and whither flown again, who knows?"

"And some we loved, the loveliest and the best
That from his vintage rolling time hath prest,
Have drunk their cup a round or two before,
And one by one crept silently to rest!"

"A Book of verses underneath the bough,
A jug of wine, a loaf of bread, and thou
Beside me singing in the wilderness,
Oh, wilderness were paradise enow!"

There are other variations, too, but as they are German inventions, not to be found in Persian poetry, we may pass them by.

The first German who attempted to nationalize the *ghazel* was Goethe, in his West-Eastern Divan; but he rarely succeeds in carrying it beyond four or five lines, and even in this short space often introduces unwarrantable variations. Still, here, as in so many other fields, it is to Goethe's first fruitful suggestion that we owe the splendid final result in the masterpieces of Friedrich Rückert, who made the greatest and most successful use of this beautiful form, and thoroughly incorporated it into German poetry. Yet, strange to say, few great poets have followed his example; we may count them on the fingers of one hand. Immediately after Rückert, as a master of the *ghazel*, comes von Platen; his successor was the brilliant Heinrich Leuthold, of melancholy memory.

There is another Persian, or rather Arabian, form, called the *makame*, of which, I am sorry to say, I have not sufficient knowledge to speak with any authority; and, if I had, I am sure there would be enough to fill another paper on that subject alone.

The very name is tempting: *makame* means market-place; hence a tale told in a market-place. What an Eastern picture of gay booths, red-fezzed Turks and white-robed Egyptians, gray donkeys and brown camels, it brings before our inward eye! But with this unsubstantial pageant I have thus far had to rest content. I only know that the matter of this form of poem may be epic, or parable, or even pun; in any case the utmost splendor of language must be used. The principal artist in the *makame* form was the Arabian singer Alchariri (1054–1122), who wrote a long story called The Wanderings of Abu Seid. Abu Seid is a sort of Till Eulenspiegel, or Falstaff, whose many vices and trickeries we excuse on account of their frank cleverness and exquisite good humor. The *makame* was introduced into German by Rückert.

The only modern German poet who uses the *makame* with skill and musical effect is Leopold Jacoby, a socialistic writer, who was exiled from Germany on account of the radical opinions expressed in his work, Es Werde Licht.

The first attempt that has been made thus far to engraft these Persian forms on English literature is the translation of the Rubáiyát, before mentioned, and it is sincerely to be desired that the *ghazel* and the *makame* may tempt the study of our rising young English and American singers at least equally with the French forms revived so successfully by Dobson and Lang.

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BOOKS OF THE MONTH.

History and Government. Congressional Government, by Woodrow Wilson (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.), is a small volume of studies, devoted to the actual working of our government, as tested by experience, measured by the Constitution, and compared with representative government elsewhere. Mr. Wilson is a keen observer, a fair-minded critic, and so fresh and unhackneyed in his comments that any student of our history who once begins this interesting volume will read it to the end. — The Civil Service in the United States (Holt) is a hand-book of a very thorough-going character, which gives the fullest possible information as to the positions open to competitors and as to the requirements under the law. Examination papers are printed, and all the regulations. It is the first satisfactory exhibit of the civil service in its practical working. The compiler is John M. Comstock, Chairman of the U. S. Board of Examiners for the Customs Service in New York City. — The eighteenth of Questions of the Day, published for the New York Free Trade Club by G. P. Putnam's Sons, is the Spanish Treaty opposed to tariff reform. The pamphlet is the report of a committee of inquiry appointed by the club. — A very useful serial has been begun by J. H. Hickcox, in Washington, of a monthly catalogue of United States' Publications. It gives the titles of publications of every description printed by order of Congress or of any of the Departments of Government during the month preceding the date of publication. — Mining Camps, a Study in American Frontier Government, by Charles Howard Shinn (Scribners): an interesting monograph, in which the author has not dispossessed himself of his humane interest because of his scientific purpose. The subject is an admirable one, and offers a capital opportunity to the student of realizing the older forms of social order. It is as if a naturalist should make a comparative study of a fossil and the living type of the same family. — G. P. Putnam's Sons have issued the first volume of their edition of The Works of Alexander Hamilton, edited by Henry Cabot Lodge. Hamilton's complete writings have long been unprocurable in a convenient form, and this collection, beautifully printed and admirably edited, will find the warmest welcome. We shall hereafter have occasion to refer to the work. The present volume is enriched by a portrait of Hamilton, engraved for the first time from the original picture painted by Trumbull in 1792 for George Cabot, and now in the possession of Mr. Lodge. — A Directory of English History, edited by Sidney J. Low and F. S. Pulling (Cassell), may have been suggested by Lossing's Dictionary of American History. However suggested, it is a commendable execution of a good plan. It is a handbook arranged in alphabetical order, covering the chief facts and persons in English history. The articles are brief and well proportioned by their importance. Thus Cromwell has five columns; the Crown has an interesting article three columns long; the Church of England is eight columns long, and is by Mr. Creighton; while such a subject as Hereward is contained in half a column. Among the contributors are Oscar Browning, J. F. Bass Mullinger, J. E. Thorold Rogers, and R. L. Poole, besides others whose names are not so well known in America. At the end of the more important articles are summaries of authorities, and altogether the work has the appearance of thoroughness and accuracy. — The N. Y. Historical Society publishes an address delivered before it on its seventy-ninth anniversary by John Jay. Mr. Jay's subject is the Peace Negotiations of 1782 and 1783, in which his grandfather bore so conspicuous a part. The more light is thrown upon the transaction, the more insidious appear the real character and dealings of Vergennes. — Italy, from the Fall of Napoleon I. in 1815 to the Death of Victor Emmanuel in 1878, by John Webb Probyn. (Cassell.) The period, embracing, as it does, the unification of the Italian states, is one of the most striking in modern times; and while it is yet too near to be treated with historic perspective, it is so interesting and so important that one is glad to have the story told concisely and clearly, as in this volume. — The Patriarchal Theory, based on the papers of the late John Ferguson McLennan, edited and completed by Donald McLennan (Macmillan), is not, as the reader might imagine, a restatement of Sir Henry Maine's views, but an inquiry into them, with the intent to show their instability. This involves a critical study of the patria potestas and agnation. The work is one which shows a keen mind and an impartial desire for truth, and the essay will help toward that most interesting of studies, the foundation of social order. — American Political Ideas Viewed from the Standpoint of Universal History, by John Fiske (Harpers): a tidy volume containing three lectures, which have also done service as magazine articles, namely, The Town-Meeting, The Federal Union, and Manifest Destiny. Mr. Fiske's luminous style makes his essays very readable; he is a capital generalizer from a few striking facts; he has made excellent use of the labors of special workers, and if he seems sometimes to reach his theories and find his facts afterwards, he writes in so frank and direct a manner that one is tempted to accept him as a guide, philosopher, and friend, in place of the possibly more learned Dr. Dryasdust. — Two recent numbers of Questions of the Day (Putnams) add little to the profitable discussion of public affairs. Mr. F. W. Taussig's The History of the Present Tariff, 1860–1883, is an intelligible and brief account of the tariff as we know it, with little reference to its previous development. It is not a colorless history, for Dr. Taussig does not conceal his antagonism to the system of protection.

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Mr. John Codman's treatment of The Mormon Problem is called a solution. He advises that the people should throw their weight in favor of that branch of the Mormon church which discards polygamy. — Ludlow's Concentric Chart of History (Funk & Wagnalls) is in form a fan of cardboard. It appears to be constructed upon the theory that a great deal more happened in the nineteenth than in the first century, for the centuries start from the handle and branch upward to the periphery. It is an ingenious piece of foolish wisdom. — The Statesman's Year Book for 1885 (Macmillan) is the twenty-second annual issue of this admirable manual. It is a statistical and historical annual of the states of the civilized world, and the editor, J. Scott Keltie, has evidently spared no pains in his work. We can tell him, however, if he wants minute corrections, that our late president spells his middle name with one *l*, and we do not call our members of the cabinet ministers, but secretaries. The compact presentation of statistics is well considered, and by a number of ingenious comparative tables, the editor shows the statistical contents of Christendom very effectively. — The fourth volume of Dr. Philip Schaff's History of the Christian Church (Scribners) is devoted to mediæval Christianity, embracing the period from Gregory I. to Gregory VII., A. D. 590–1073. The period covers, therefore, the impact of Christianity upon Mohammedanism, and the separation of the eastern and western churches. Dr. Schaff is more encyclopædic than philosophic in his method, and his book thus furnishes one with a large store of information upon any one given point, and is rather a book of reference than a book to be read.

Art. The three numbers of L'Art beginning the volume for 1885 (Macmillan) are notable for sustaining the high literary and artistic excellence which has always characterized the work. On opening a new number of L'Art, one turns to the etchings with the certainty of finding something gracious and rare in that line. The numbers under consideration contain several choice examples, among which are Jasinski's La Bête à Bon Dieu, after Alfred Steven's picture, and Émil Buland's portrait of Pope Innocent X., after Velasquez's famous canvas. The former etching has unusual qualities. The engravings on wood are admirable, though they lack something of the delicacy that belongs to the best American work in this sort. The chief feature of the letter-press, all of which is carefully prepared, is Otto Schulze's account of the Loge du Bigallo in the Via de' Calzaioli, at Florence. This delightful little *loggia*, by the way, furnishes the subject for a full-page engraving from a design by Henry Toussaint. — The last two numbers of The Portfolio (Macmillan) are particularly attractive, both in illustration and letter-press. As is the case with L'Art, the strongest artistic feature of The Portfolio lies in its etchings. A Street in Rouen, Christ Church Gateway in Canterbury, and the views of Windsor show exceedingly delicate work. The paper on George Moreland, by Walter Armstrong, and the essay on Landseer, by F. G. Stephens, are pleasantly written.

Philosophy and Theology. The Rise of Intellectual Liberty from Thales to Copernicus, by F. M. Holland (Holt), is the vague title of a vaguely conceived book. Apparently, Mr. Holland's only conception of intellectual liberty is in individualism, which is to be free from restraint of any kind. The standpoint is that of a radical, but it does not appear that the author's philosophy goes beyond his own personal caprice. The book, however, is interesting as a reading of the history of thought, not from a central position held in common with a body of men, but from an extreme position on the outside of the circle. It does not follow that the person who has left behind the most traditions is necessarily the nearest to the goal of truth. — A Protestant Converted to Catholicity by her Bible and Prayer-Book (Catholic Publication Co., Buffalo, N. Y.) is a reprint of a narrative by Mrs. Fanny Maria Pittar of her religious experience, addressed in pity to poor Protestants; in pity, and also in some scorn. — Paradise Found: The Cradle of the Human Race at the North Pole, by W. F. Warren (Houghton), is a most ingenious and learned speculation, in which the author brings to bear upon his theory a great array of testimony from ancient and modern sources, and from a great range of thought. Science, ethnic religions, philosophy, poetry, and traditions are all summoned to the witness-seat, and whatever may be the verdict, there is no doubt that the author of this theory has a most remarkable cloud of witnesses. Some people may think they and he are in a cloud, but Dr. Warren indulges in no vague statements. He knows what he has set out to prove. — Ha-Tapuach: The Apple. A treatise on the immortality of the soul, by Aristotle, the Stagyrite. Translated from the Hebrew, with notes and aphorisms, by Rev. Dr. Isidor Kalisch (The American Hebrew, New York). One is disposed to think this little book has been on a long journey: written originally by Aristotle in Greek, translated anonymously into Arabic, rendered thence into Hebrew, and now brought into English. It appears, however, on its journey to have acquired some parasitic growths, for we hesitate to believe that Aristotle referred to the patriarch Abraham. — The Religion of Philosophy, or The Unification of Knowledge: a comparison of the chief philosophical and religious systems of the world, made with a view to reducing the categories of thought, or the most general terms of existence, to a single principle, thereby establishing a true conception of God, by Raymond S. Perrin. (Putnams.) The author aims to dethrone God as a personal existence and reinstate Him as a principle. He wishes to establish a philosophical religion in the place of Christianity; but the prime error which vitiates his ultimate logic lies in his conception of Christianity as a religion. It should be said that he is inspired by no mean motive, and he has written in serious alarm at the apparent failure of our political morality.

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